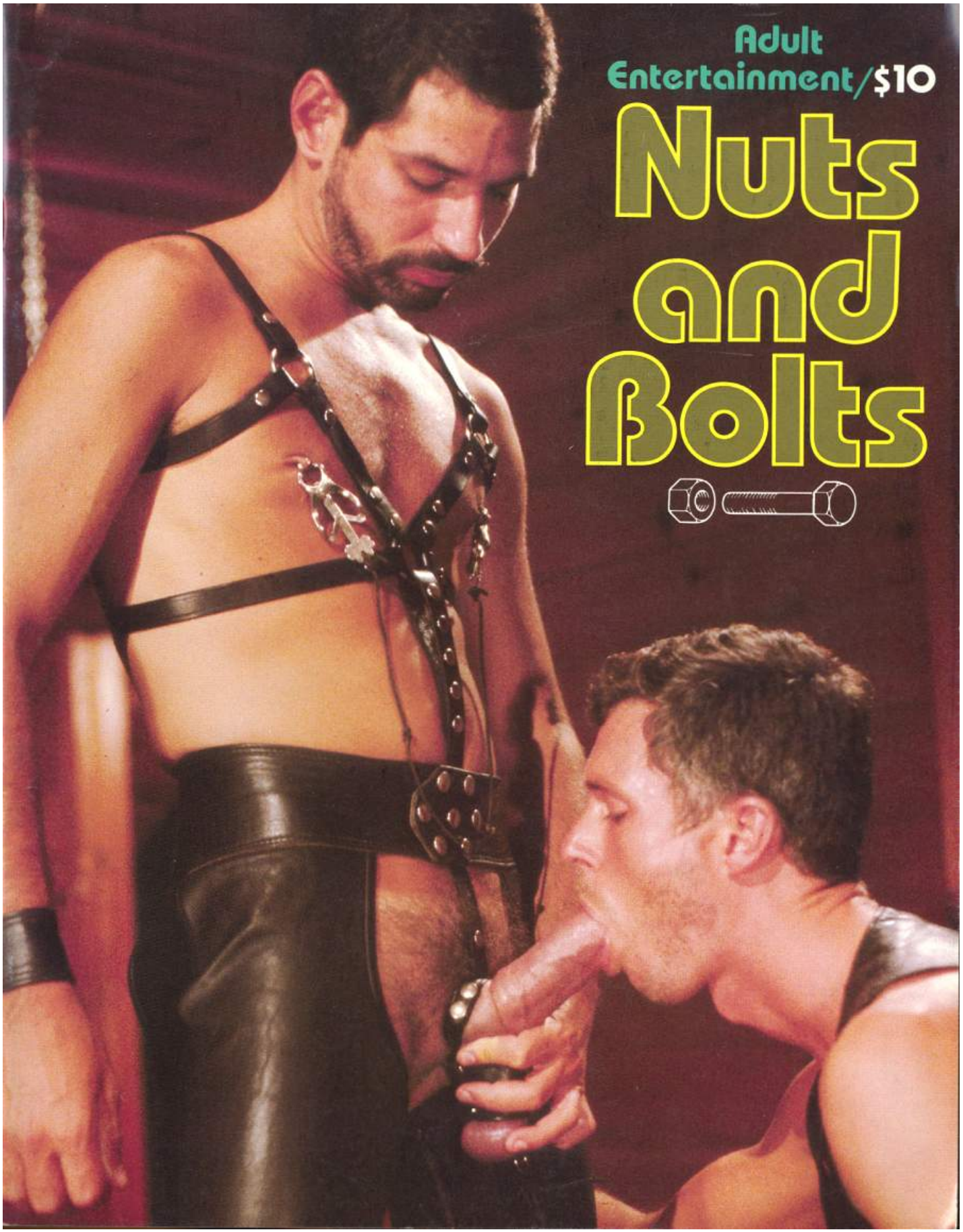
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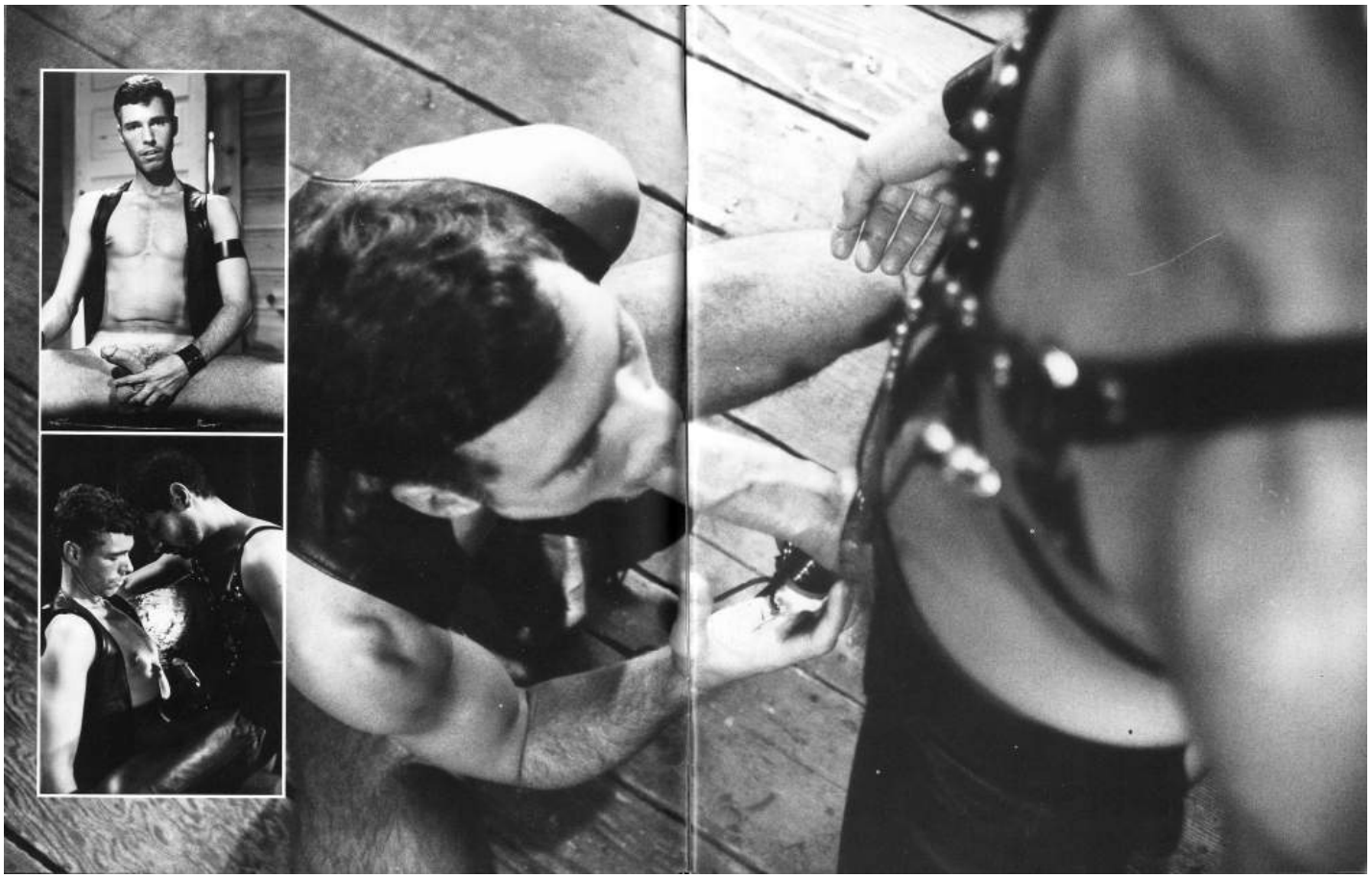

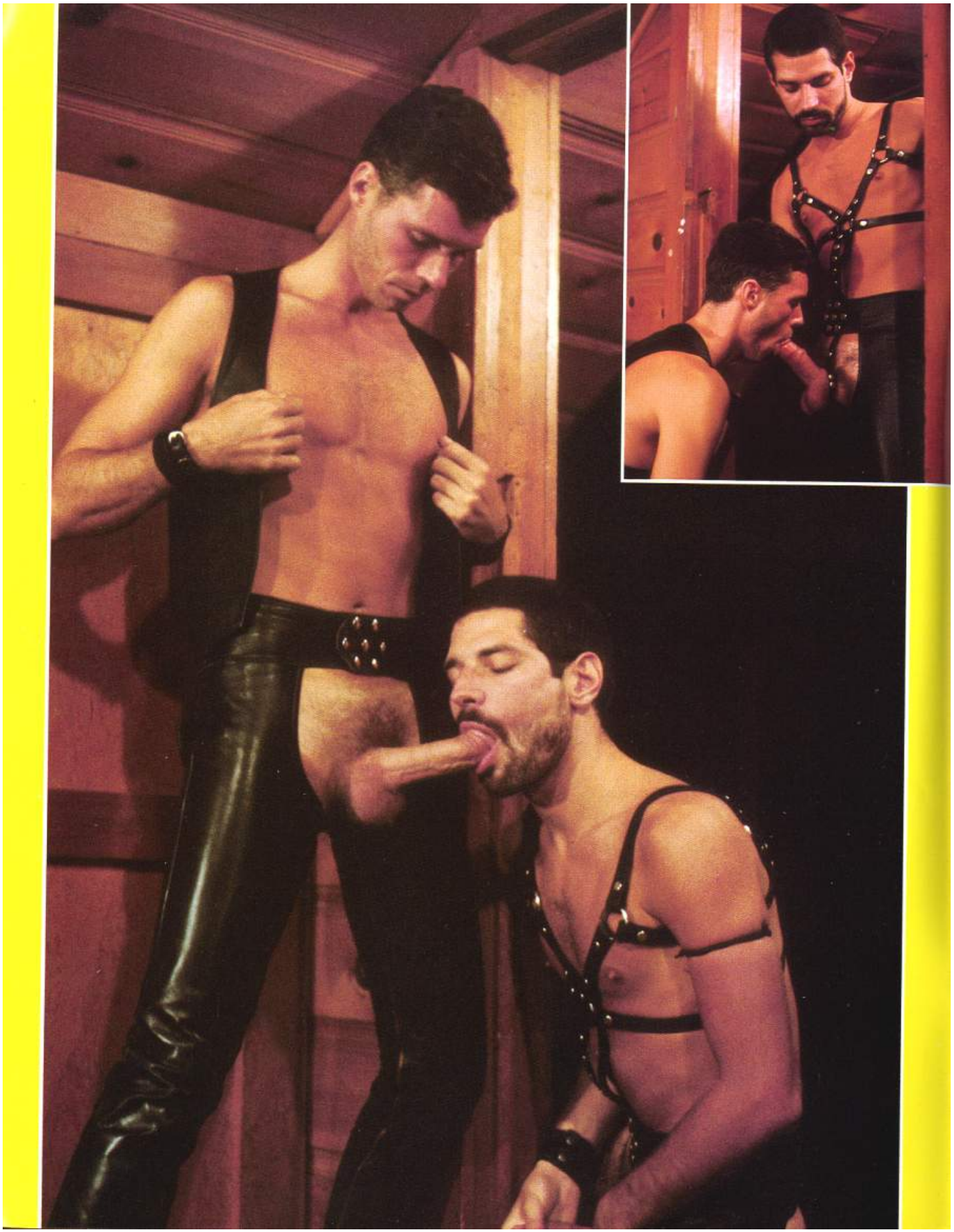

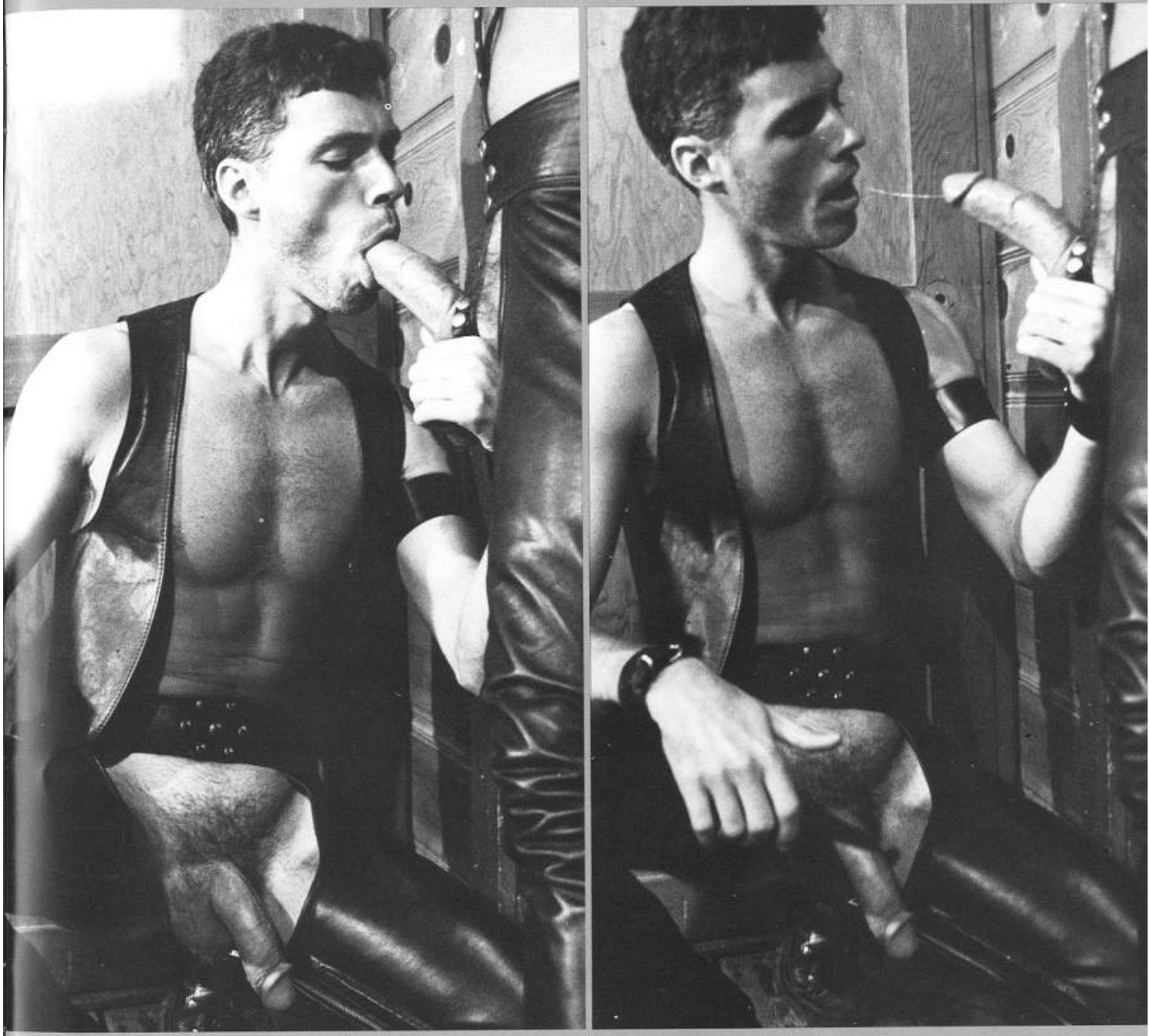

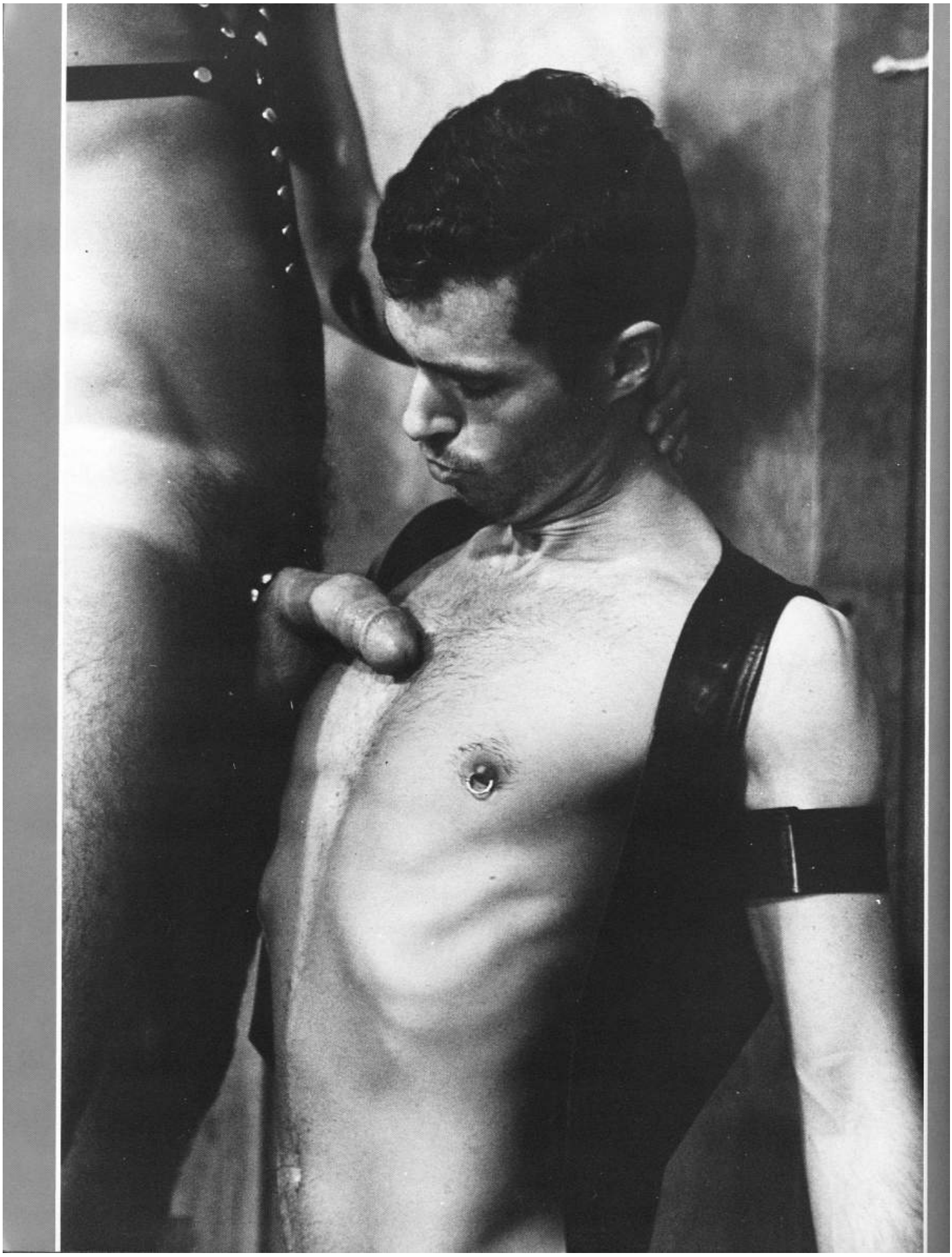

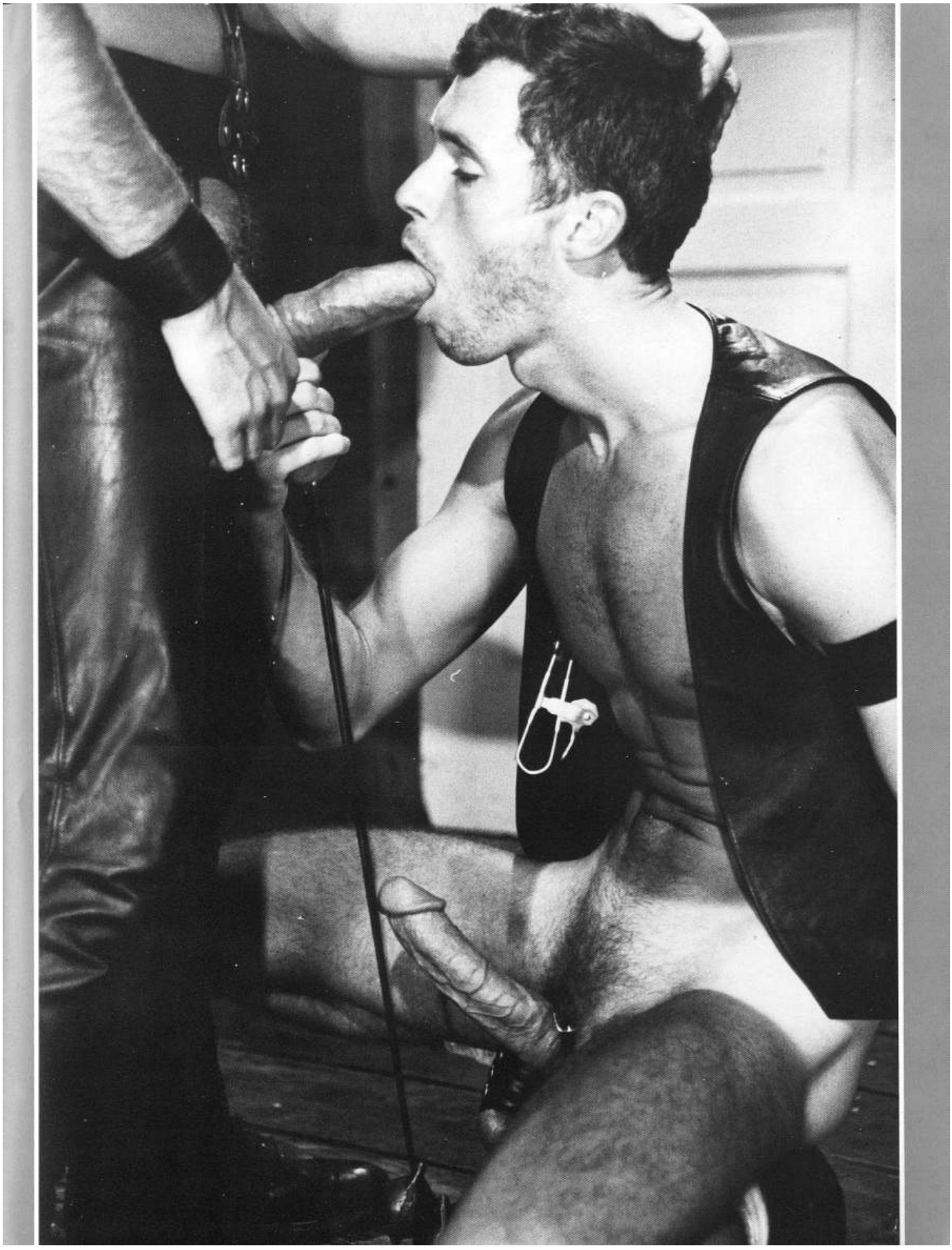

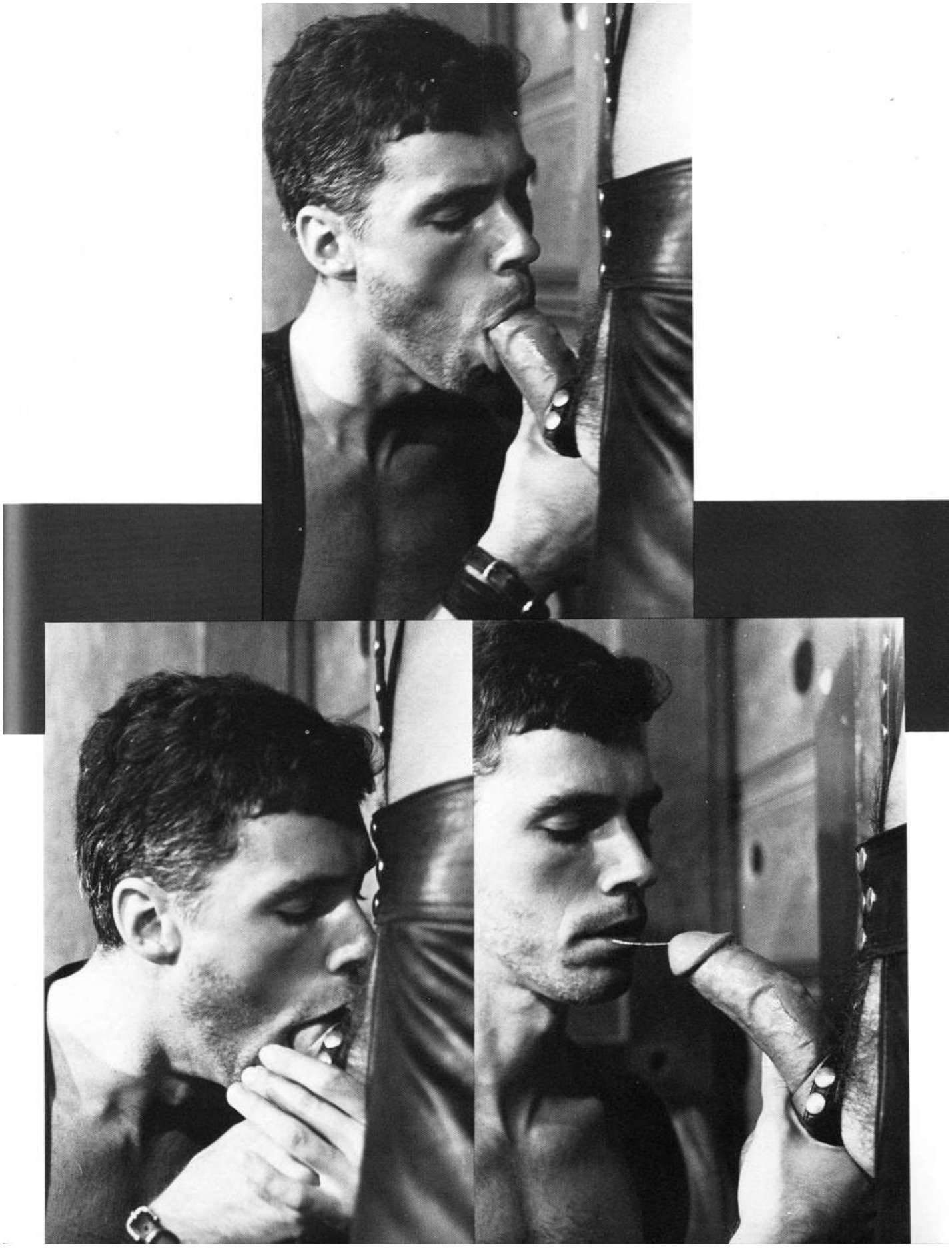

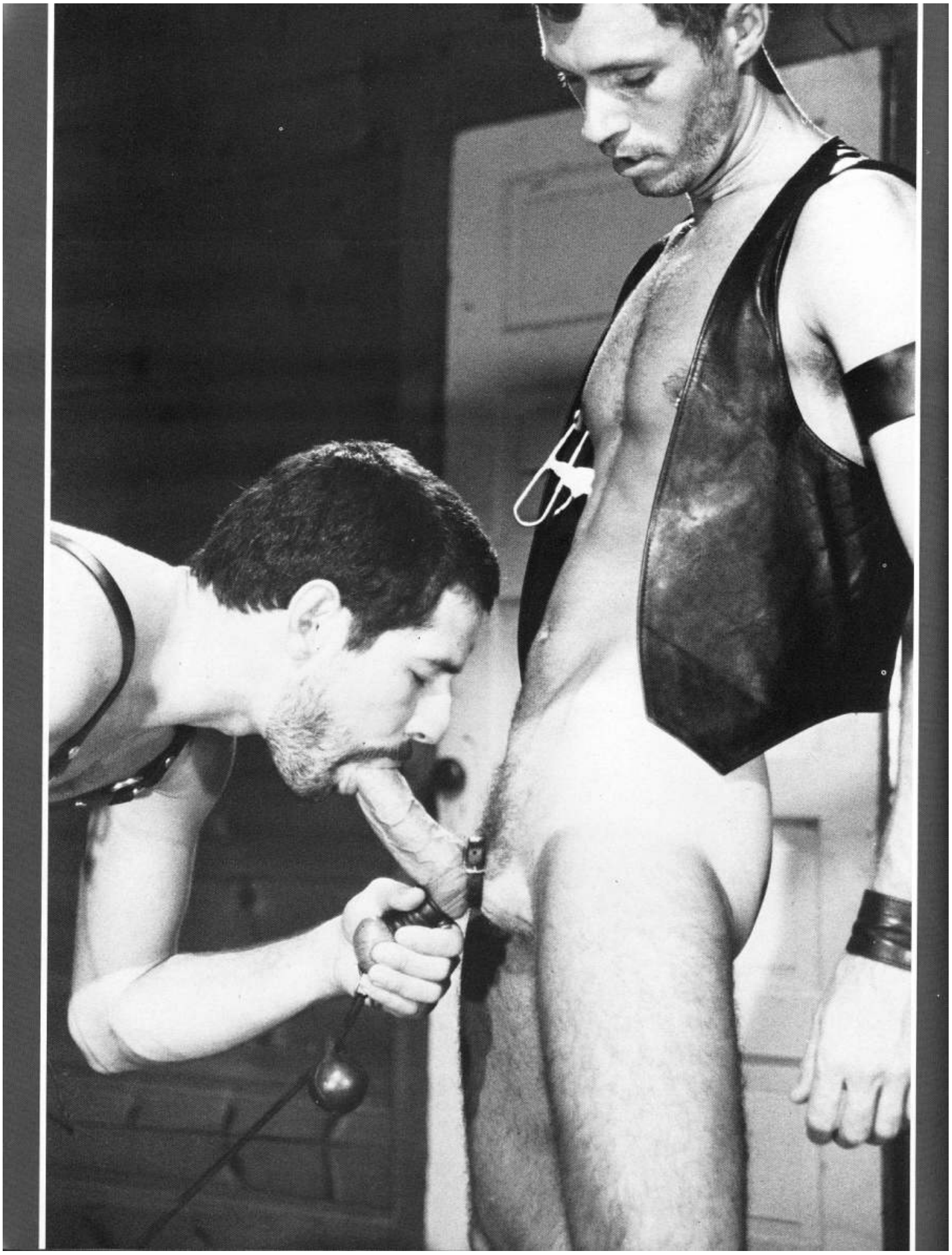

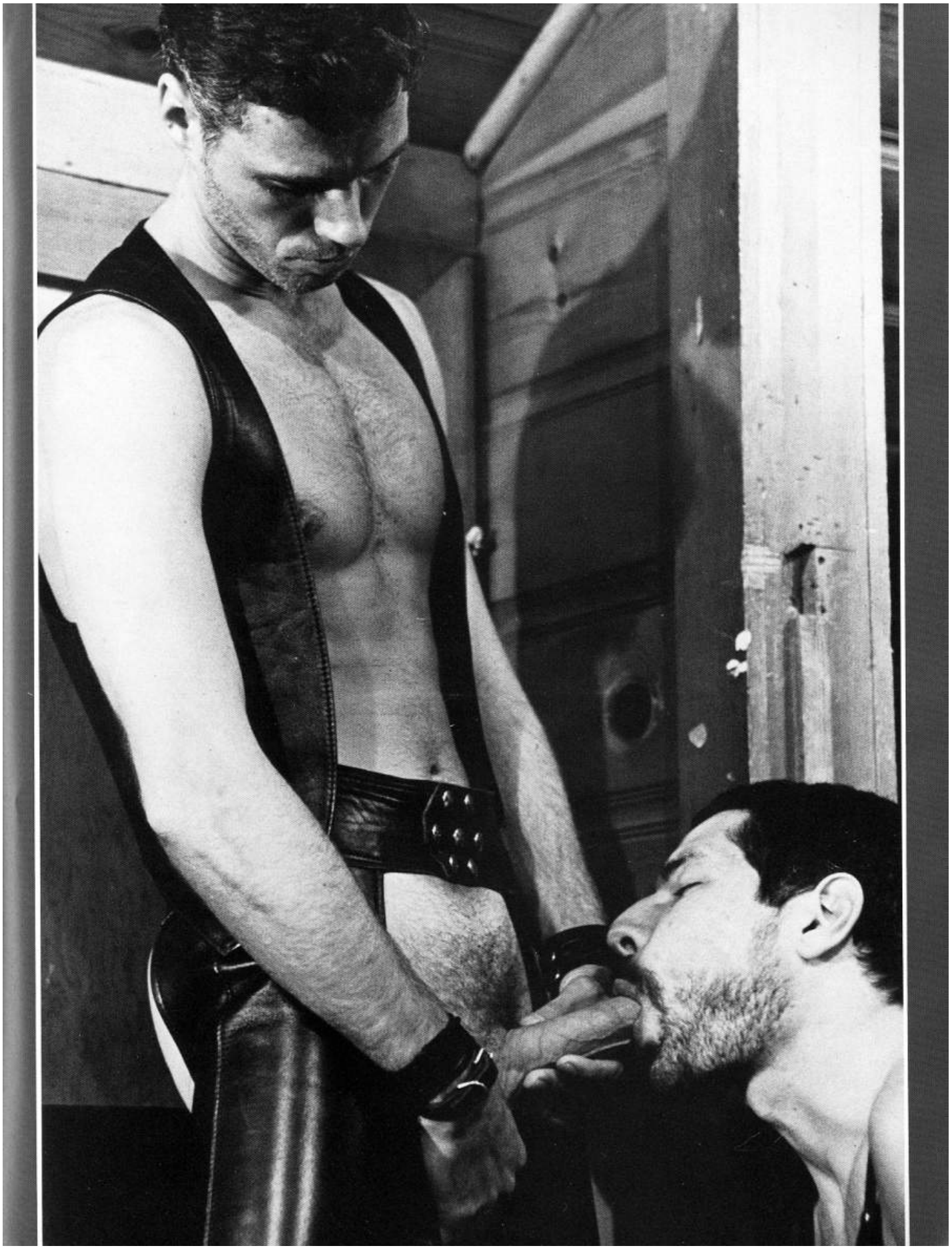

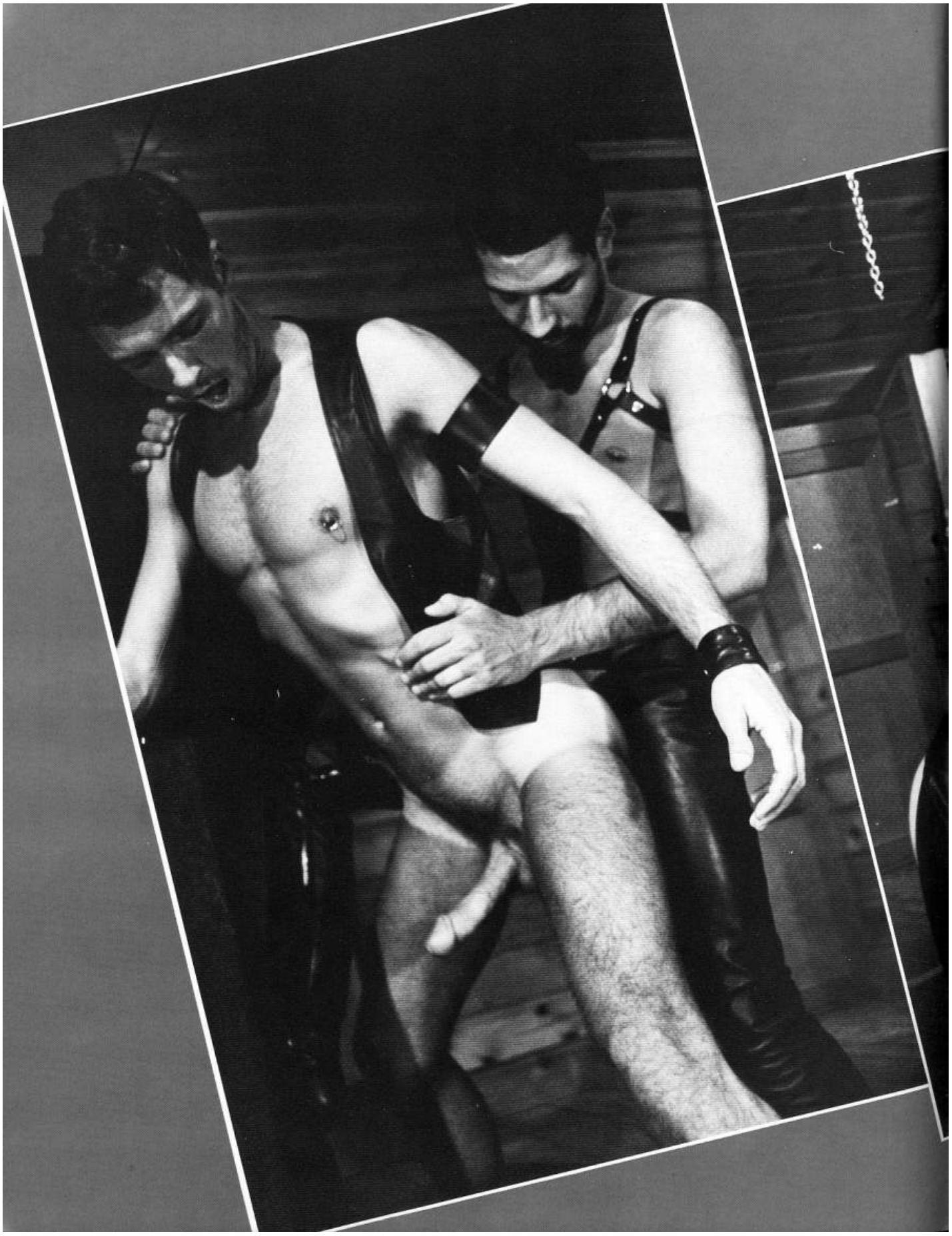

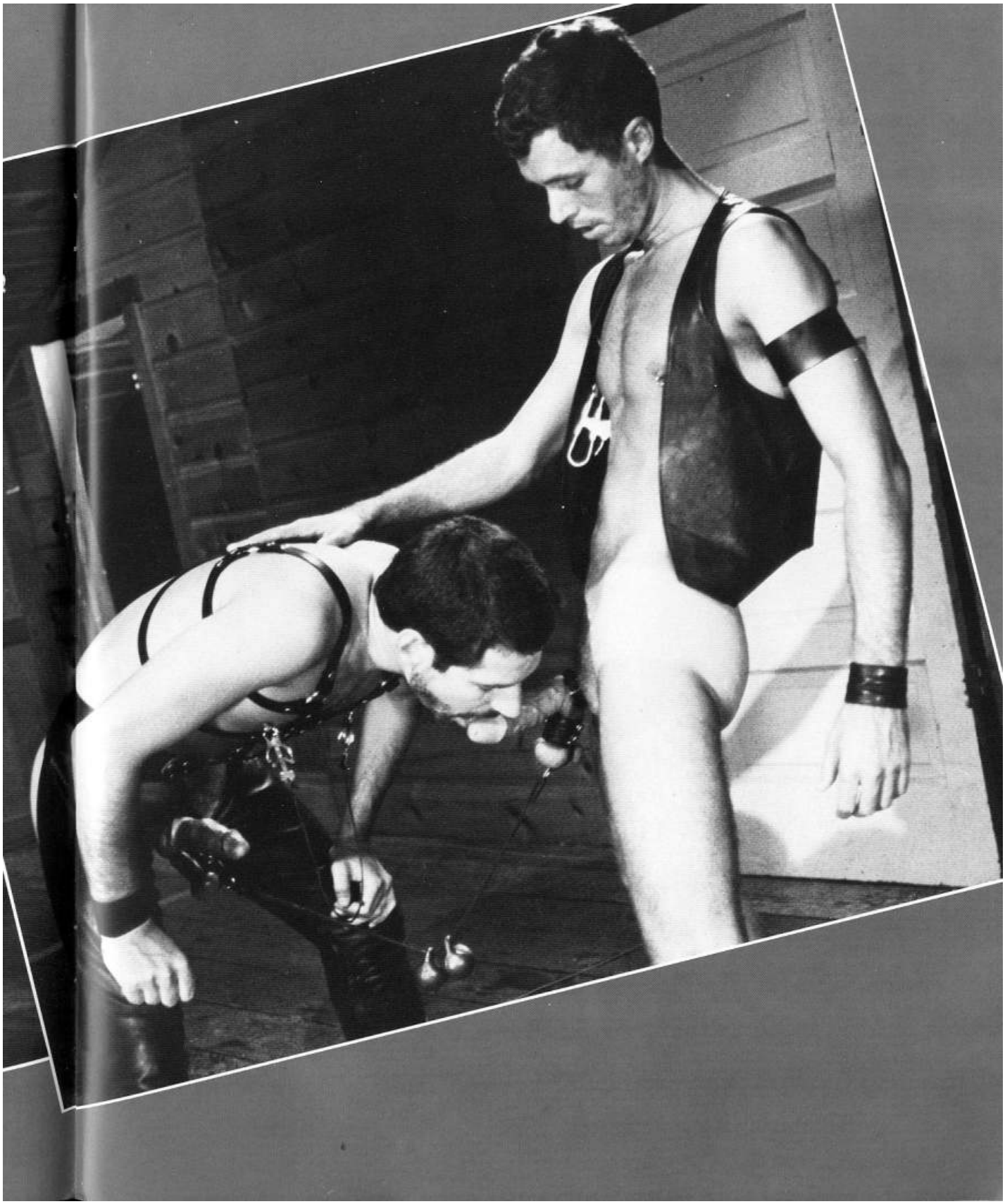

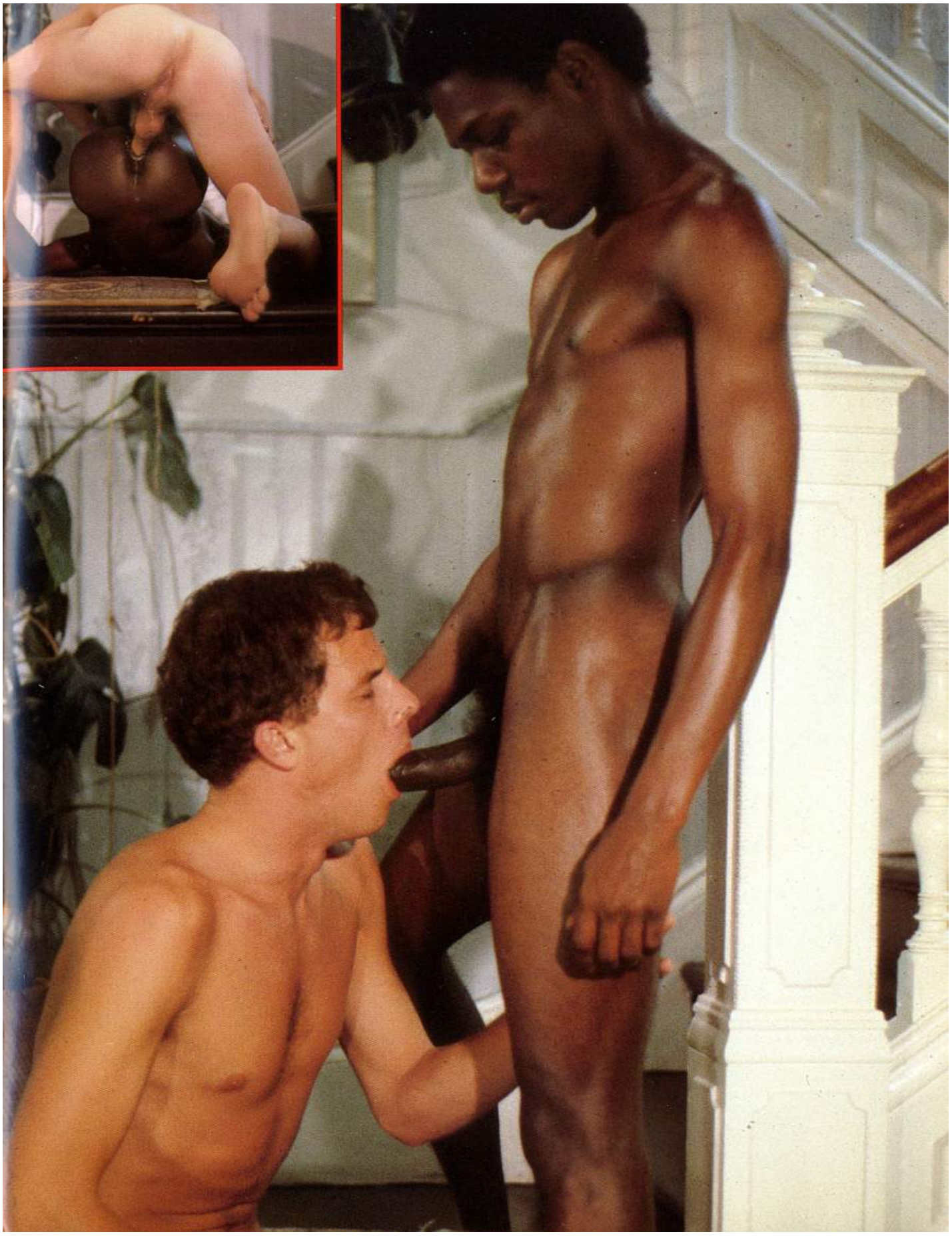

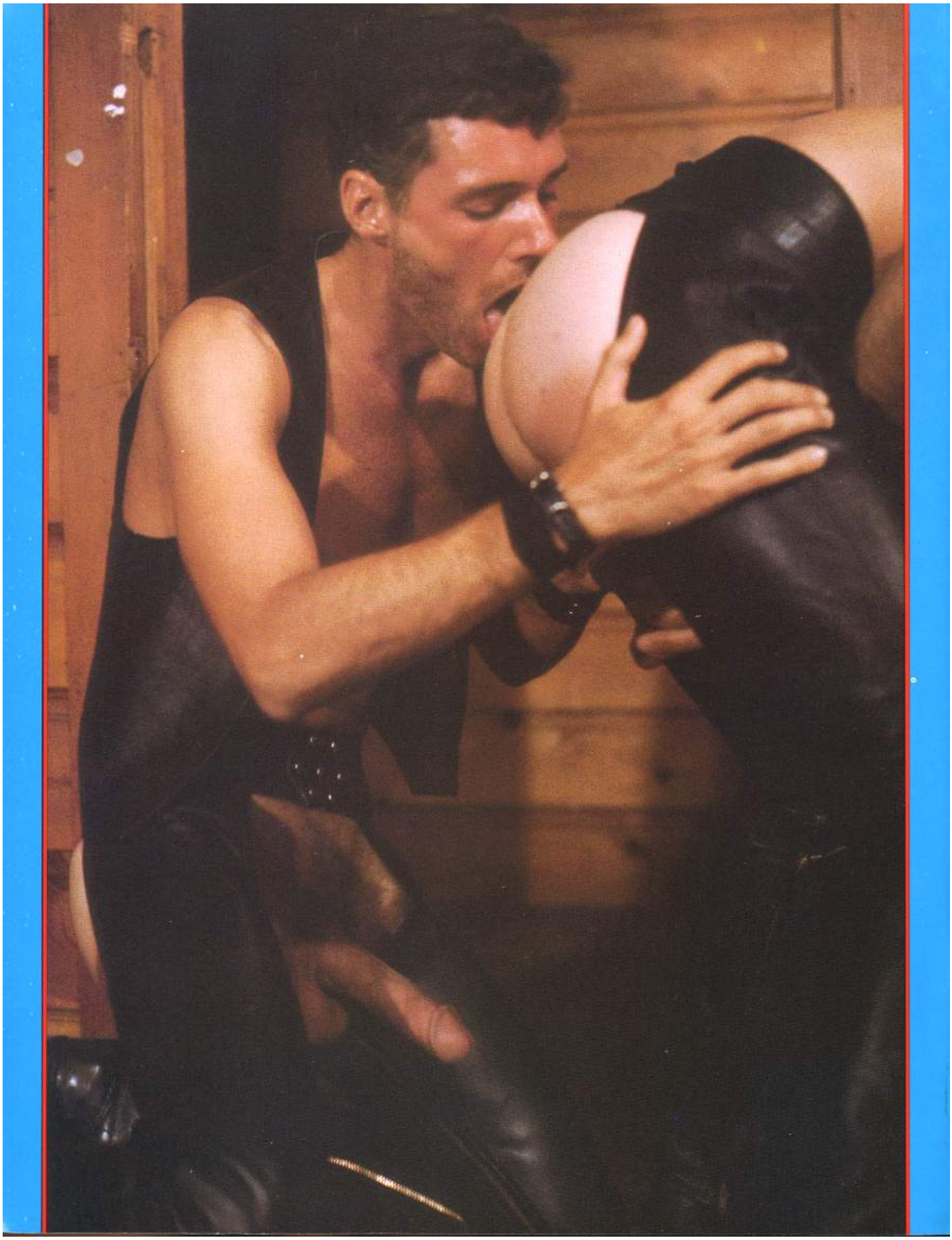

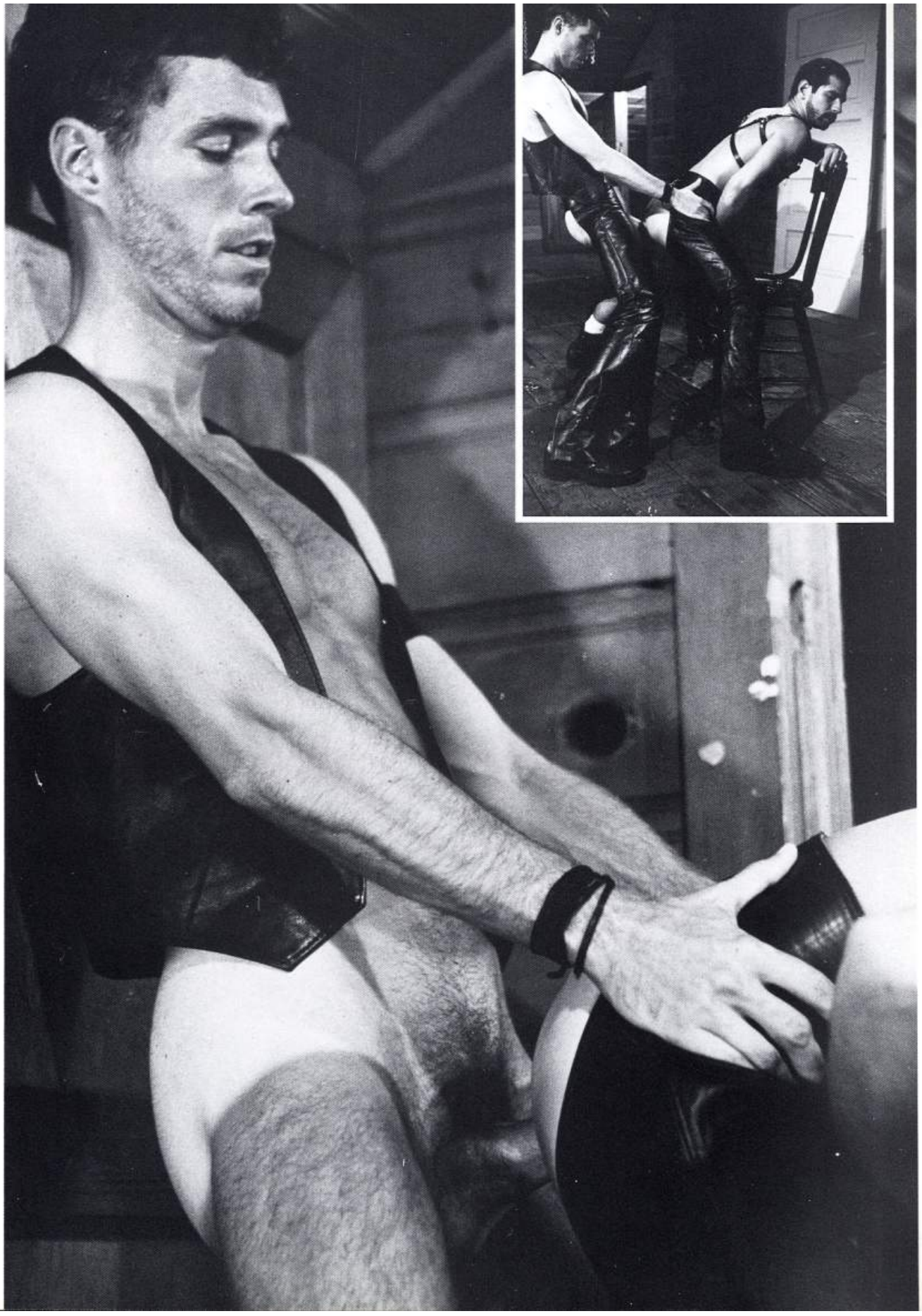

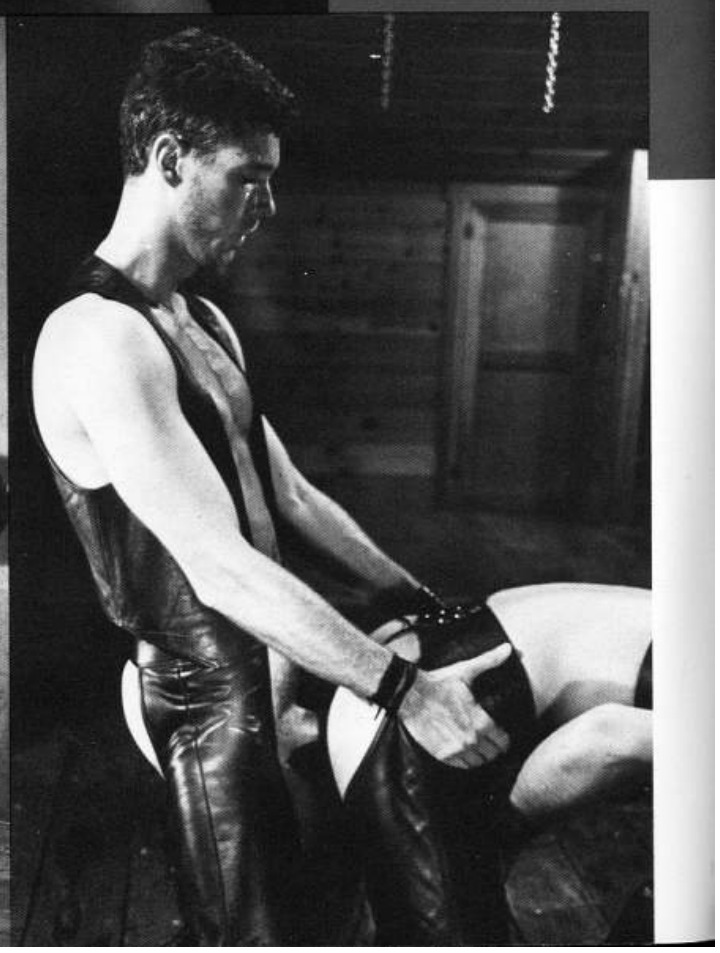

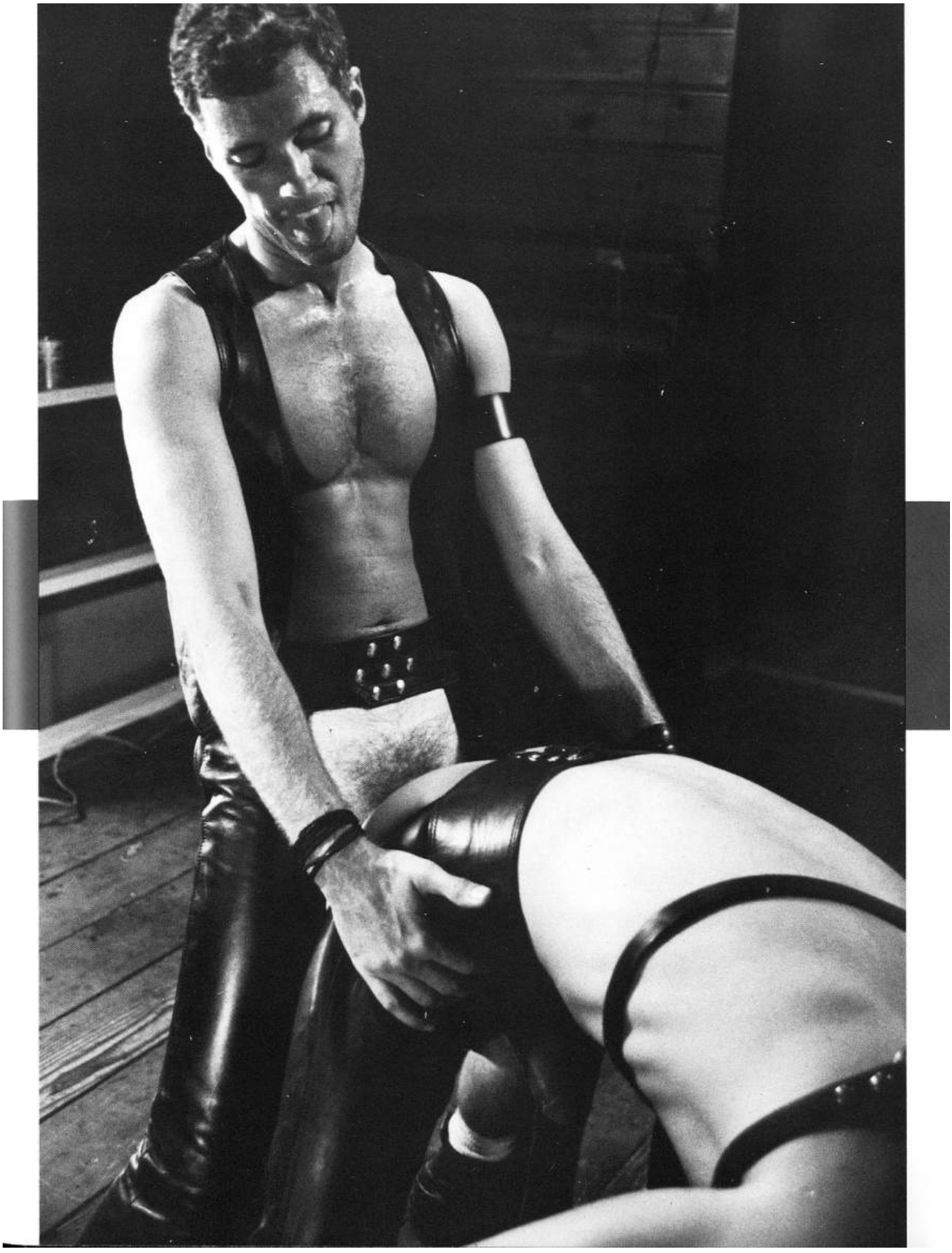

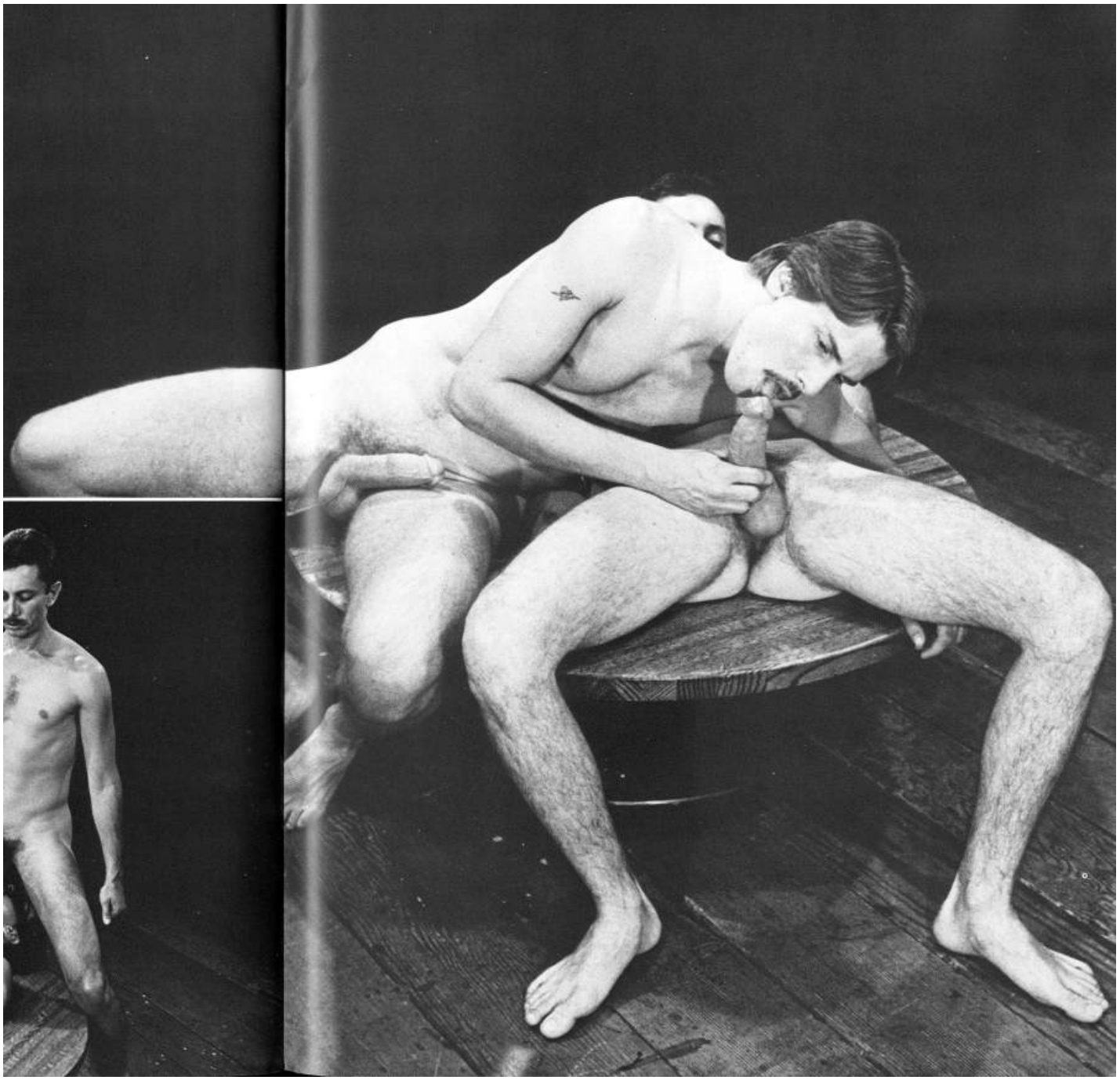

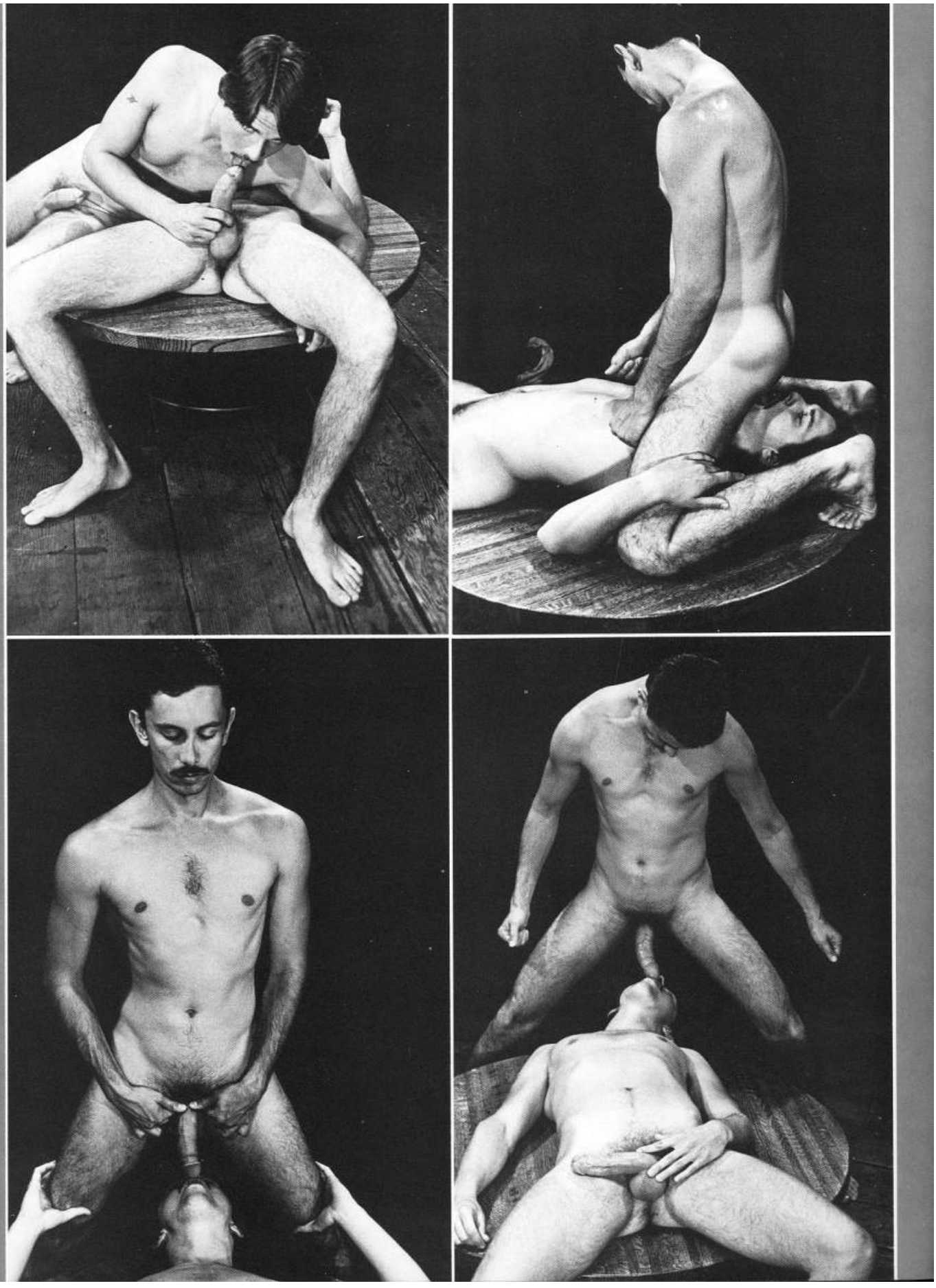

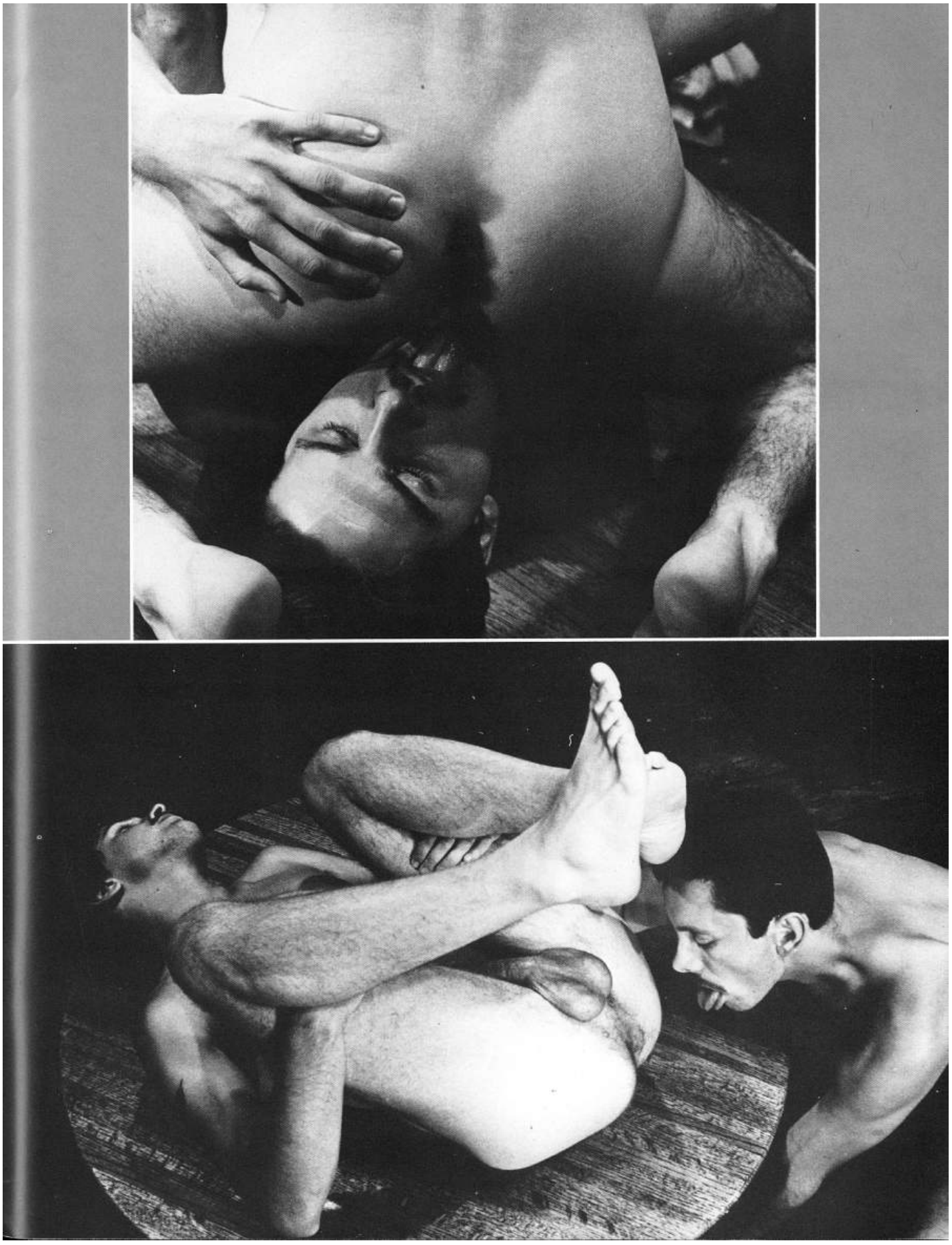

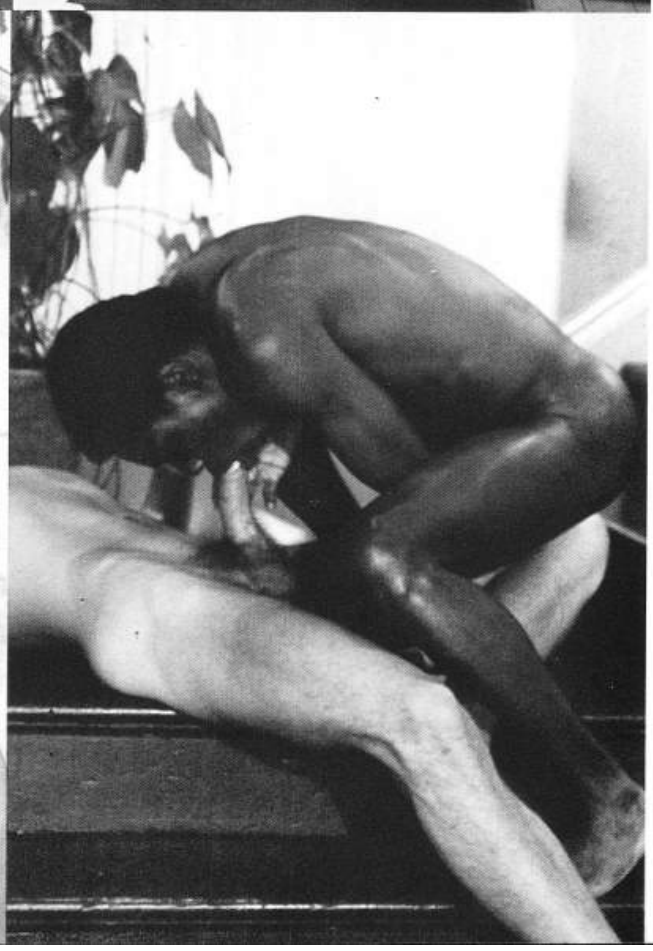

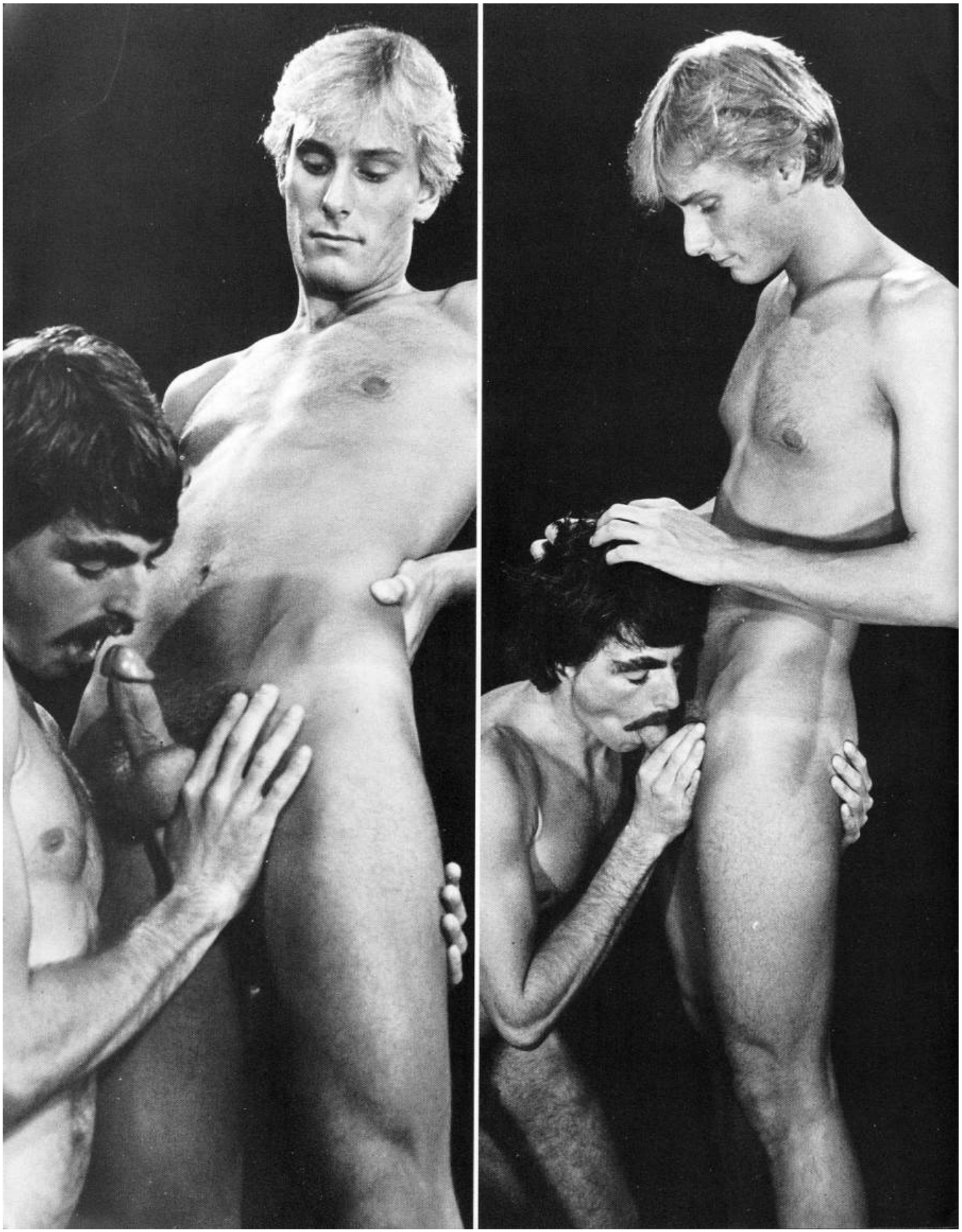

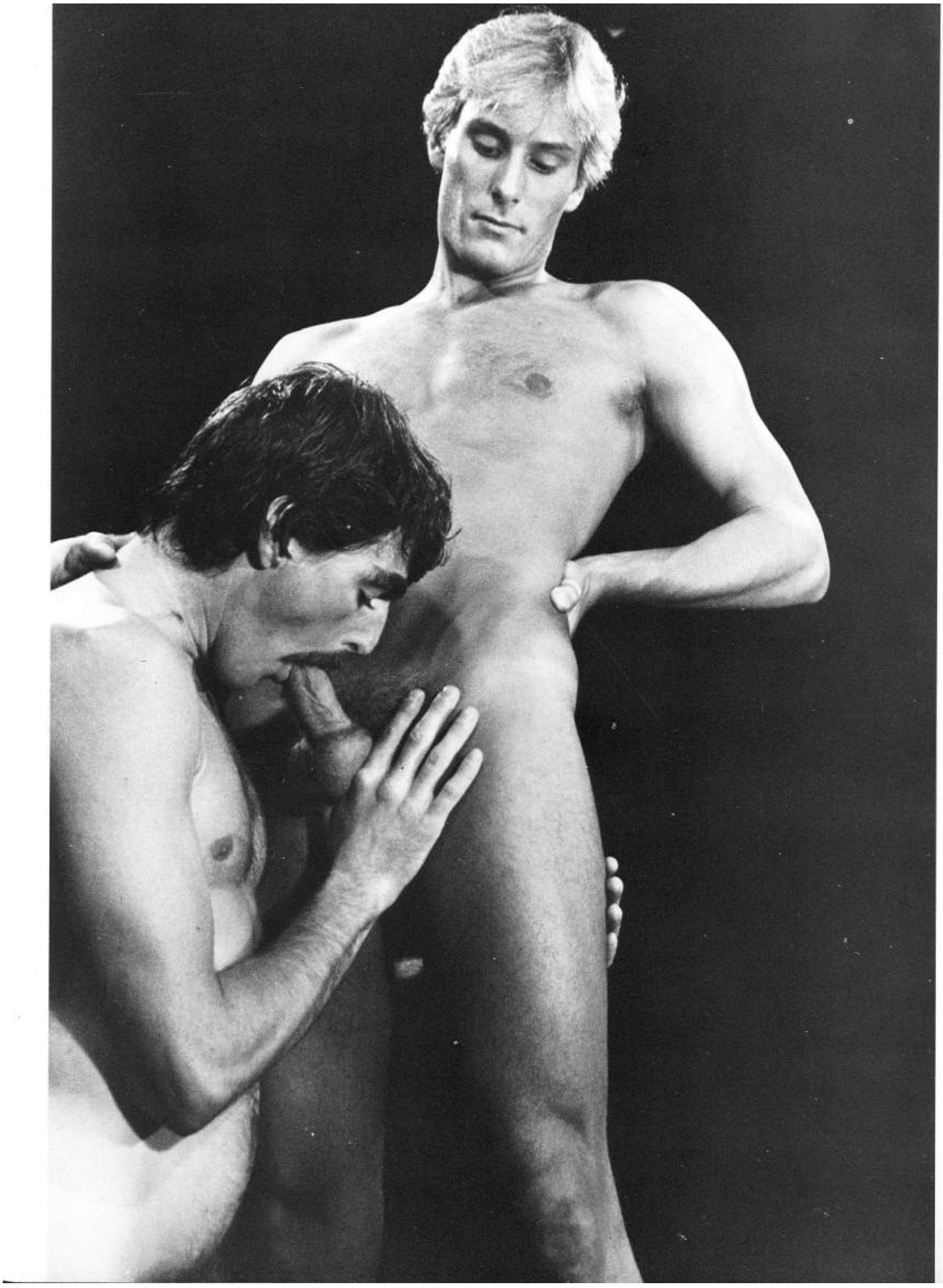

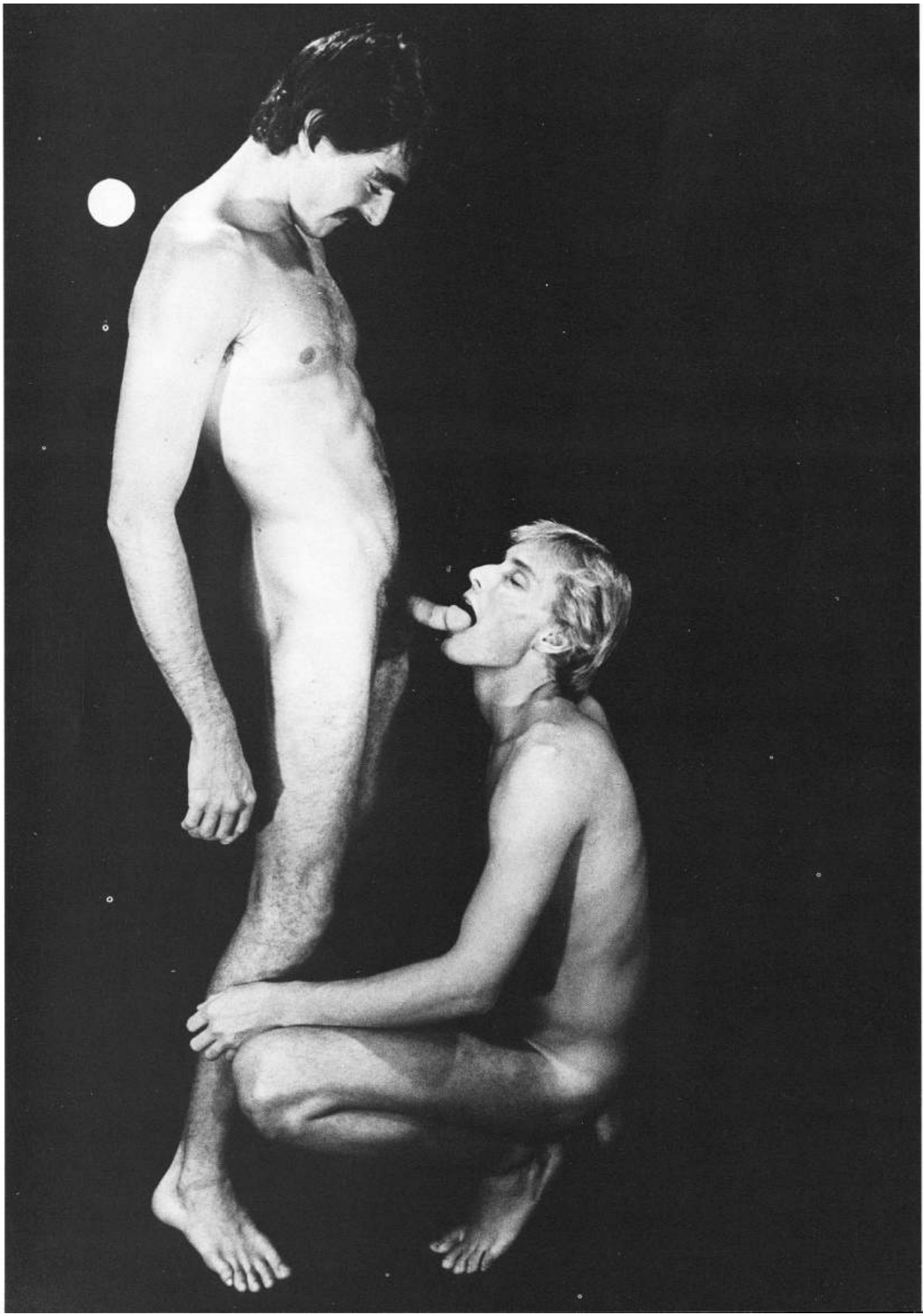

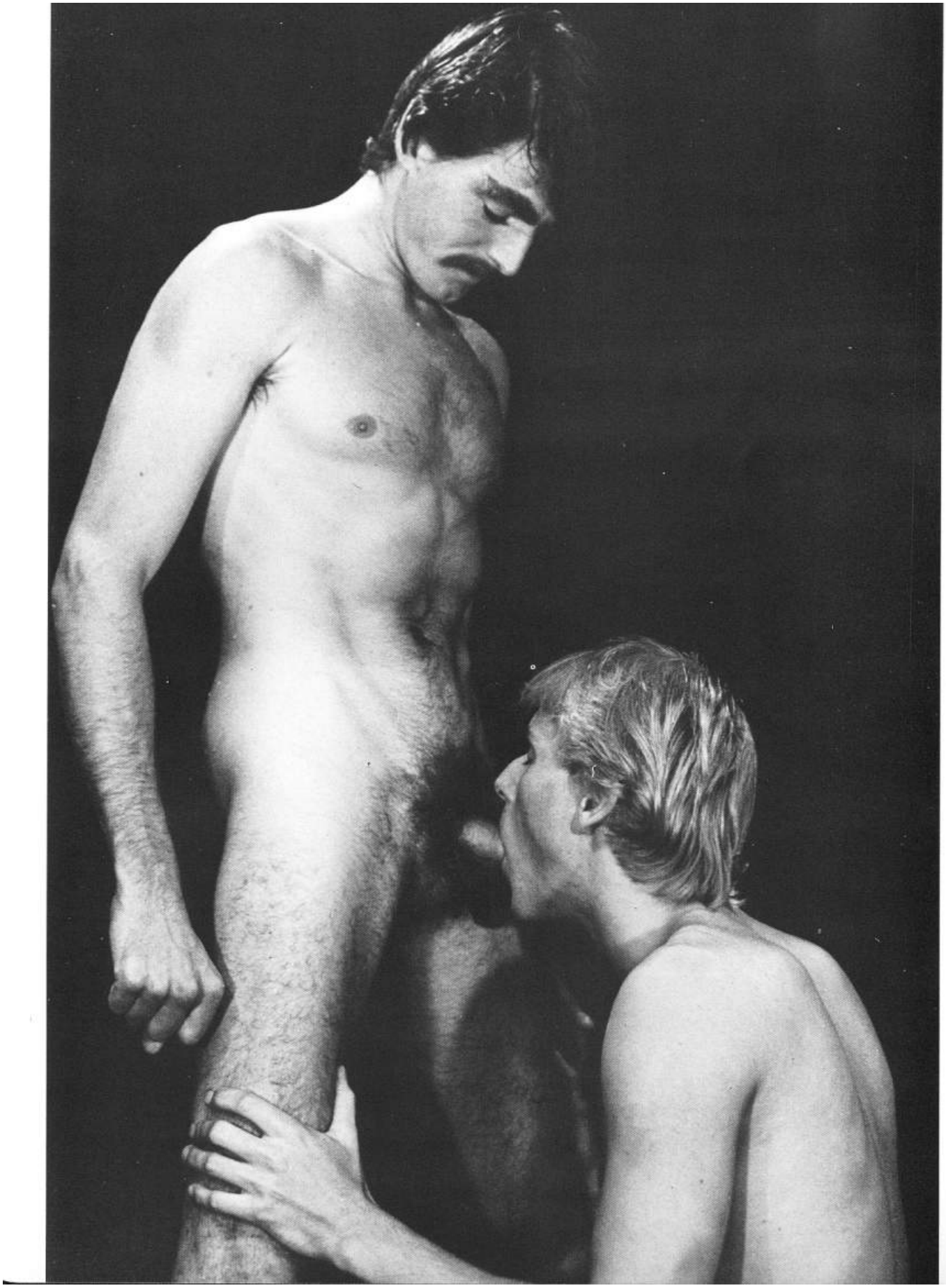

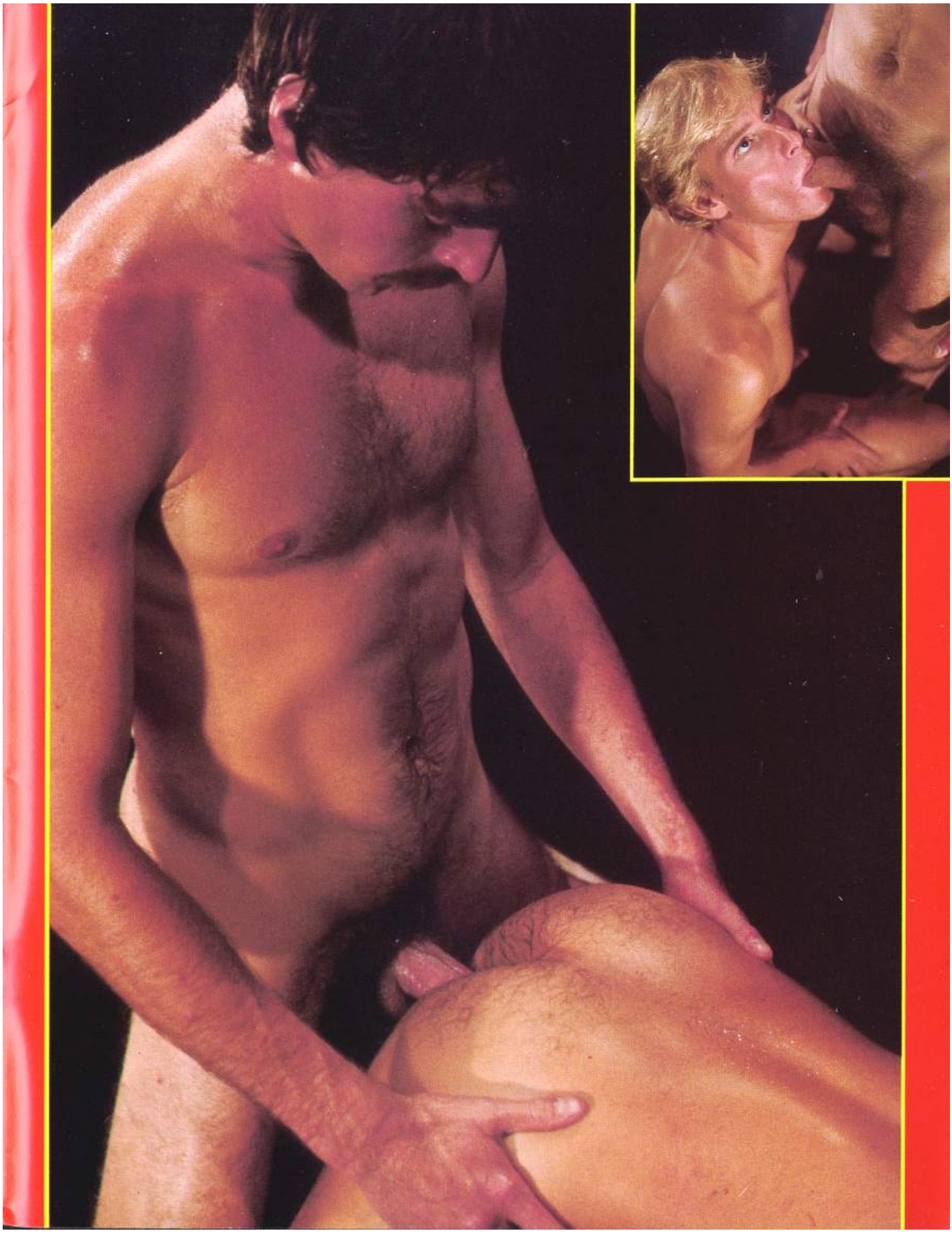

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Nutbusters

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER ONE

Frank & Kurt & Rod & Joe—Hot young studs busting their nuts again & again!

All Models Over 18

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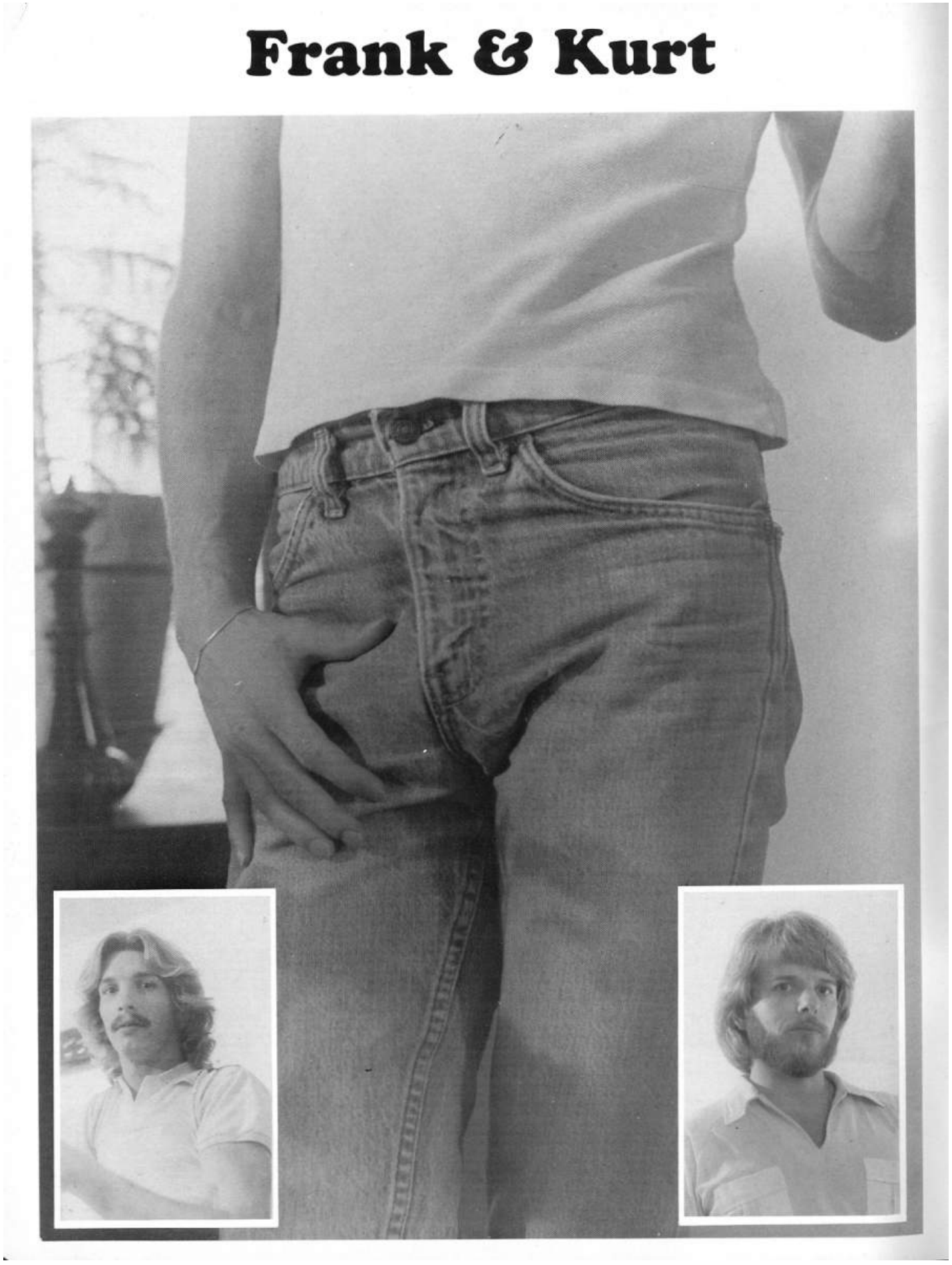
Frank & Kurt



Frank and Kurt each have lovers, but they also have each other. Every Wednesday afternoon, when Frank's lover has to work late and Kurt's goes out of town on business, Frank and Kurt get together for a good sex session. The reason they do this is because their lovers are more into anal sex, while Frank and Kurt love sucking cock.

And that's what they do, each Wednesday. Come hail or high water, Frank and Kurt get together, smoke a little weed, sip a little wine, and make hot love to each other's manpoles. Neither one is super-hung, like the big studs in the magazines, but then neither one is a size-queen either!

Even so, Frank has at least a genuine seven inches of hard suckable meat, a long shaft tapering upwards and crowned by a flush velvet-purple head that leaks like a faucet. Kurt sports one about the same length,

although a bit skinnier and capped with a soft-pink, smooth and open-slitted head.

How could they resist stripping off their t-shirts and levis, twisting each other's hard nipples, sinking tongues into each other's wet mouths, and licking downwards and downwards till arriving at the reward!

Uniquely, they never sixty-nine. Too feminine, perhaps? Instead, Frank stands on the floor, spread-legged, his cock sticking straightforward like a ship's plow, while Kurt is sitting on the sofa or the edge of the bed waiting to receive. Kurt uses one hand to tug Frank's lusty balls, kneading them, guiding Frank's drooling meat ever closer, while using his other hand to stroke his own cock periodically, sending shivers of sex-pleasure throughout his being.

Soon Frank's meat begins to penetrate Kurt's lips, slowly at first, then more and more

deeply. At last Kurt is getting what he likes more than anything, and he sucks the proffered penis as if the world's soon coming to an end.

It's not of course, but something else is! Kurt braces for the dickload he feels building up, and then, as water bursting over a dam, he studiously relaxes his mouth-grip to the extent of pulling out each long fiery wad into his mouth. Revelling at the terrific taste of Frank's meatcreams, it's all Kurt can do to keep from shooting off himself. As Frank continues to fill Kurt's mouth, Kurt has to squeeze his own throbbing rod tightly, holding back the stuff that wants so bad to cum out.

He'll have his turn soon enough, he knows, and almost instantly Frank subsides to the sofa while Kurt stands up erect and gives his friend all the meat he's got. Frank's hands go everywhere, probing the most tender parts of Kurt's body, as he sucks the hot juicing organ.

A palm here, a finger there, combined with the intense suction on the readytool, brings Kurt to climax faster than Johnny Wadd ever did it with Linda Lovelace. Kurt's legs tremble nervously as he spends his pent-up curds for his friend. The stuff is so accumulated-thick that Frank gags a bit, drawing his mouth to the very tip of Kurt's spurting fountain of youth.

Kurt wraps his arms around Frank's shoulders as he delivers the last wads, and finally Frank manually removes the spent prick so that he can lick it all over and rub it into his upturned face. It's trick-towel time, as Frank wipes the excess from his lips and chin, squeezes the rough cloth over Kurt's heavy meat, and then lastly wipes his own cock dry.

"I can't wait till next Wednesday," Frank says with a cum-soaked smile, "but right now, where's the dinner you promised me?"

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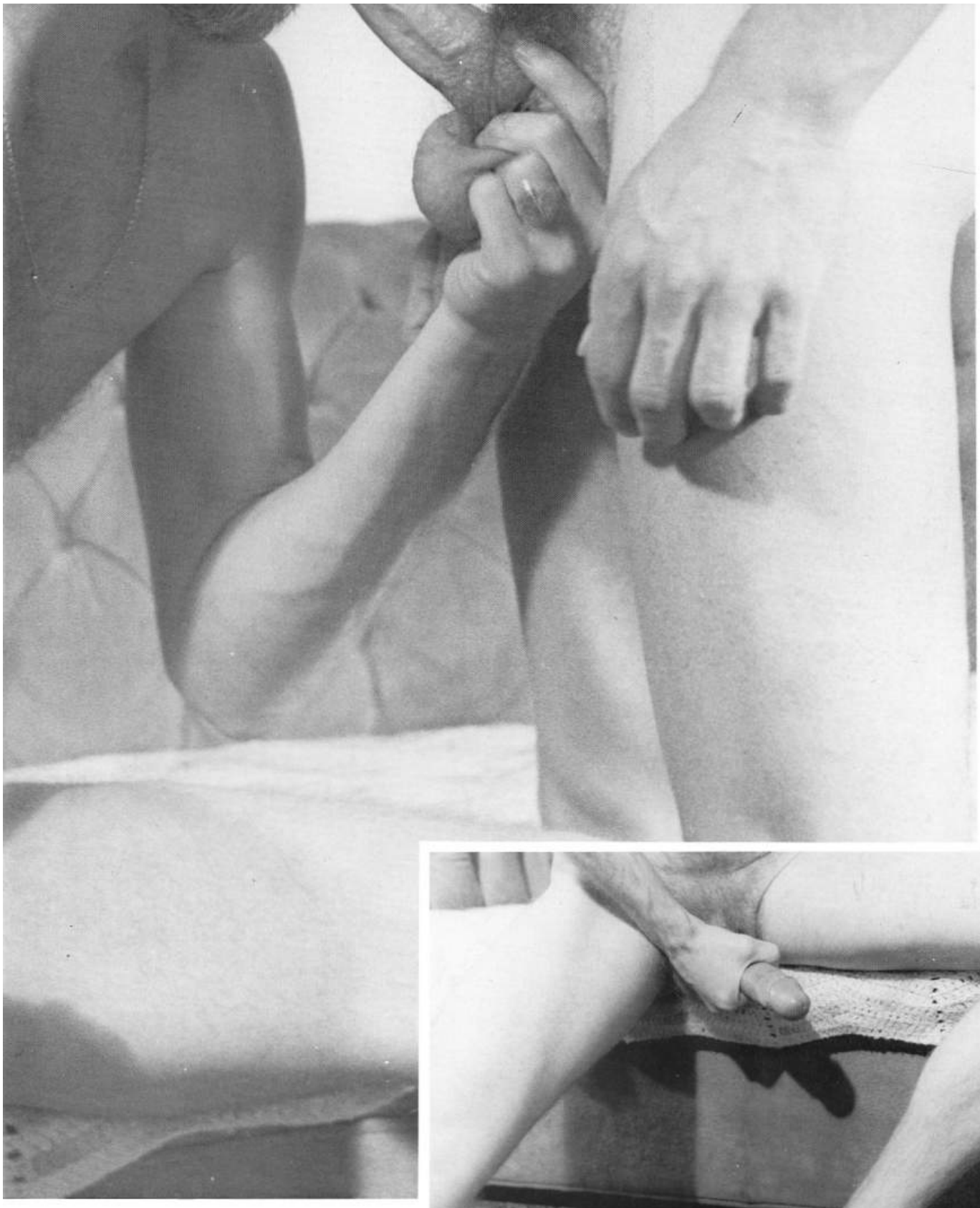
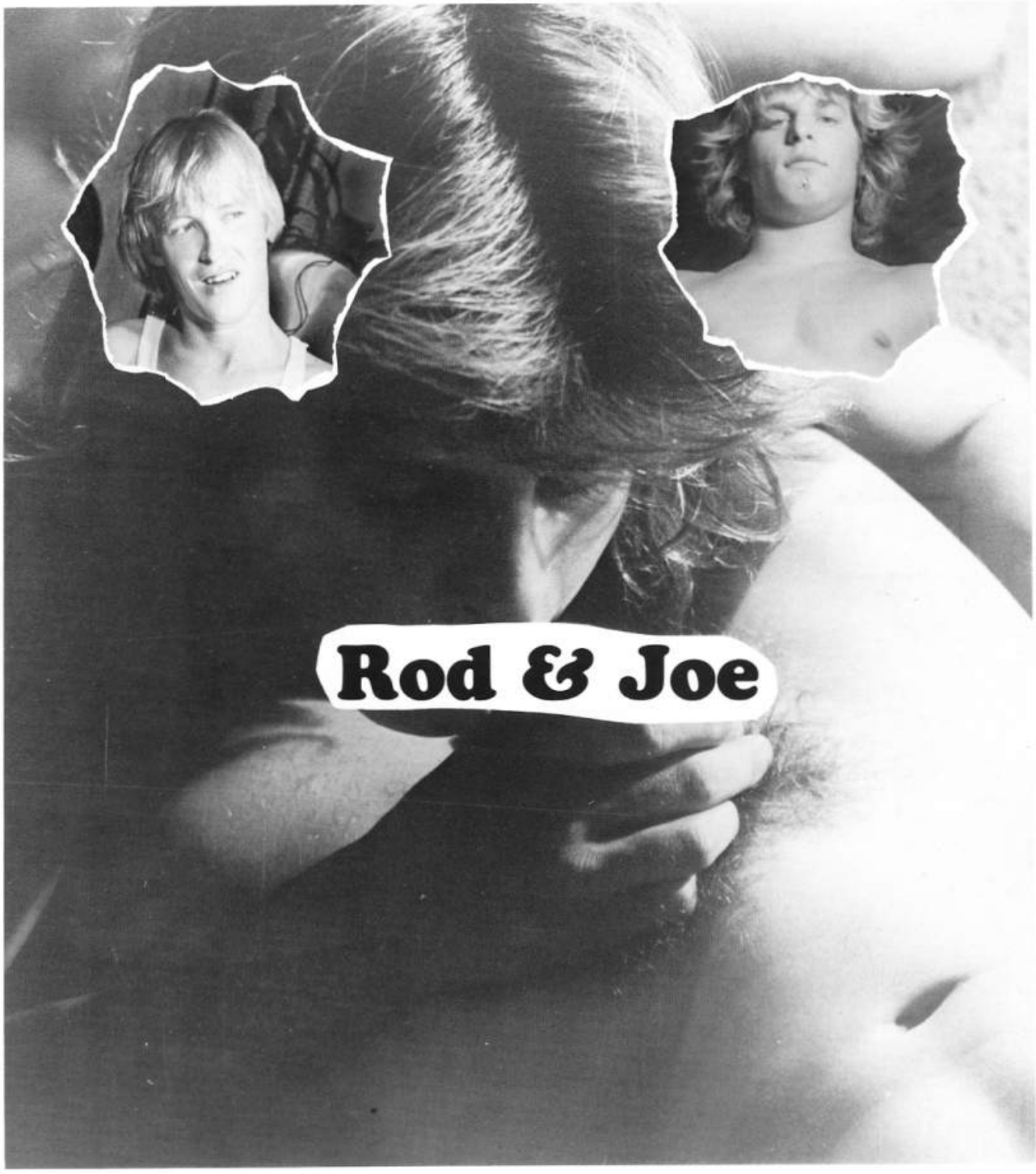
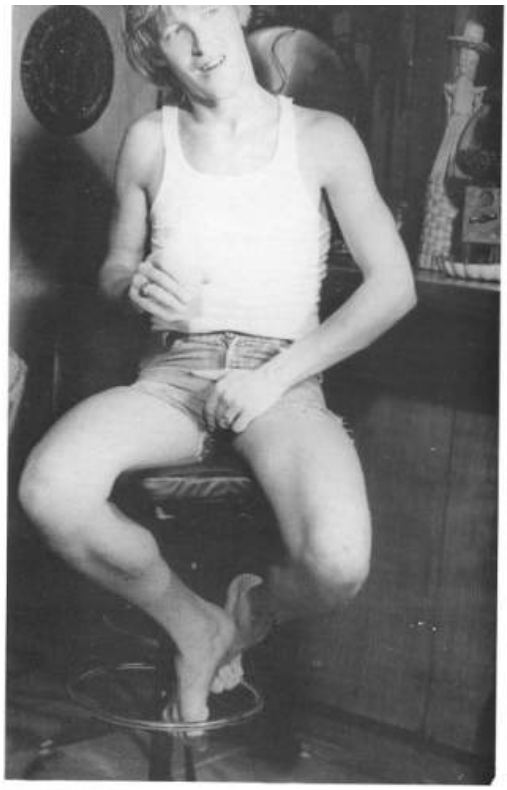



Rod & Joe

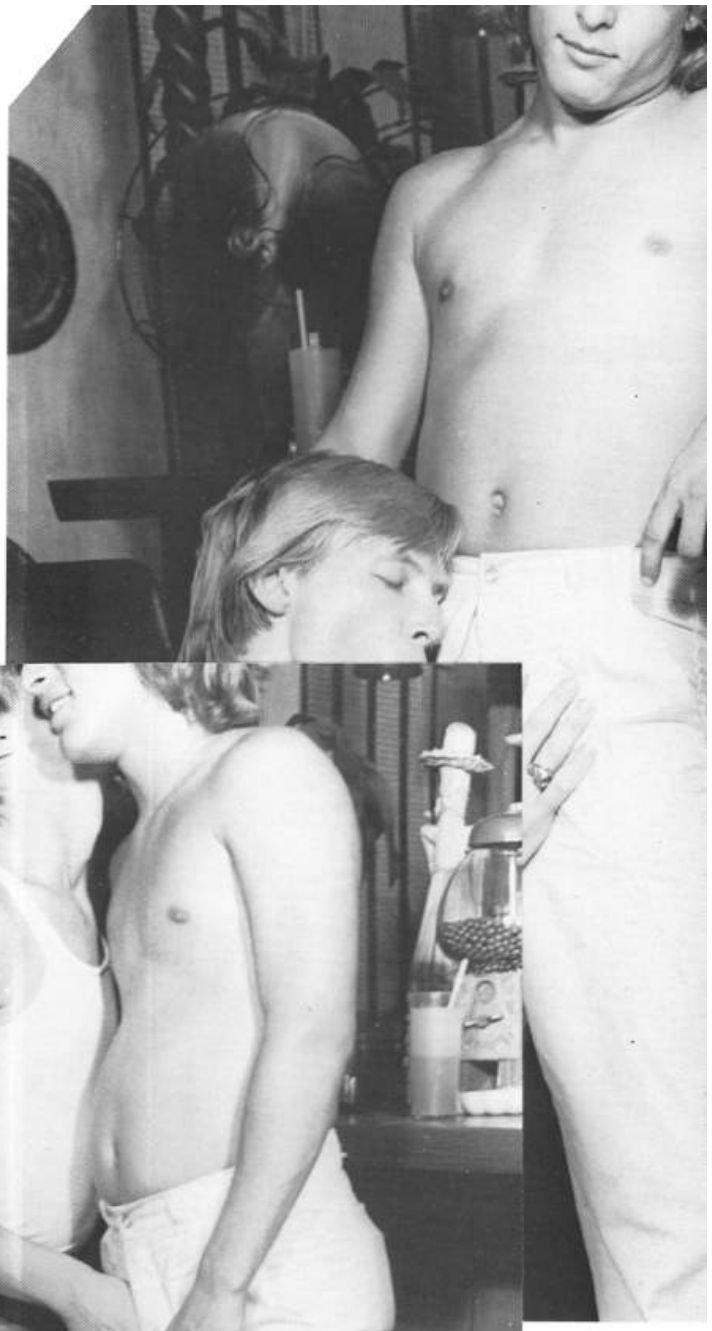


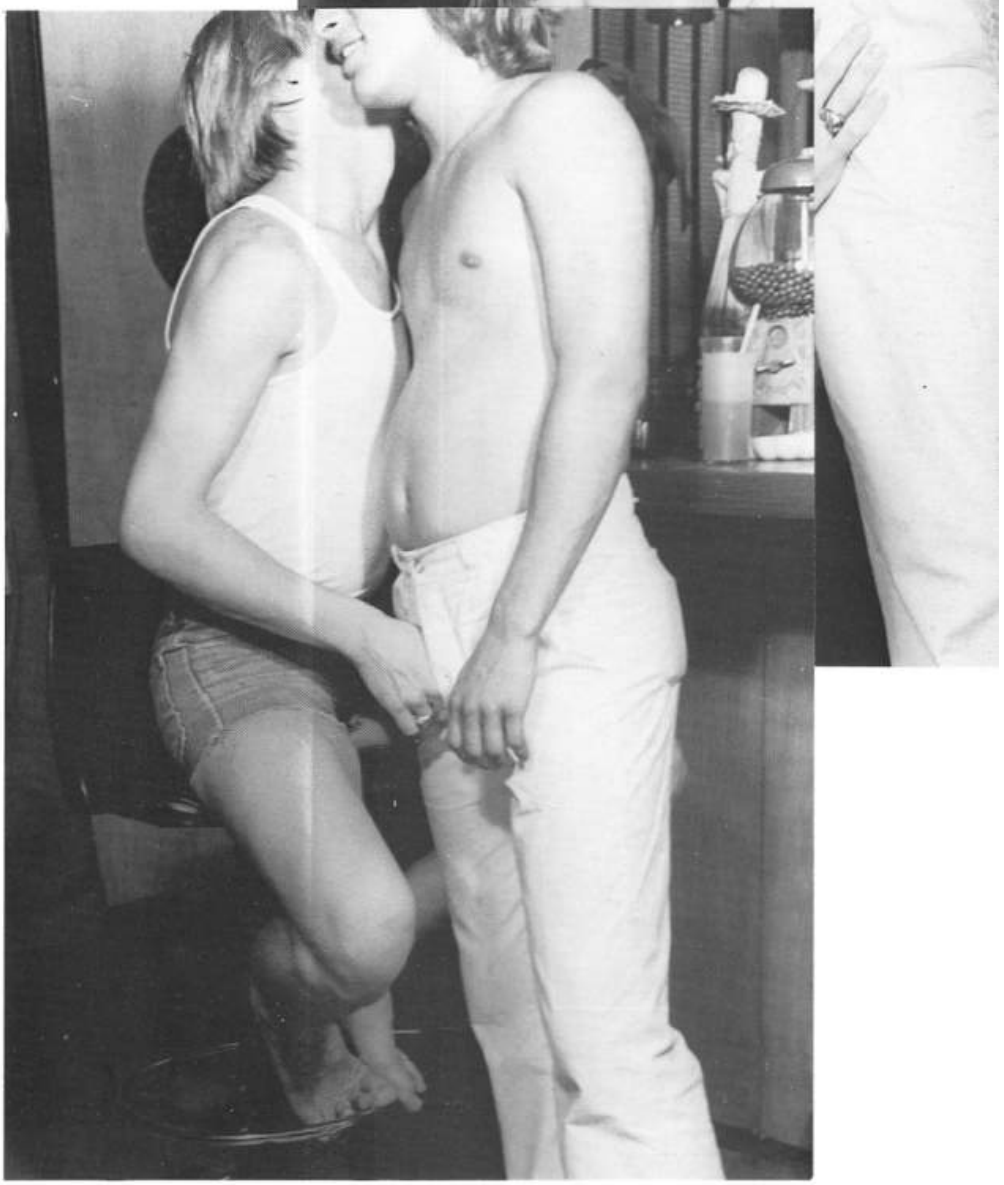
Have you ever been 21 years old, lonely, cruising, and still unable to pick up a trick—even in a bar frequented only by guys who love to trick?

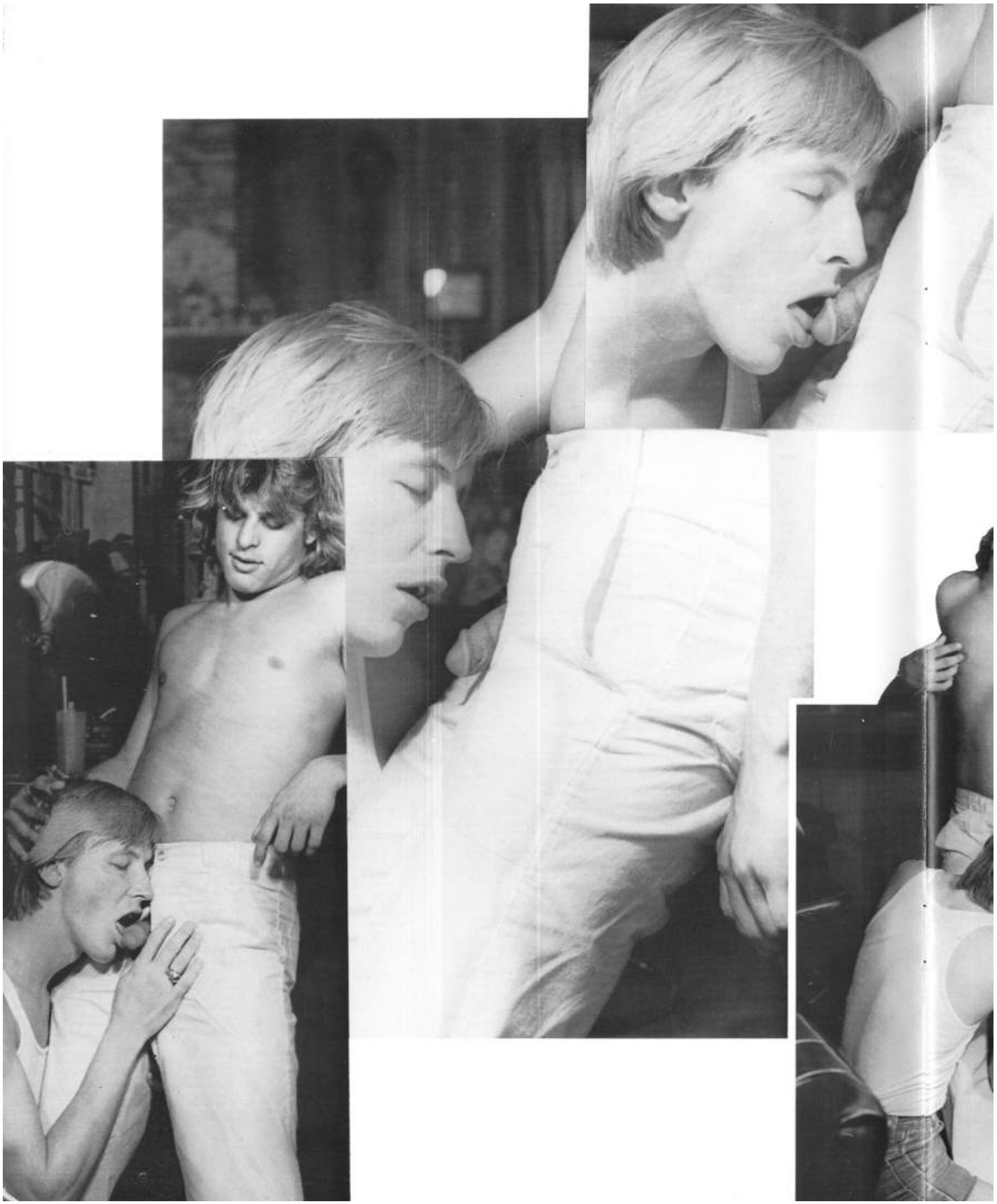
That's the way Rod felt last Tuesday night, as his young long cock stirred beneath his cutoffs, aching for a mouth to suck it or tight young butt to take it all the way. Actually, Rod was in the gay bar closest to his apartment, the one noted for large crowds of college kids cruisin' for a bruisin'. The place was pretty rough sometimes, and you had to be careful who you picked up there, else you might wind up with a bad hand in face and lost wallet.

This particular evening, though, that couldn't be any problem, as the place was practically deserted. Only a couple guys playing pool in the backroom and several older men sitting at the bar. Rod's rod was acting like the bar was filled with naked hot numbers, though. Its head was sticking out the edge of one leg, stirring like a serpent coiled and ready to strike.

"If only there were someone to strike at," Rod said to himself, dejectedly. He was really horny because he hadn't jacked of or dropped a load in three or four days. In fact, it was probably the longest non-unloading period Rod had gone through in recent







years. Ever since he came out he was accustimed to fucking with somebody at least every other day or so.

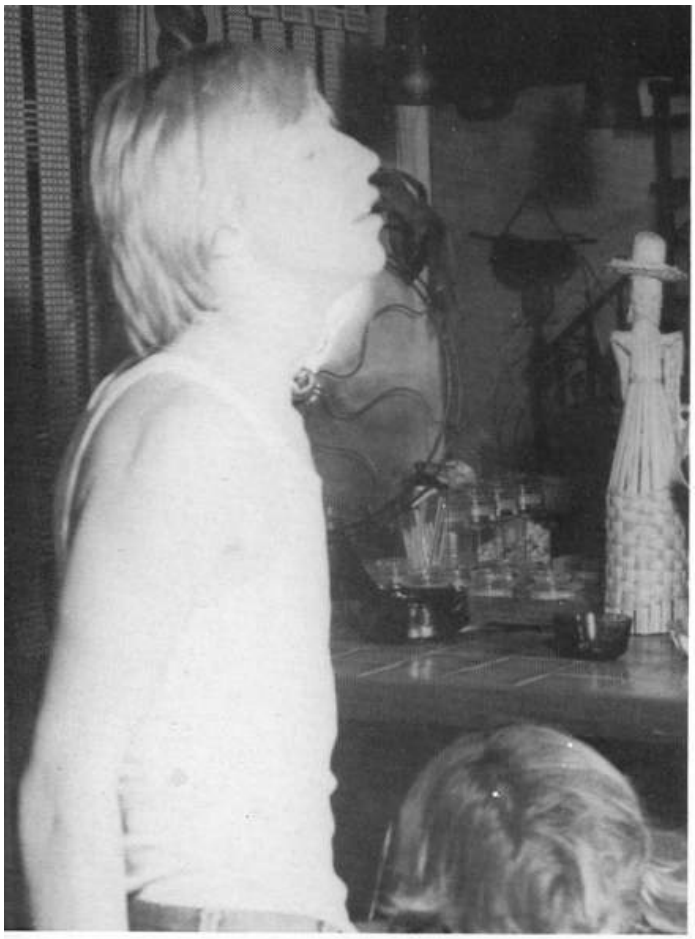
Rod decided to have one more drink, and then to go home and beat off if nothing appeared by then. He was half through with his drink when a blond guy about his same age come through the front door. The guy was obviously a little drunk. His hair was disheveled and his mannerisms were a bit disoriented. Nothing out of hand, just slightly high. "Perfect," Rod thought to himself." His prick tugged at the confinning cutoffs-leg as he cruised the guy harder than he'd ever cruised before.

At last the guy responded by looking at Rod. Drink in hand, he turned and walked directly over to Rod with a "where have you been all my life" look on his face. Rod responded with a "right here, suck my cock" answer. Not in words, but only in demeanor.

The guy's name was Joe, he was 22 and going to the university. He fell to his knees in a half stupor, after kissing Rod's willing lips, and licked the hard cock as far back as he could in the tight cutoffs. He even managed to get the juicy head into his mouth and give it a few good suck-strokes.

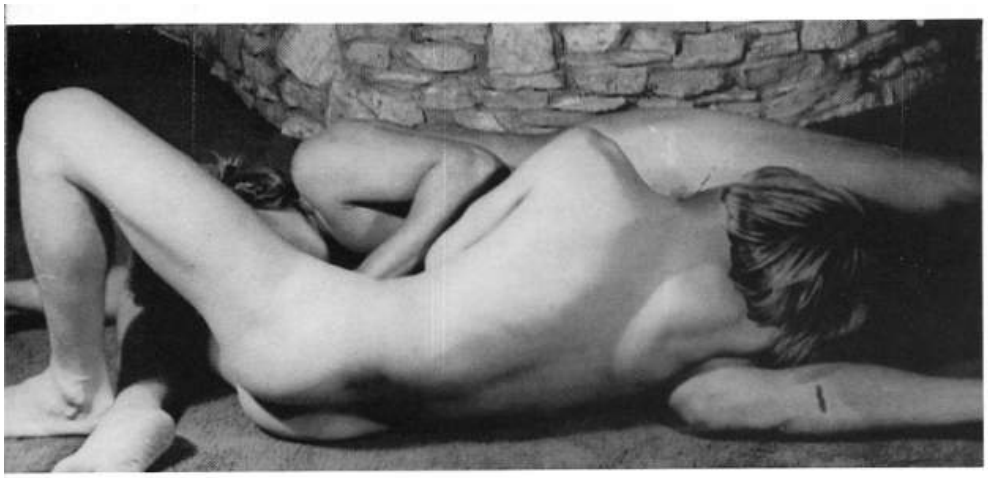
The latter buzzed Rod's semi-drunken being, so he stood Joe up and then got down on his knees, performing the same tease-suck-public-bar ritual. Joe's cock tasted fresh and good, even though it wan't yet fully hard. Discretion being the better part of valor, though, Rod decided it would be wiser to go someplace private.

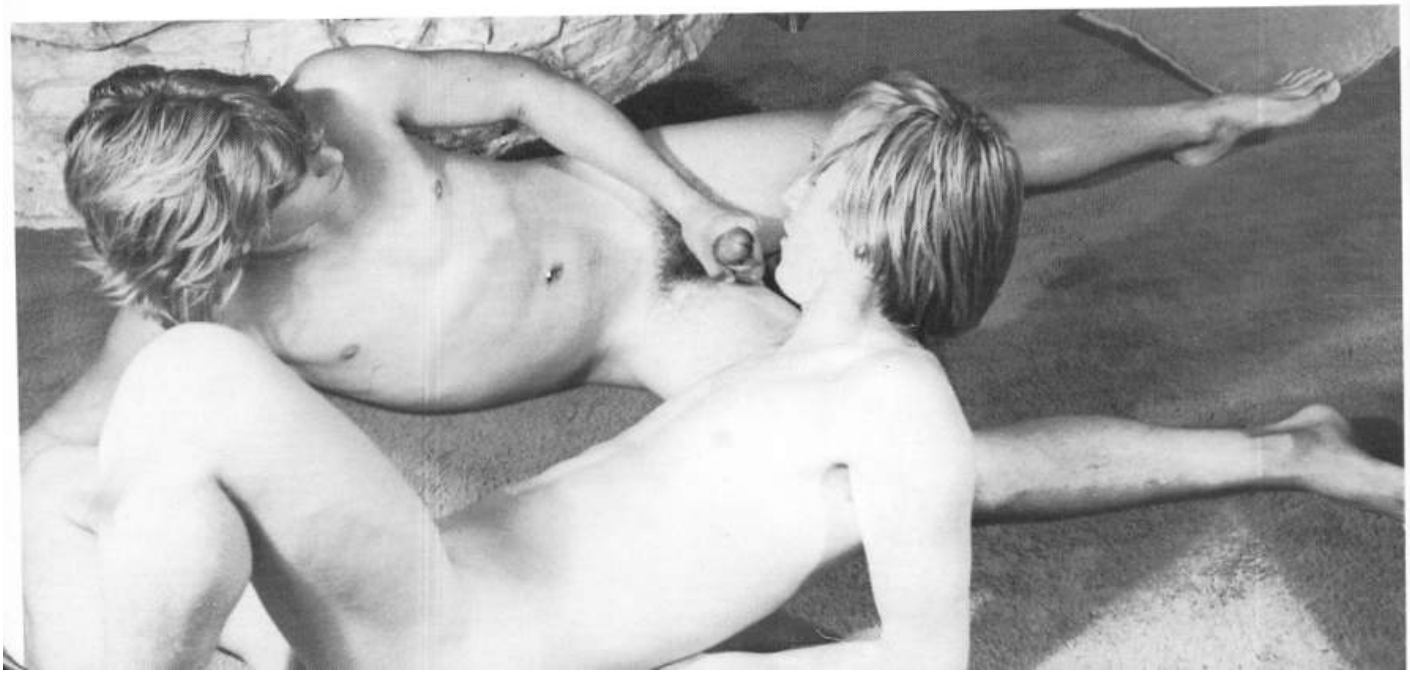
Joe reluctantly agreed, as he was apparently getting off on sucking and being sucked in front of public strangers. The ride to Rod's apartment was uneventful, mostly consisting of Joe rambling on and on about all the cock he'd sucked at the university. Once inside the house, though, he became a sex demon. Literally ripping off his clothes, he thrust his naked body into Rod with ferocity, and ended up in short order sucking a huge dickload down his throat.

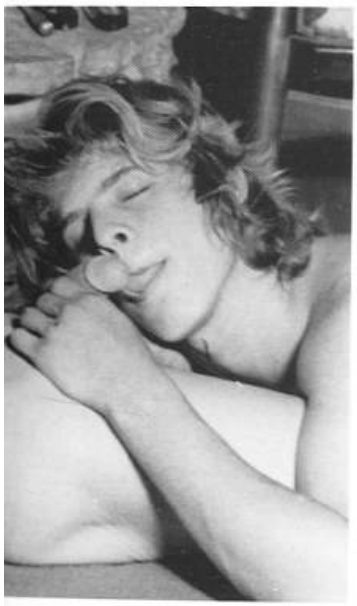


Rod repayed him, of course, prompting Joe's now-hard cock to spit out large spurts of juicy cream. Rod licked and gulped 'em down like a pro, and when he finished gulping down the sticky manstuff, all he could wonder was if there was more where that came from.

There was, and Rod got it again by, first, rimming Joe's asshole like it had never been rimmed! Rod threw Joe on his stomach and writhed into the smelly place with his nose and mouth like a runaway locomotive coming into the roundtable. Each long sensuous thrust of Rod's tongue up Joe's fiery stinking asshole caused the latter to twist and maneuver a foot or more on the carpet.



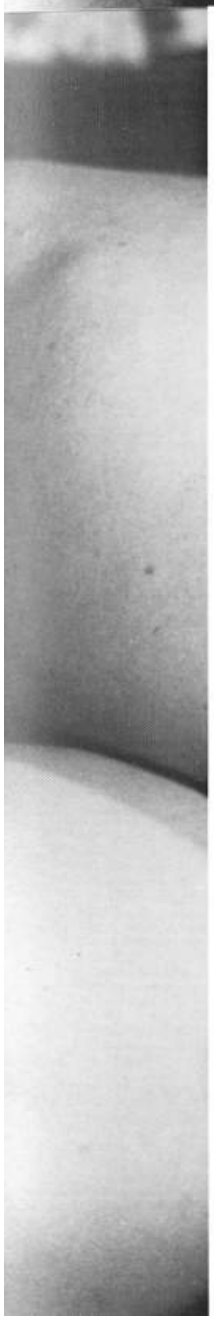




Rod would respond by coming back into contact, once again driving his rigid wet tongue, fucking it into the moisty depths. Eventually Joe's smooth, hairless ass became accustomed to it, liked it and wanted more. Rod responded by literally screaching his huge thick cock into and up and deep inside the bunghole.

It was hard going at first, but the dripping big smooth prick head eased the way so that the rest of the hot meat could follow. In short order, Rod's long horsedick was coarsely fucking the entire length and width of Joe's rear channel. All too soon, another load was delivered, as Rod poured hot gobs of nutcume covering every inch of Joe's innards.

Joe was finally rock hard and ready, as if anyone wouldn't be under the circumstances. He flopped over on his back and began



jacking his rigid tent-pole, which Rod covered with his mouth just in time to catch the cumsquirts flying out the distended tip.

Rod gulped down batch after batch of the sticky stuff, too high and too sexed up by now to really appreciate its delicate aroma. All he wanted was Joe's cock all the way in his asshole, and he somehow managed to shove the semi-hard spent cock into himself.

It took Joe quite a while, and he had to stop a couple of times to grease up with Vaseline, but finally he was fucking Rod's ass pretty good. The meat was fat and veiny, and Joe knew how to fuck. Eventually he managed to pump a considerable creamload into Rod, although his prick went immediately soft.

As he pulled it out, it felt to Rod like a limp rubber. Nonetheless, Rod was sexed up enough by receiving the rear-end load to give a last try. He climbed over Joe's face and began jacking his big prick directly over Joe's face.

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Joe jacked off too, but his cock wouldn't get hard. However, he obviously was willing to take the sperm, as he threw his head back and opened his mouth under Rod's dripping head. It took Rod about two minutes, but he brought it off gloriously. He somehow beat about eight wad squirts out of the tip of his abused penis, squirting most of them directly down Joe's mouth, and landing the others on the chest and neck.

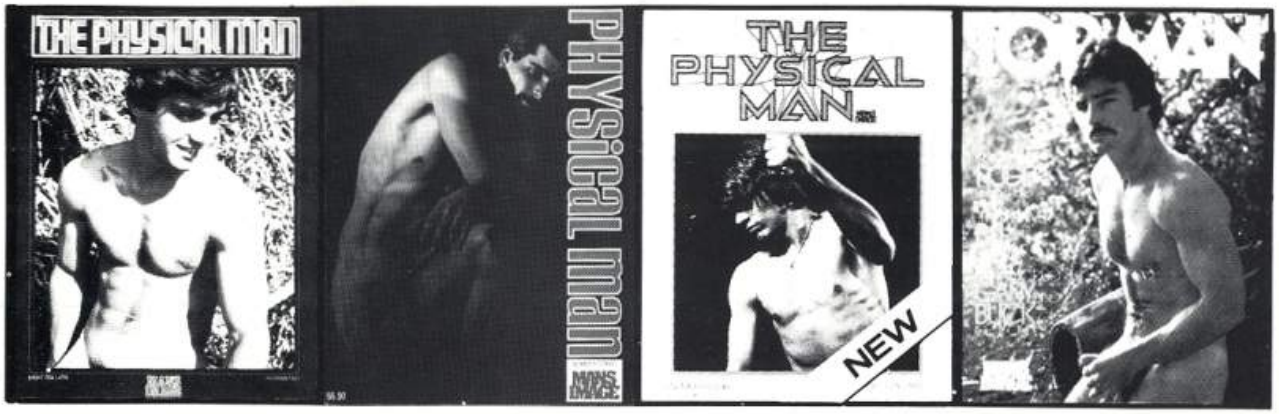
When they were finished, Rod told Joe, "Not bad for a drunken Tuesday night, huh?" Joe was so tuckered out, all he did was grunt, roll over and fall asleep. Right there on the living room floor. Rod had to take him home next morning but got his phone number, just in case another emergency arose.

END

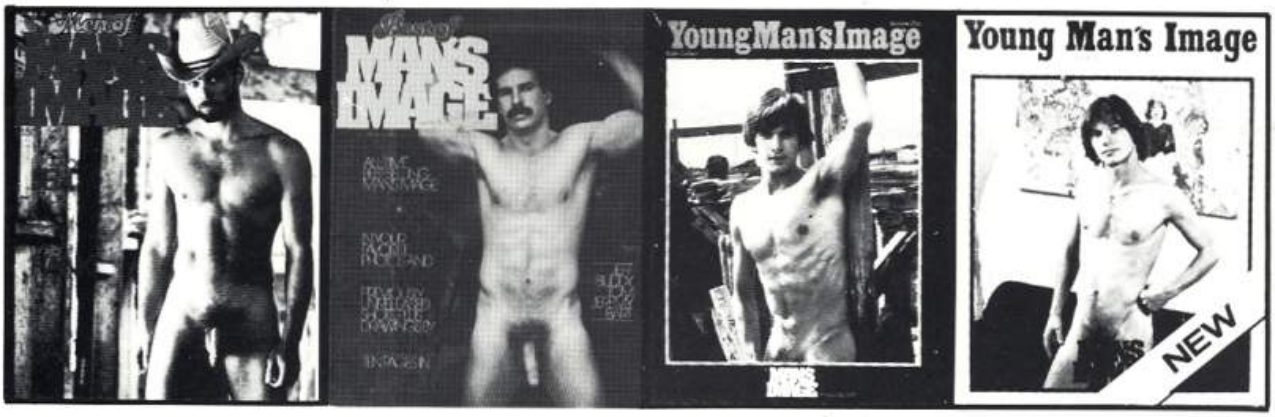
MAN'S IMAGE

Our men.

From the brawny lumberjack to the bulging-jeaned boy-next-door, you'll find the best of them all right here.



THE PHYSICAL MAN 2 THE PHYSICAL MAN 3 THE PHYSICAL MAN 4 TOP MAN



MEN OF MAN'S IMAGE BEST OF MAN'S IMAGE YOUNG MAN'S IMAGE 1 YOUNG MAN'S IMAGE 2

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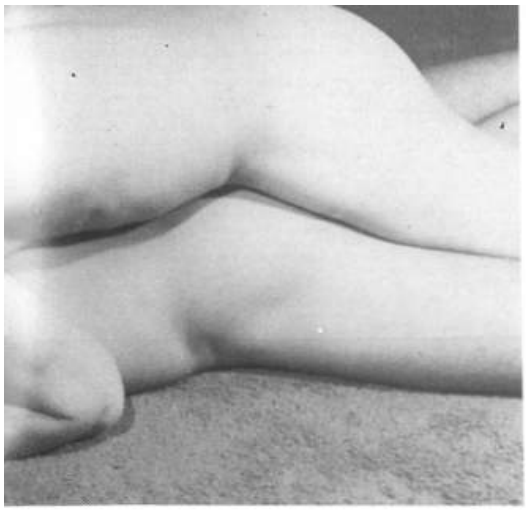

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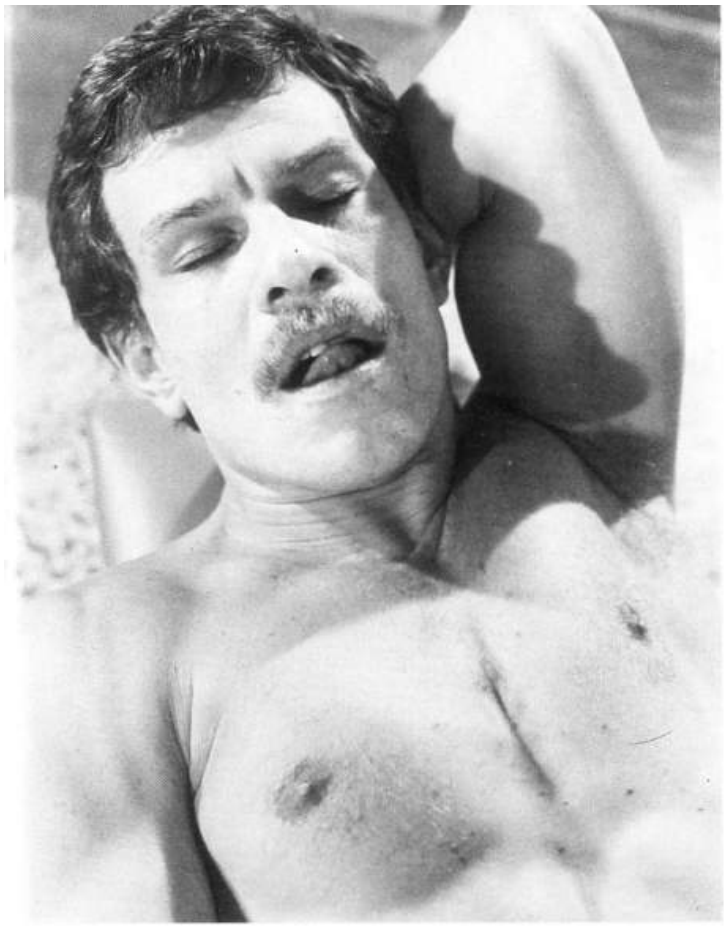

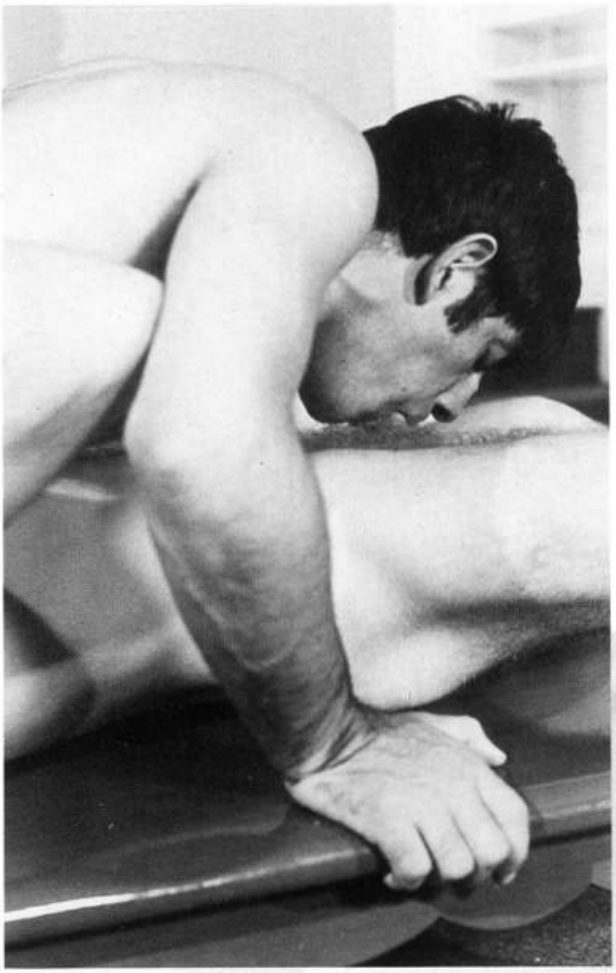

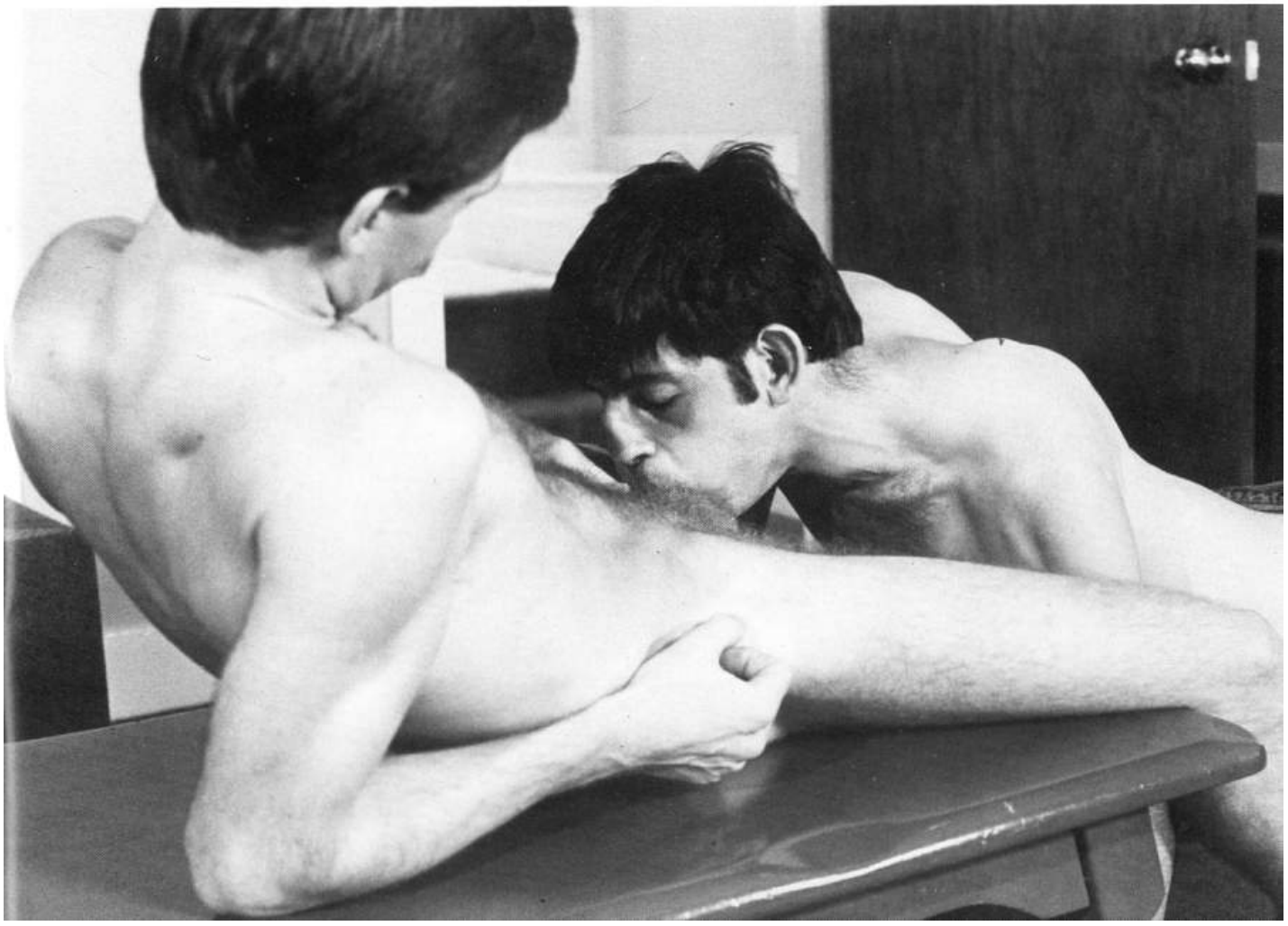

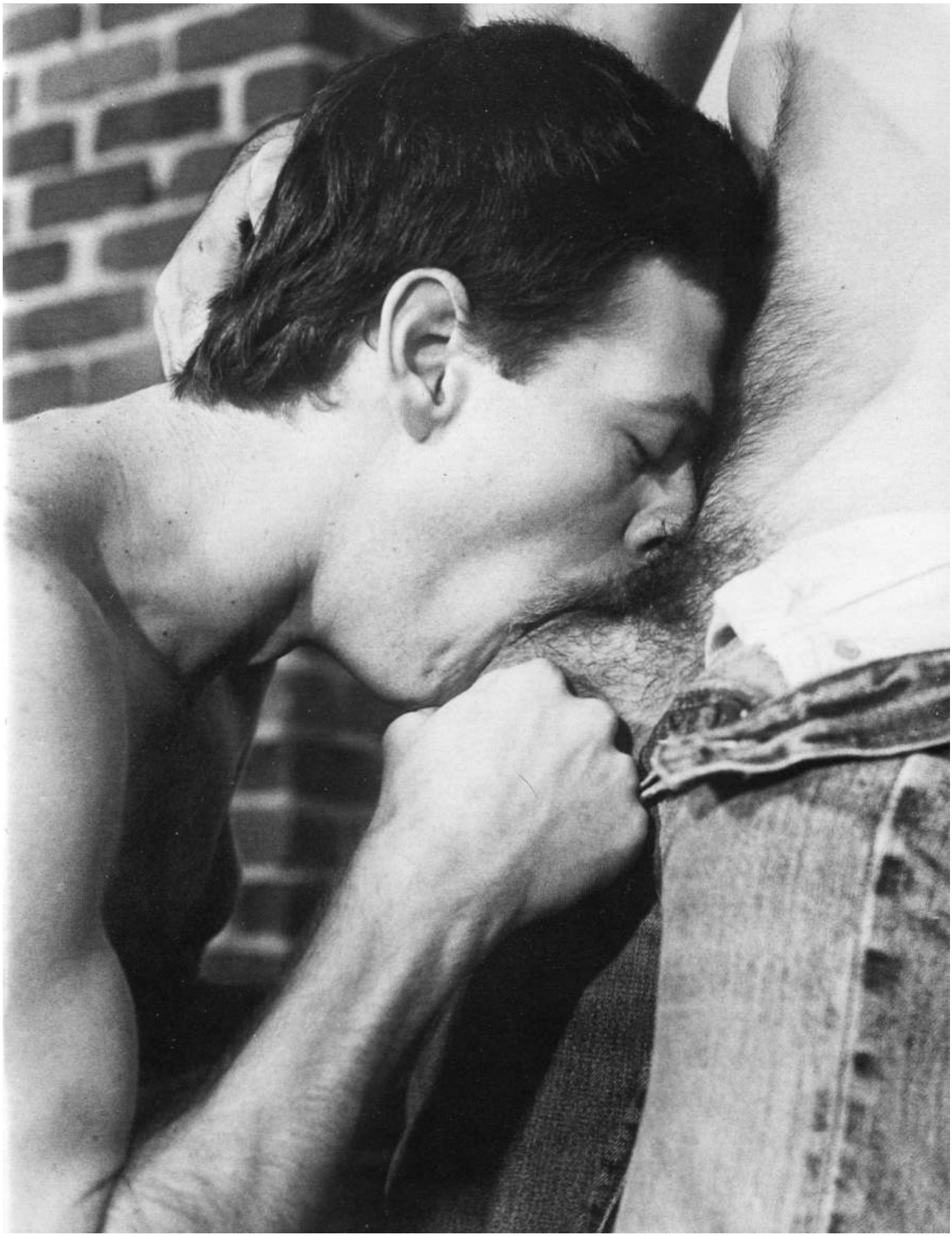

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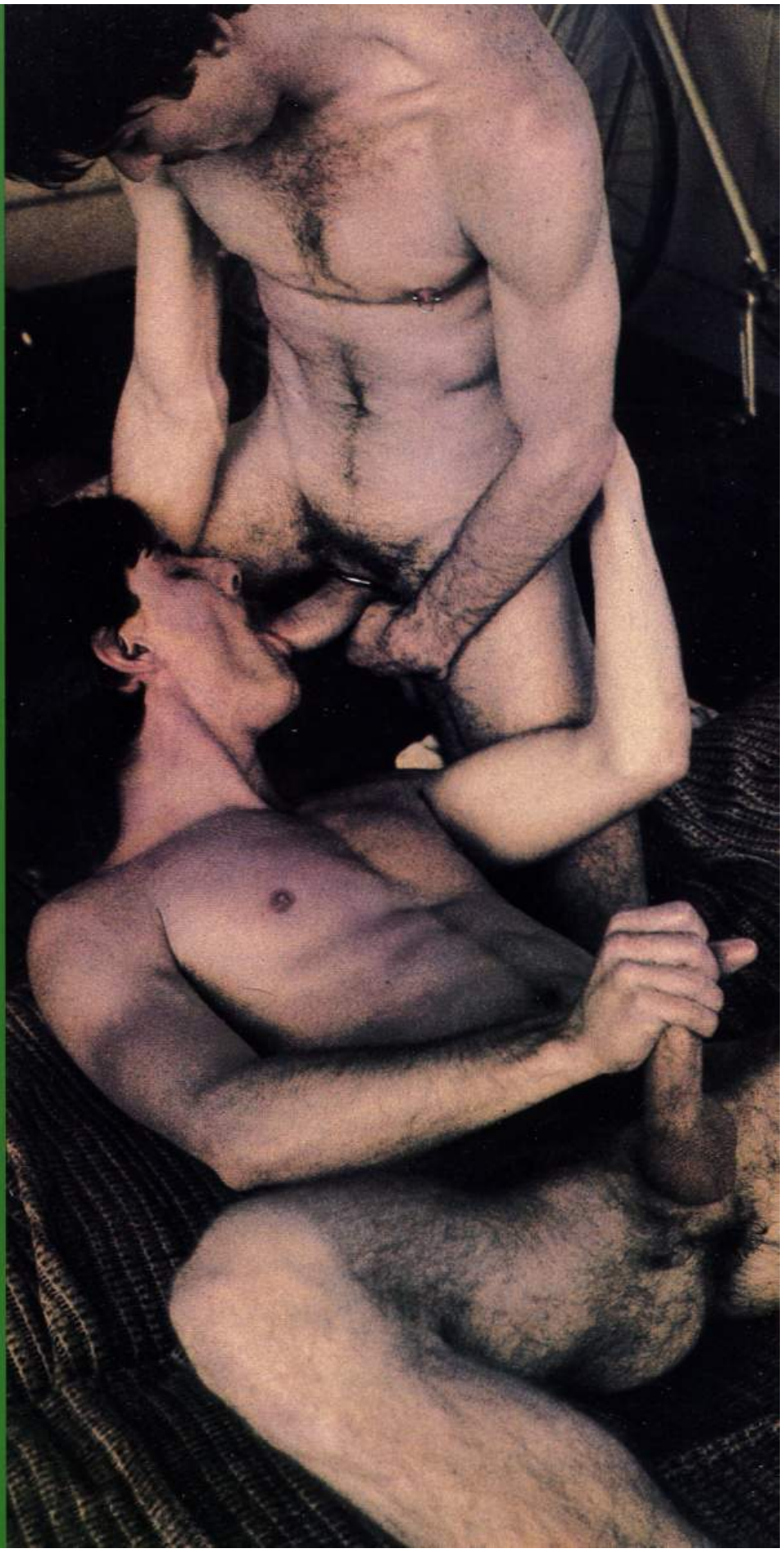

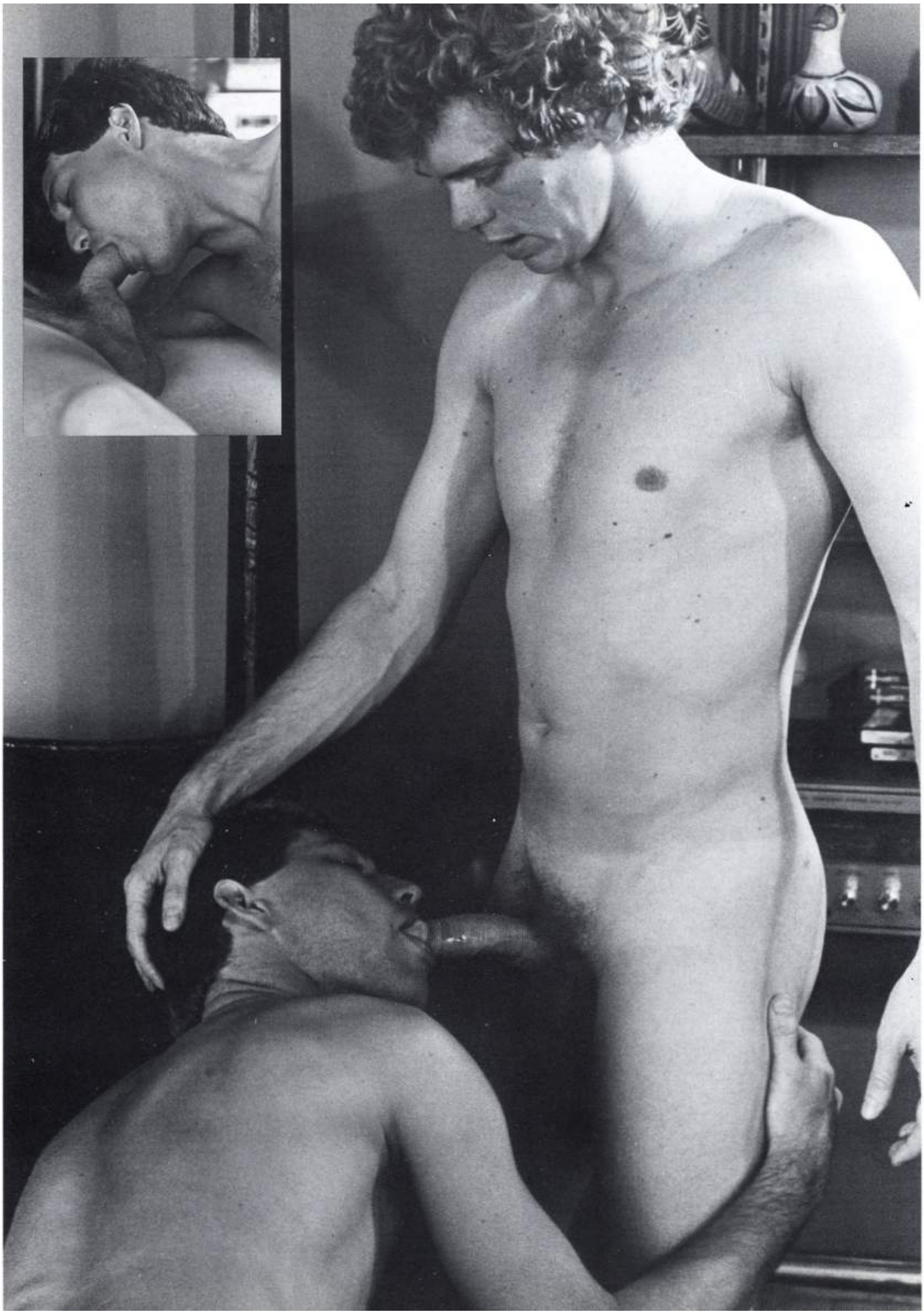

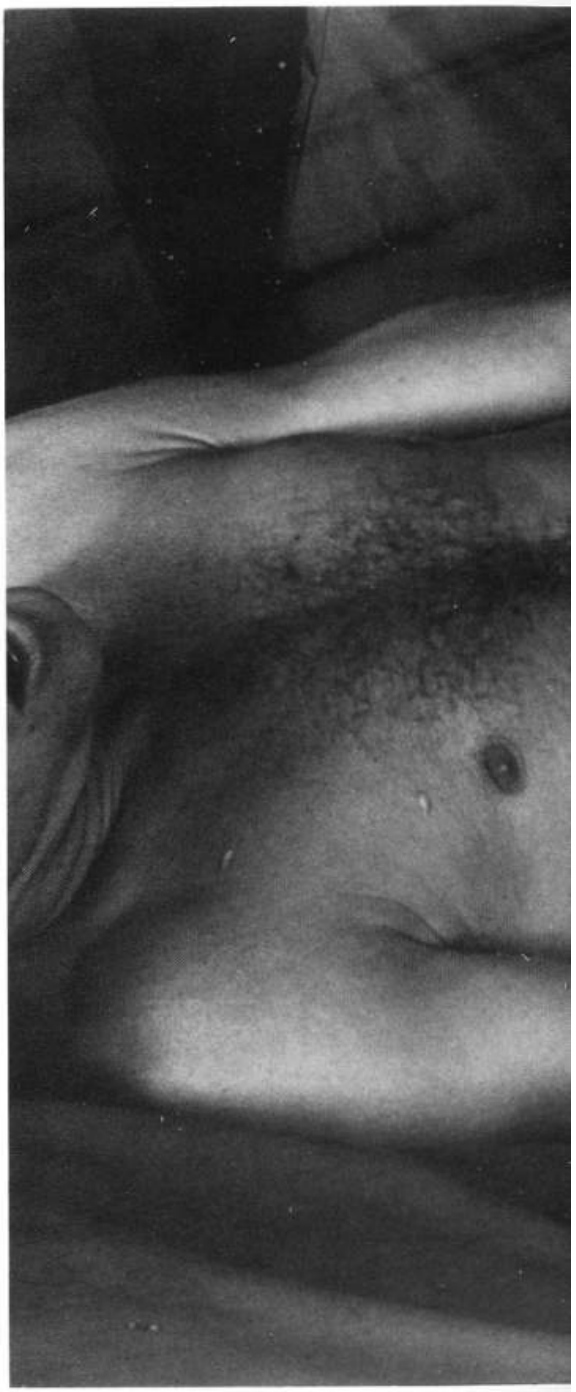

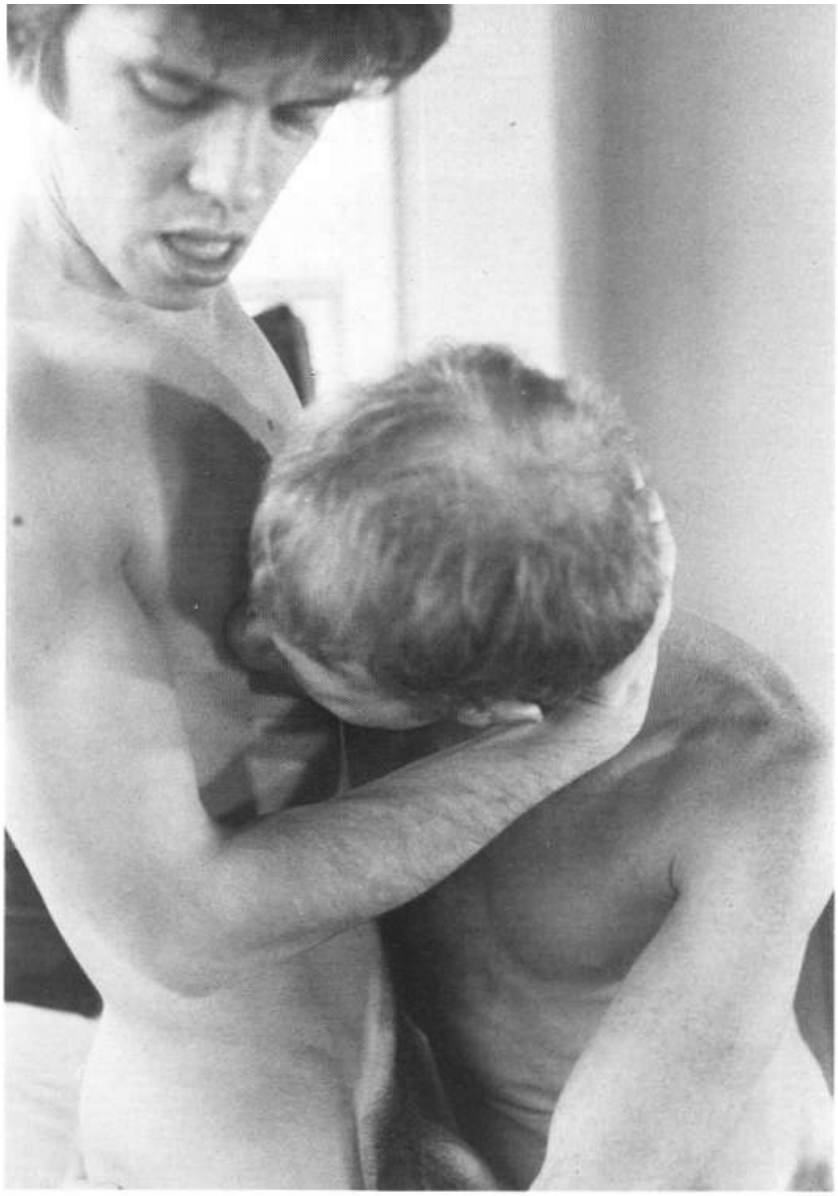

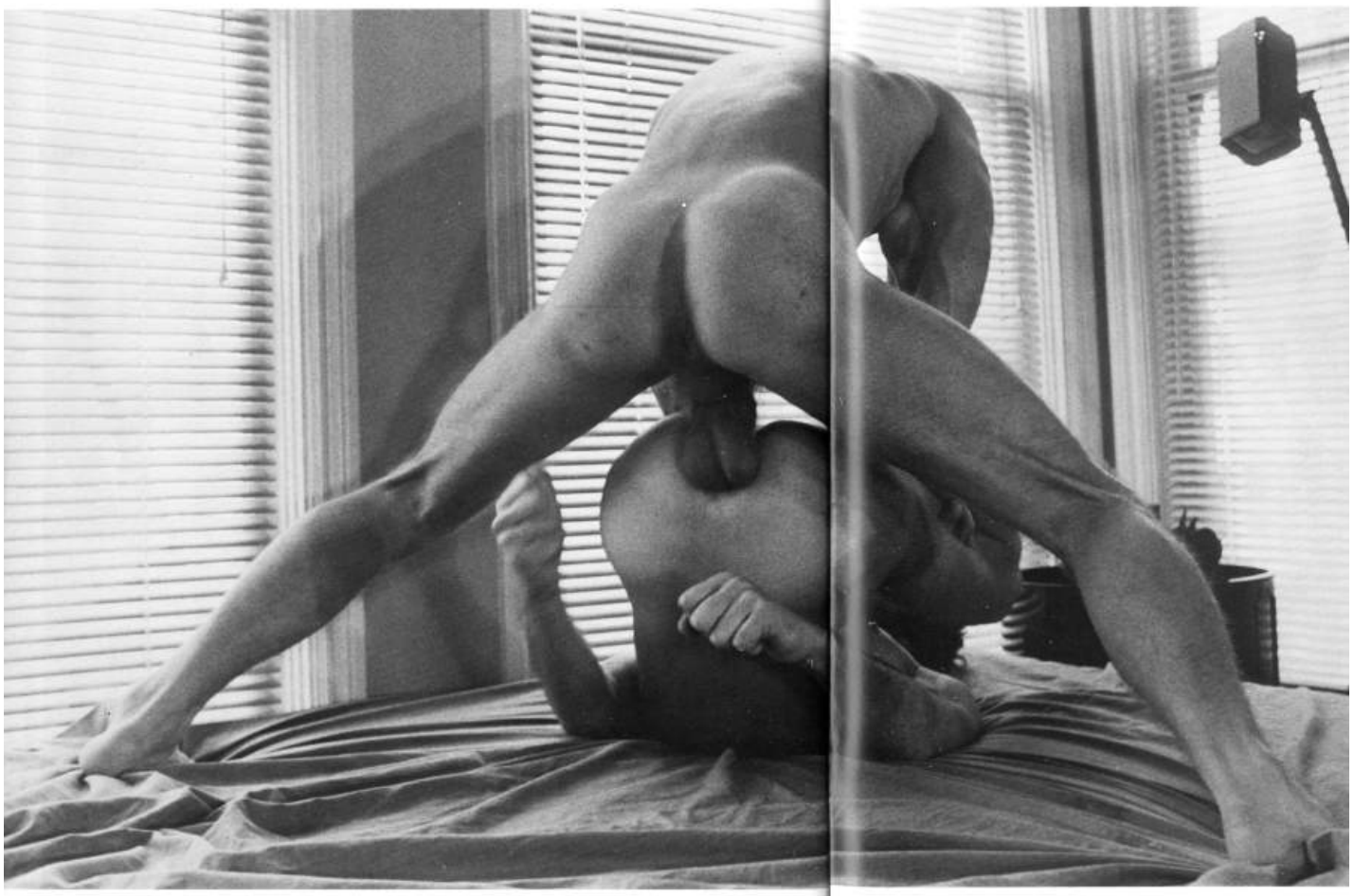

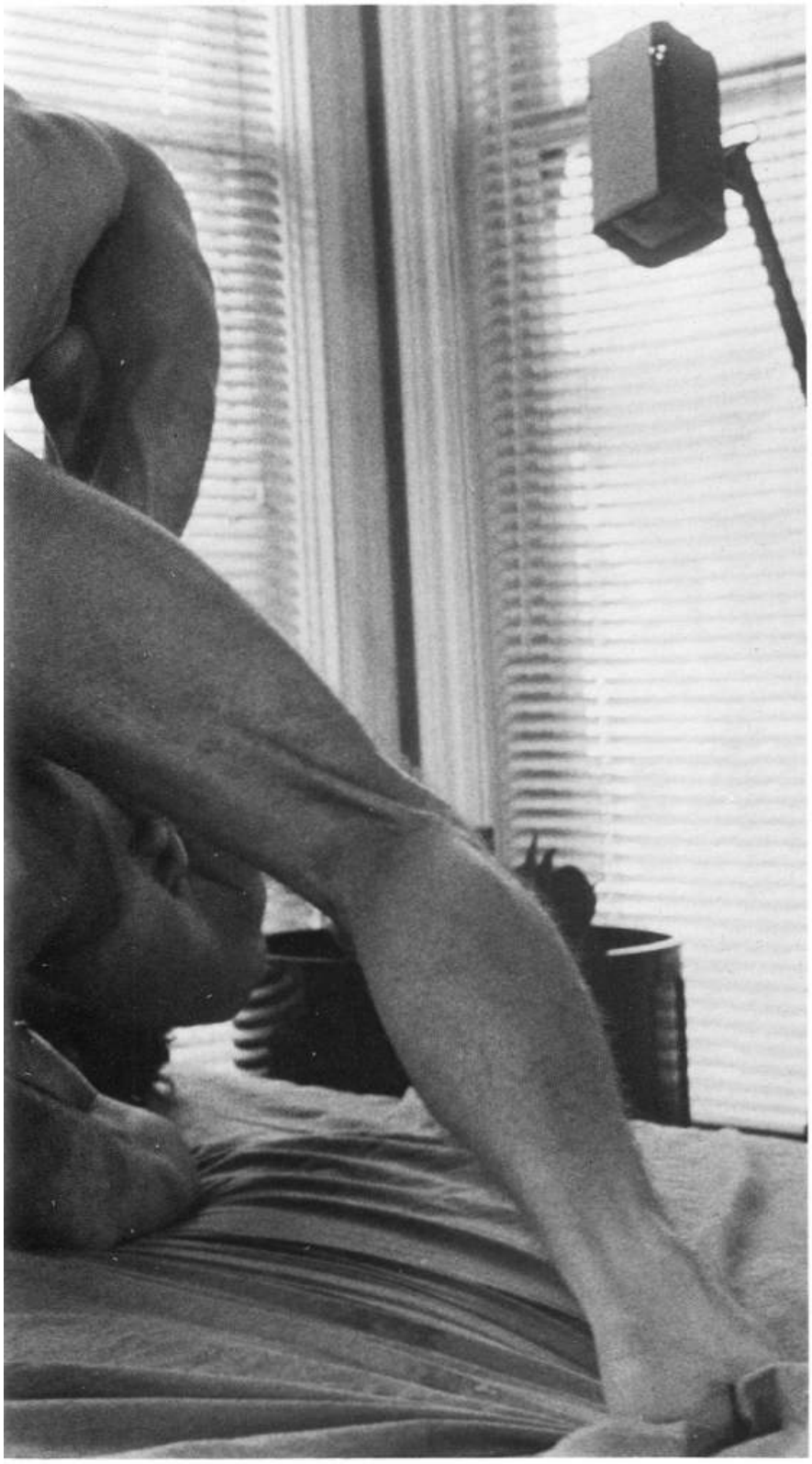

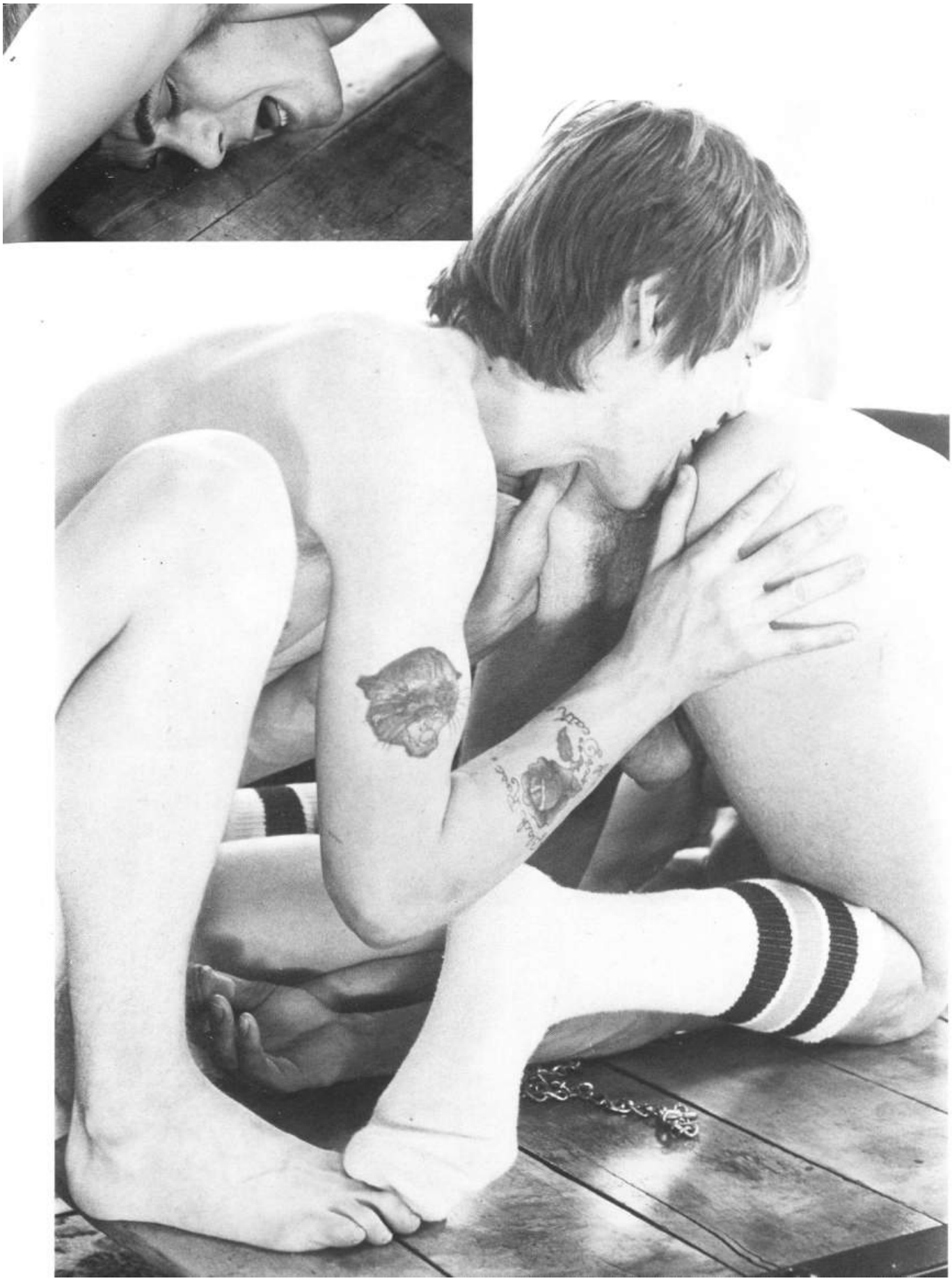

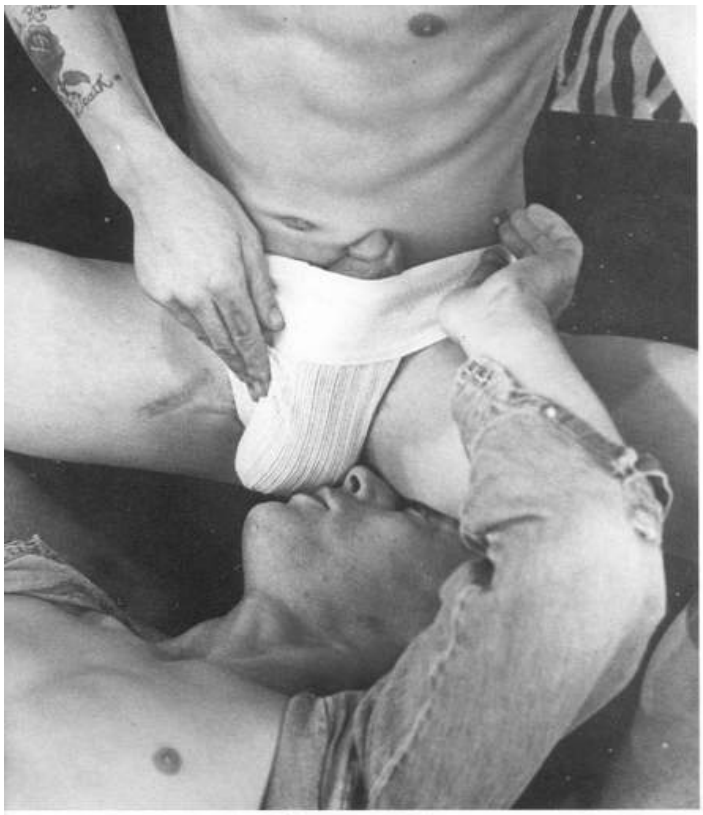

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ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS, OR OLDER.

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here on this service porch."

Joe raced to the phone and dialed but got no answer. While it was ringing he looked around at the service porch. He was really impressed. This porch was bigger than his whole apartment! It was done completely in antiques. Joe ran a hand over the old, ornate stove. He smiled at Adam.

"Neat . . . a really super old stove."

Adam smiled back and sat on it.

"Thanks . . . but it's strictly for decoration. It's too old to really work . . . unless you burn wood in it. I've never tried. Might be fun sometime, though."

Finally Joe shrugged his shoulders and hung back up the phone. Adam gave him a what-the-hell look.

"Hey . . . it's all right . . . we can try him first thing in the morning."

That "first thing in the morning" hit Joe. His throat went dry. He was sure that this was it. Now,

it was coming. He decided to simply level with Adam. He cleared his throat and started.

"Hey . . . look, man . . . I've heard that you . . . well . . . what I'm trying to say is that I know what you . . . I mean, I know that in order to get an audition with you . . . I'll have to . . . uh. . . ."

Adam just stared at him with a steady gaze. Finally, he interrupted the stammering blond.

"Ya know . . . you're really beautiful. Can I suck your cock?"

Joe was thunderstruck by Adam's straightforward approach and offered not even the slightest bit of resistance as the young record producer dropped to his knees, unzipped Joe's pants and slid his wet, warm mouth over the kid's big, rapidly stiffening rammer. It sprang up, full hard, as Adam took it all the way in his throat. Joe moaned and enjoyed the wild blow-job. It was the best he'd ever had. Adam was really an expert. He even managed to completely undress the hot blond while sucking him off, without missing one stroke. He even got his own shirt off, too. Adam's cock was only inches from Joe's face. Adam whispered to him, pleading with him to suck it.

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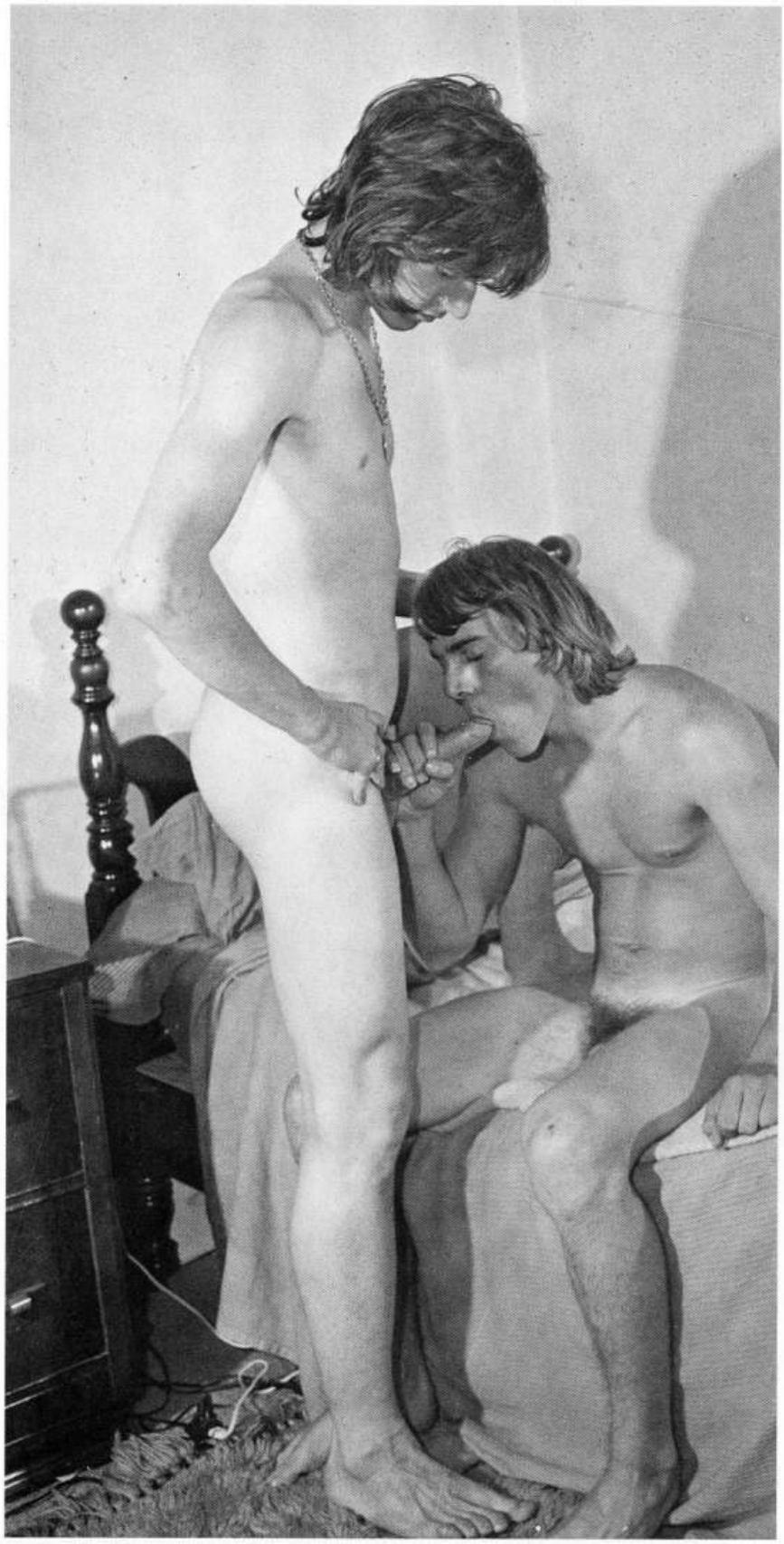


Joe very tentatively took the big dick in his hand. He'd never sucked a guy's cock before. Still, his burning ambition drove him on. He knew pretty well what was expected of him. He knew he'd have to play by the rules in a game like this if he really wanted to be a star. And, Joe really wanted to be a star. He worked the cock back and forth in his hand a few times. He was really turned on, the great head job Adam was giving him was really getting to him. That helped a lot when he thought about having to suck a cock. He had to admit that he was hot enough to do about anything. Adam was really getting to him. His nuts were really jumping. Finally, Joe closed his eyes, took a deep breath and flicked his tongue across the head of the rigid fuck tool. Adam groaned, urging him on.

"YEAH . . . DO IT, man. . . . That's the way. Take it all the way in your mouth . . . YEAH . . . THAT'S IT . . . DO IT! Now . . . let me get outta these pants and let's really GET IT ON!"

Adam kicked off his pants and ran his hand up and down Joe's stiff prick. He leaned over and took the hard piece of meat in his mouth, while humping his hips against the blond boy's face. Adam could feel the cum churning up in his nuts. He groaned, pulling off Joe's cock. He hopped up on the stove, sticking his prick in Joe's face. The blond boy continued working on that big stiffer. Suddenly, Adam groaned again, pulling his cock out of Joe's hot mouth.

"I'm cummin' . . . Let me cum on your face! The first time I shoot tonight I wanna do it on that cute little face of yours!"

Joe braced himself, figuring that this, too, was all part of the game. He held his face up and closed his eyes, as Adam shot out long, liquid ropes of hot, white

Continued on Page 26

cum all over him. Adam grabbed Joe by the hair, shouting an order.

"LICK IT OFF!! Do you hear me . . . CLEAN MY DICK UP! You wanna make it big, right . . . you wanna be a star. Well . . . if you wanna get ahead . . . first . . . you gotta give me SOME HEAD!"

Joe did exactly as he was told, afraid not to obey the man who held his future in his hands. He sure wasn't going to miss his big chance over a little cum! He rapidly licked the big cock clean. Much to his amazement, as he worked on it, Adam's big dick rared up in another steel-stiff hard-on. Joe just couldn't believe that anyone could go again so soon after shooting. Adam sensed his amazement and laughed.

"Hey, kid . . . sometimes I can go three or four times without even stopping. In fact, I'm ready right now. Bend over . . . you're gonna get FUCKED!"

"NO . . . WAIT . . . I don't think I can do that . . . I don't think I can TAKE it!"

"LOOK, MAN . . . do you or don't you want to be my next STAR?"

Joe didn't say a word. He just gulped and bent over the stove and spread his cheeks. Adam decided to loosen up the tight little ass first. He rammed a finger deep in the tight, little, brown, pucker hole. Joe winced in pain. Adam knew how to fix that. He wiggled his finger against Joe's little buzz-button. Joe felt a sudden, wild rush of pleasure. Adam knew that the kid hadn't shot his wad yet and that would make him more receptive to getting fucked. But Adam knew he had to work fast. He positioned himself behind the spread cheeks, spit on his stiff cock and shoved hard. It slid in the finger-fucked asshole right to the hilt. Joe screamed out in pain. He tried to endure a few more strokes but just couldn't. He

Continued on Page 30

begged Adam to stop.

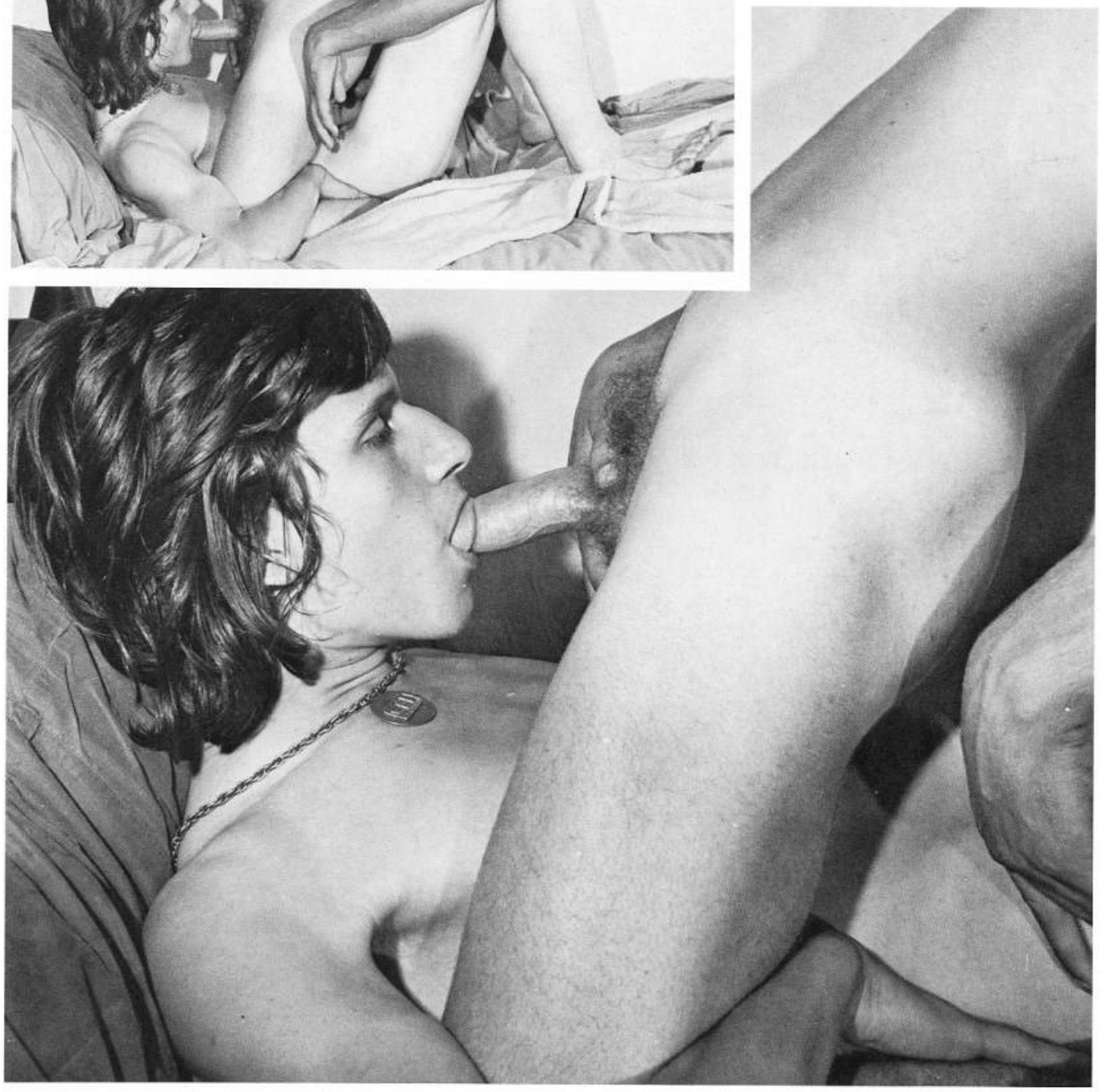
By this time Adam had already realized that the young kid couldn't take the huge cock this way. He suggested that they go into the little servant's room just off the service porch. It had a bed in it and they could really get much more comfortable. Adam led the way.

The bed was small but Adam was right, it was much better than being squeezed against that cold stove. They lay across the bed and started to work on each other's dicks. Joe was really working now. He was so hot, and wanted to get off so bad, he would have tried anything. He let his tongue creep up Adam's rigid cum-vein to his asshole a couple of times. That really did it for Adam. He flipped

Continued on Page 33

the blond boy over on his face and shoved his roaring dick as deep in the kid's tight asshole as far as he could shove it. He totally ignored Joe's screamed protests. Adam quickly rolled over on his back, pulling the squirming blond over on top of him.

"NOW . . . you guide it in and jack-off at the same time. It'll feel better if you jack-off while you're getting fucked. You'll dig it . . . I



promise, you'll DIG IT!"

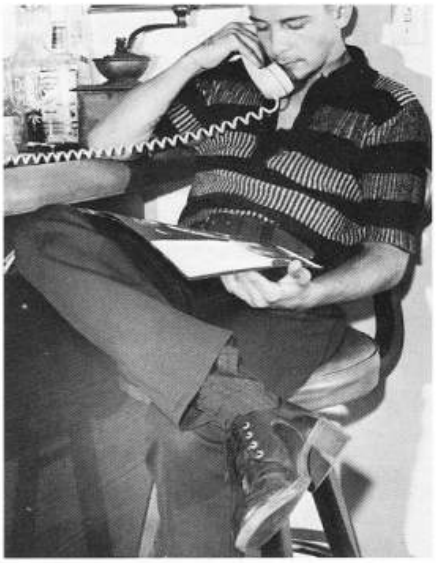
Joe grabbed his prick and really started working it. He did have to admit that it really felt pretty good if he beat-off while that big, stiff prick was being shoved up his ass. In fact, that hard dick was getting to something, somewhere deep in his ass. Adam quickly jutted his hips up hard, ramming his cock into that secret, hot place again. Joe felt something explode in the base of his nuts. That spark pushed his cum up the vein on the bottom of his own cock and shot out in a hot, wet, sticky shower all over Adam's chest. At that very second Joe could feel a flood of cum from Adam rushing deep in his stretched hole.

The next morning Joe woke

with a start. He must have fallen asleep last night after the wild sex session. He was still there in the servants' room. He was alone but someone had covered him up with a blanket. That had to have been Adam. He still could hardly believe it, Adam Scott! The smell of fresh, hot coffee came rushing into the room. Adam pushed the door open. He was holding a breakfast tray heaped with food. He smiled at Joe, putting the tray down, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Good morning . . . Now . . . to begin with . . . here's a nice big breakfast. You'll need it. You've got lots to do today. FIRST . . . we go shake up a certain crooked car dealer. THEN . . . there's the matter of an audition. NEXT . . . it's back here for a little more . . . well . . . let me tell you one thing . . . if you can play in a studio half as well as you do in a bedroom . . . you're a cinch for stardom!"

Part Two of this story, "Sizing It Up," appears in *TRY IT FOR SIZE.*



PEGS AND HOLES

Skip toyed with the magazine. His buddy had written his phone number on a page in the front of it, telling Skip to be sure and call him, if he ever got back to San Francisco. Now, here Skip was. Still, he just couldn't make his mind up about calling his old Navy buddy. It wasn't that he didn't want to see Chip, he did. Chip. He just had to chuckle to himself when he said the name. That wasn't his buddy's real name. He could hardly remember what it really was. He thought it was Chauncy, or something like that. But, they'd become such good buddies in the Navy, so inseparable, that the other guys on board ship referred to them as the Siamese Twins. They were always together.

Skip shook his head in amazement, remembering all those Navy days. His smile faded, though, as he looked back down at the phone number. He tried to imagine what the guys on board ship would have thought if they'd really known

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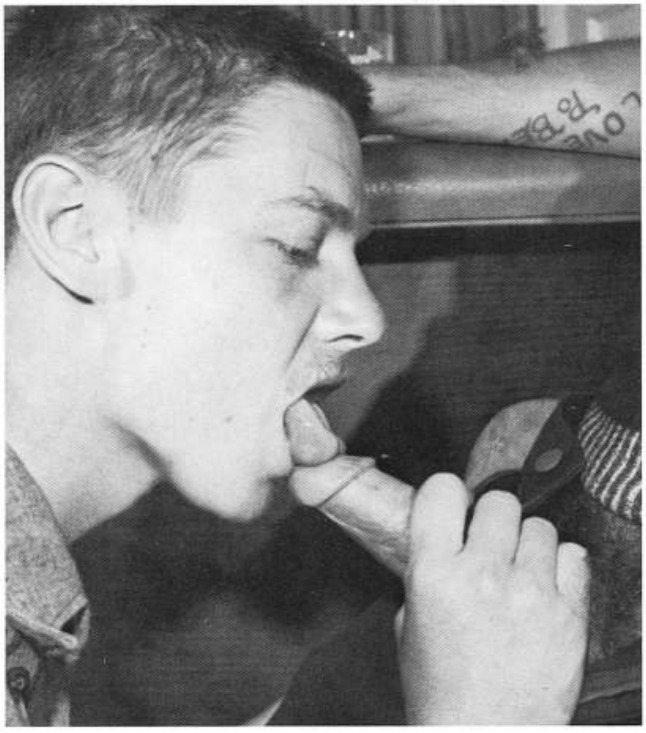

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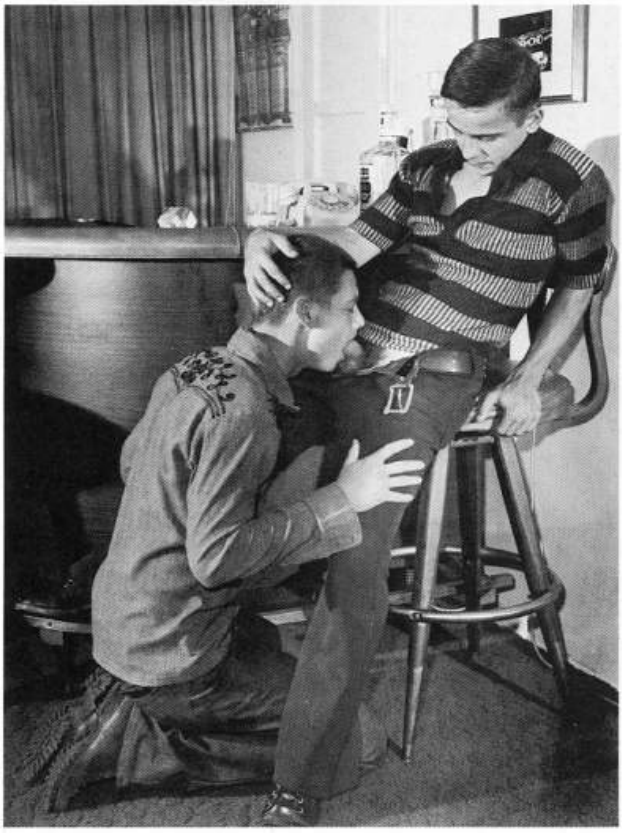

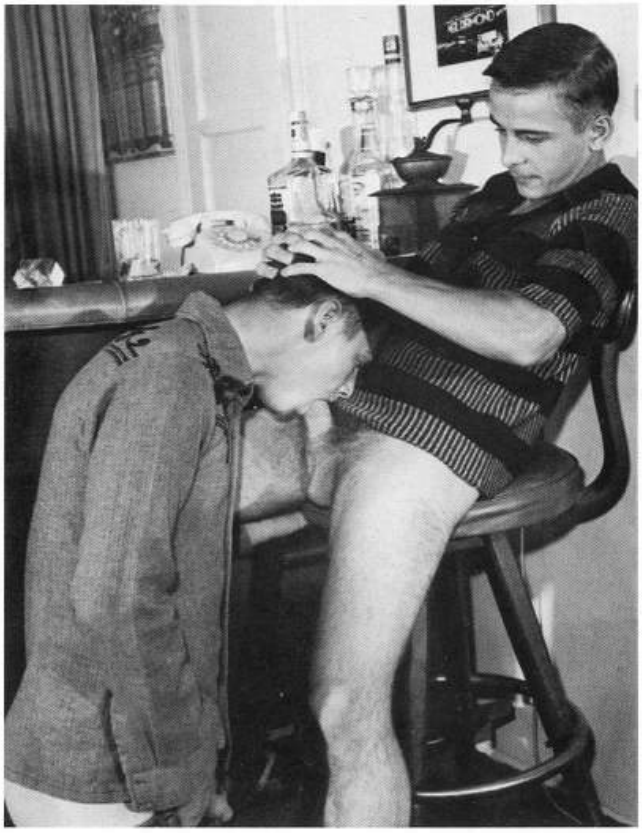

just how close the two "twins" were. What they did together, way down below deck in all those quiet, little out-of-the-way places where they could hide. Skip could barely remember how they'd first started doing it, until today when he got back to Frisco. He still couldn't recall how or when he had first taken Chip's big, stiff cock in his mouth and up his ass. He'd managed to blot that from his memory.

It was a dim memory he held of the first time Chip had sucked him off. He recalled that at first he thought Chip was only kidding when he'd come on to him. They had both been looking at some of those hot fuck books one of them had brought back on board. They'd sneaked them on, along with a bottle of booze. Chip started panting and began pleading with Skip to let him suck his dick. At first Skip resisted, after he realized Chip wasn't kidding. They were both pretty drunk. Then, he got hotter and hotter as he looked at those pictures in that book. Finally, he gave in. After that they started doing it pretty regularly, after Skip got over his initial embarrassment.

It all came back so clearly now. But Skip still couldn't recall when he'd first done it to Chip. It must have been one of those nights, in some faraway country, when they were on shore leave. They'd given up all pretense of going out looking for girls by that time. They just simply tied on a good drunk, rented a hotel room and spent the entire night, sucking and fucking. It must have been on one of those drunken nights that Skip had started sucking cock. He knew that it couldn't have been too long after that when he began taking it up the ass, too.

That all seemed so long ago now. Skip hadn't done it with another guy since that last night here in San Francisco, where Chip

lived. They had been discharged here. They decided to rent a hotel room for that last night, just for old times sake. Not drunk this time, they'd done everything to and with each other, clinging hotly to each other's bodies, knowing that this might be the last time. That was the very last time for Skip. He woke up in the morning to find Chip had already gone. He remembered feeling a little sick. He'd vowed right then that he'd never make it with a guy again. He wasn't sure why he'd kept that magazine Chip had scribbled his phone number on the night before. He hadn't called it the next morning like Chip had asked him to do so they could say goodbye. He had packed the magazine, though. He sure didn't know what he was doing back in Frisco over a

year later. Or why he'd decided to take his vacation here, so far from home and all alone, without his girl.

Skip just knew that he had to come back here. Something was pulling him back. He also knew that he had to call Chip. He had to know, had to make sure about himself. It had all seemed so empty for him when he got back home. Even things with his girl, whom he'd known since the first grade, just weren't going right. Skip was afraid that he was. . . . It was a word he just couldn't say. A word he wouldn't even think.

He slowly fingered the tattered book where Chip had written the number. Skip knew exactly what he was going to do, what he must do! He quickly picked up the phone. It was as if he had to do it so fast he couldn't have time to think about it. He dialed. The phone on the other end of the line began ringing. Skip began to panic. At first he was afraid someone would answer the phone. Then,

the longer it rang, the more afraid he became. Except now he was afraid it wouldn't be answered. What if Chip didn't have this number any longer? What if. . . .

"Hello."

"Hello . . . is . . . uh . . . Chip there?"

"SKIP! Is that you . . . is it REALLY you? I don't believe it! Where are you?"

Somehow Skip managed to tell Chip where he was staying. Then, after the usual exchanges, during which Chip told him he'd jump into some clothes and be over in about half an hour, they said goodbye. Skip hung up the phone and just sat there, stunned. It was done. There was no way to stop now. He could run. But, he wanted it. At least, he wanted to try it again, just one more time, anyway. He did a quick check around the hotel room. He'd bought a good supply of liquor, just in case they might need it, after all this time. He was glad he had chosen this hotel with its mod decor. Everything was ready. Having nothing more to do, Skip sat down and just waited for Chip.

The bell rang, finally. That half hour seemed like years to Skip. He didn't get up but just called out.

"Come on in . . . it isn't locked."

Chip pushed the door open. He stood in the doorway for a long second. The two guys just stared at each other. A big grin broke over Chip's face. He started toward Skip, his hand extended in a hello greeting. Skip froze for a second, then pulled his buddy close to him. He hugged him, whispering in his ear.

"Chip . . . please . . . please do it to me again. . . . We have to do it again . . . PLEASE!"

Chip cut off the flow of words with a deep, passionate kiss. That was something they'd never done before. They'd never kissed. Chip

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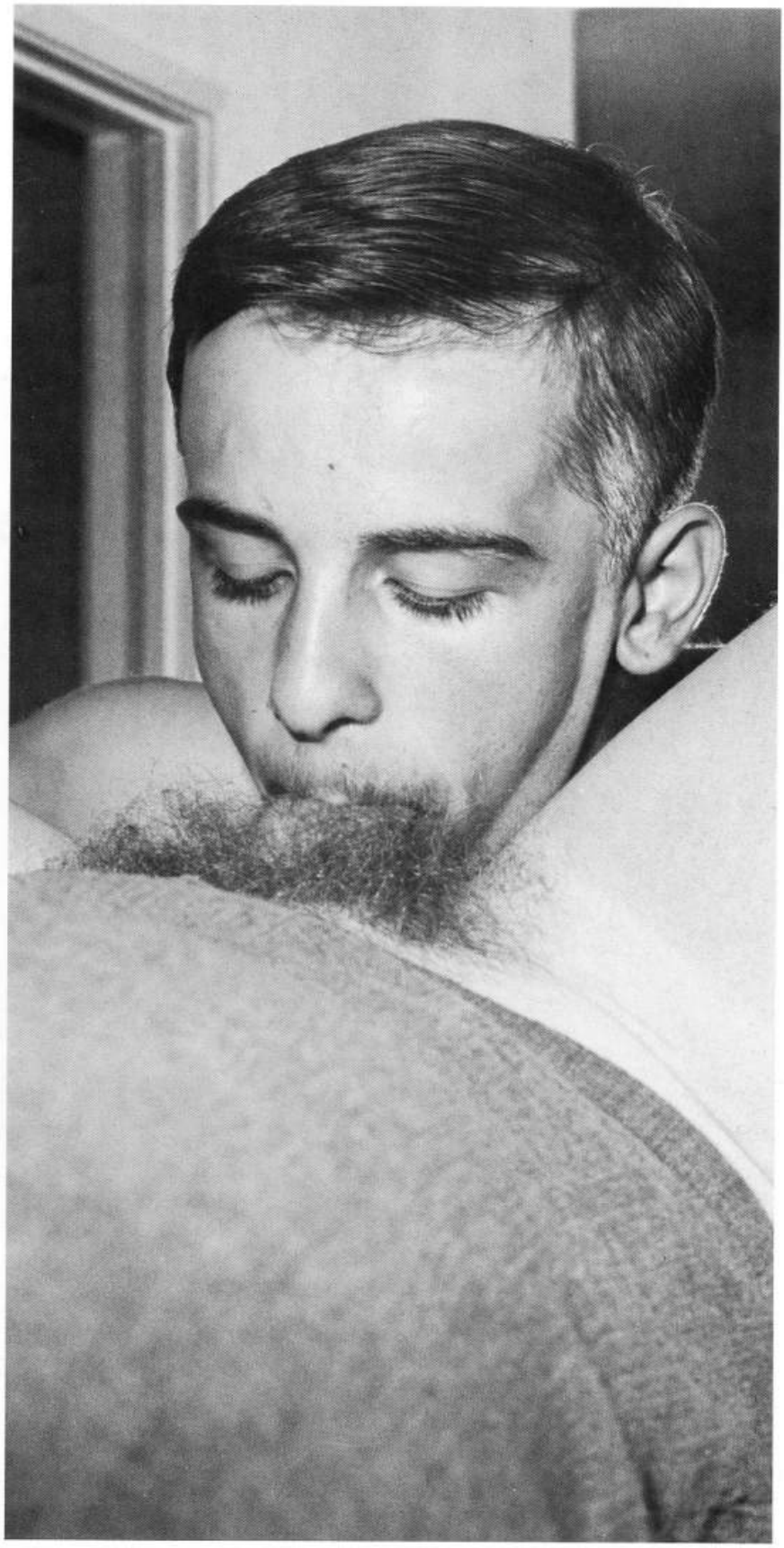


had discovered and accepted himself after those days in the Navy. He reasoned that since Skip was here, now and begging for it, that he, too, must have gone through the same thing. He wanted to explore their love all the way to the limits. He felt he must be right. Skip had stiffened at the kiss at first, but now was giving himself over completely to the hot, passionate kiss. Chip quickly dropped to his knees. It had been much too long since he'd worked on his buddy's big, hard, hot cock. He nearly ripped Skip's pants open and pulled out that big rammer. He put his mouth to work. Chip really began giving that hard, ready dick a total going over. Skip lost all his senses in the feeling of that familiar, warm, wet mouth. It was a feeling he needed, one he'd been dreaming about more and more. He'd missed it far too long to stop now. There was one more feeling he'd been missing and dreaming about, too. The feeling of Chip's big prick in his own mouth.

Skip worked himself around and fumbled with Chip's pants. Chip started stripping off all of Skip's clothes. Skip only managed to get Chip's pants off before he went right to work on that cock he wanted so much. He went right

to work on it. Skip pulled Chip up, onto the bar and slid his mouth all the way down his buddy's drooling dick. Working as fast as he could, he tried to get Chip to cum fast. Part of him wanted to get it over and the other part of him wanted his mouth filled with that hot cum. Both parts worked together to get Chip off.

That bar was starting to feel pretty hard on Chip's back and ass. He struggled to pull himself up. He begged Skip to hold off for a second, suggesting that they move to the bed. With one quick leap Skip landed on the bed, waiting and ready. Chip was only an instant behind his friend. He was so turned on he could hardly wait either. They fell across the bed in a sixty-nine position and began rapidly sucking each other. Chip worked on Skip's big, hot rod as fast as Skip had been doing on his, running it deep in his throat.

Continued on Page 46

Some dim memory moved into Skip's mind. He recalled something he used to do that really got to Chip. He ran his tongue slowly up to Chip's quivering asshole. The stiffened tongue paused a second, flicking across the brown pucker hole then plunged all the way into the small, moist opening. Chip stopped his head action and gasped out.

"OOOoooohhh . . . YES . . . DO IT! RIM ME . . . Suck my asshole! TONGUE it and then climb on me and FUCK the shit outta that hot hole . . . uuuggghhh. . . ."

After he'd plunged his tongue deep in the willing butt a few times, Skip flipped the hot, trembling boy over on his back, crawled on top of him and shoved his big rammer straight home in the tight, hot, little butt. Chip slammed his ass back, bucking against his buddy's body. He begged for more, wanting the full, stiff length of the hard prick driven deeper and deeper in his waiting asshole. Shoving his cock deep in Chip's gut was more than Skip could take. He was just too hot. He groaned and slammed it in right to the hilt!

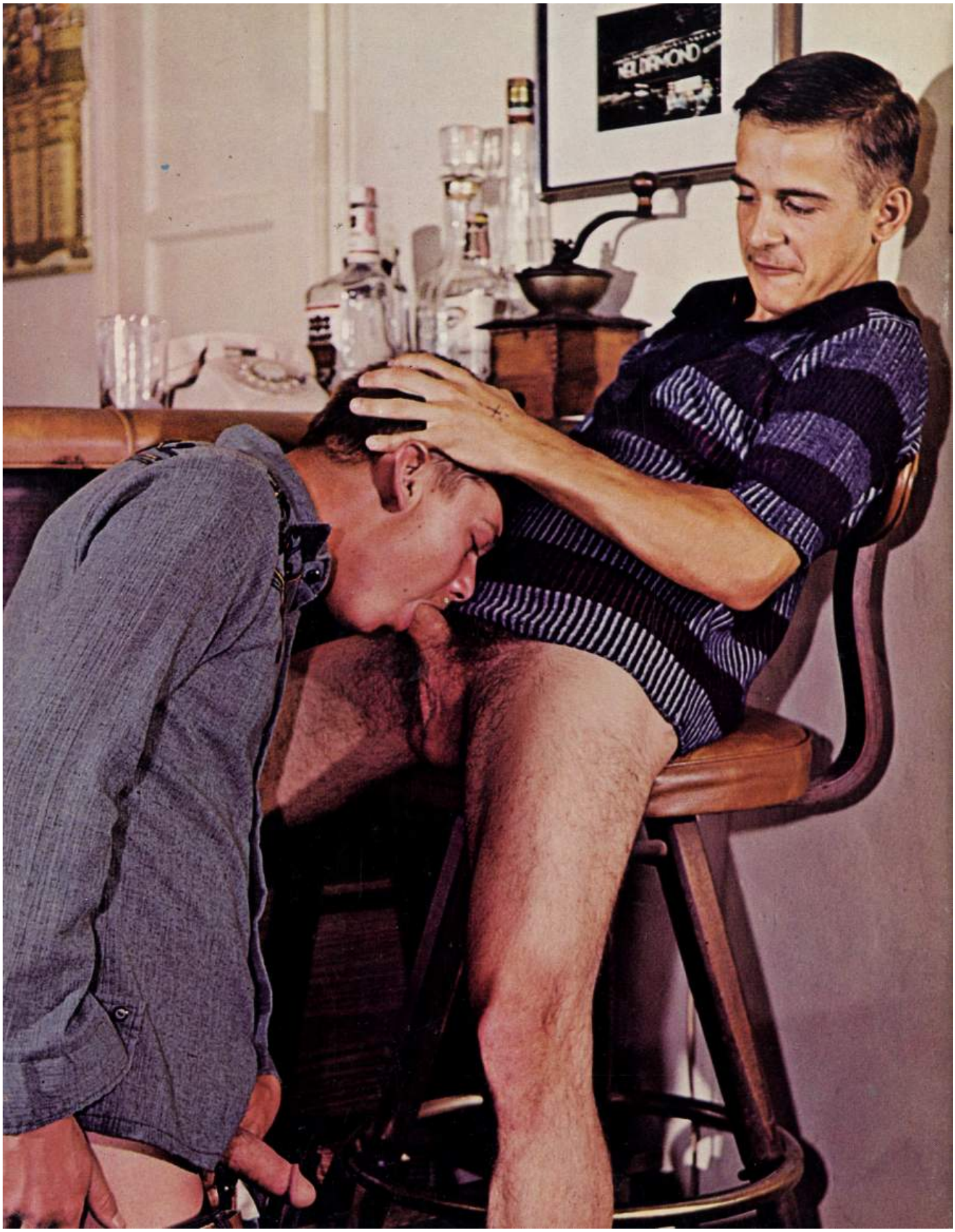
"OOOoooohhh . . . I'm gonna SHOOT . . . now . . . NOW . . . I'M

CUMMMINNN'. . . ."

"DO IT . . . doitdoitdoit . . . shoot a big hot load in my achin' asshole . . . fill me up with your big, hot load. FUCK MY ASSSS . . . I can feel it startin' inside me . . . PULL IT OUT . . . SHOOT all over me . . . flood my belly with your hot cum . . . PULL IT OUT . . . I WANNA WATCH . . . I WANNA SEE IT WHEN YOU POP YOUR NUTS . . . YEAHHH . . . doit . . . shoot. . . ."

Skip quickly ripped his prick out of the moist hole and cut loose a white river of hot, sticky cum all over Chip's belly. The last drop drooled out of his well-spent dick and he collapsed in a sweaty heap across his friend's belly smearing his own cum over himself. He could only lay there panting while Chip kissed him tenderly on the head and asked, "Well . . . did you find out what you wanted to know?"

Part Two of this story, "Sighs For Size," appears in *TRY IT FOR SIZE.*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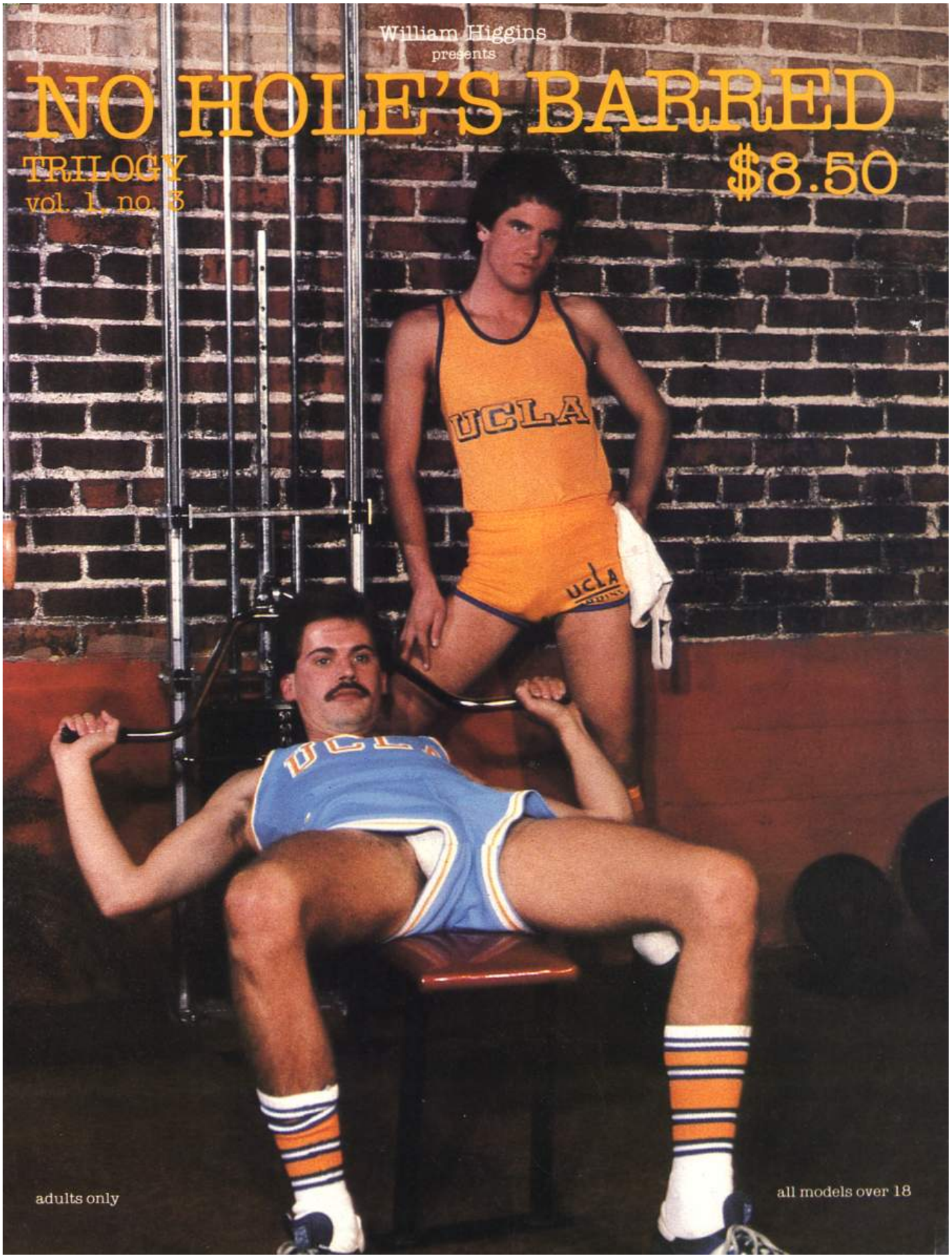
William Higgins
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NO HOLE'S BARRED
TRILOGY
vol. 1, no. 3
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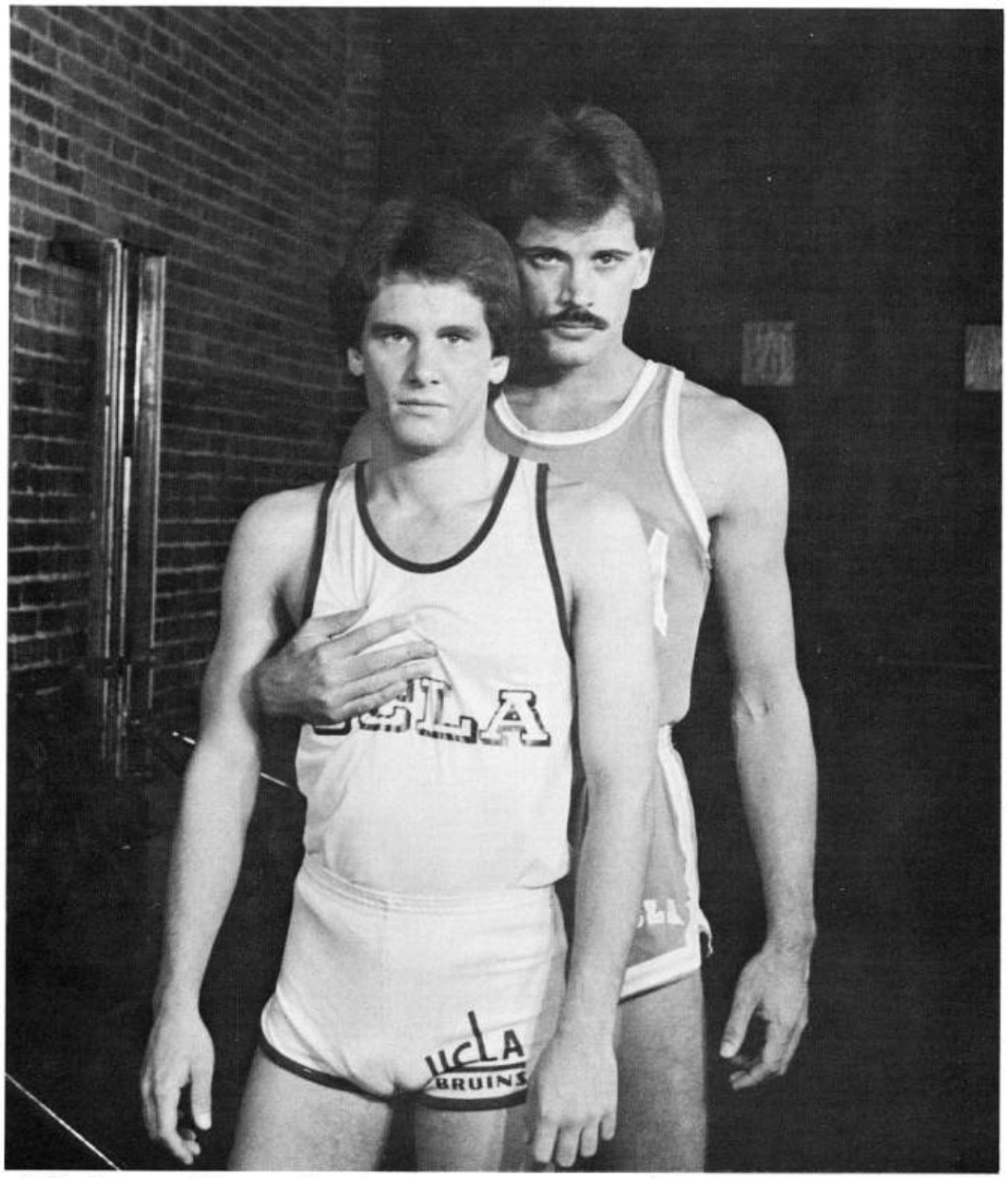

Tim and Scott were the practice team for the competition the following weekend. They had decided to practice at night when the mats were not crowded.

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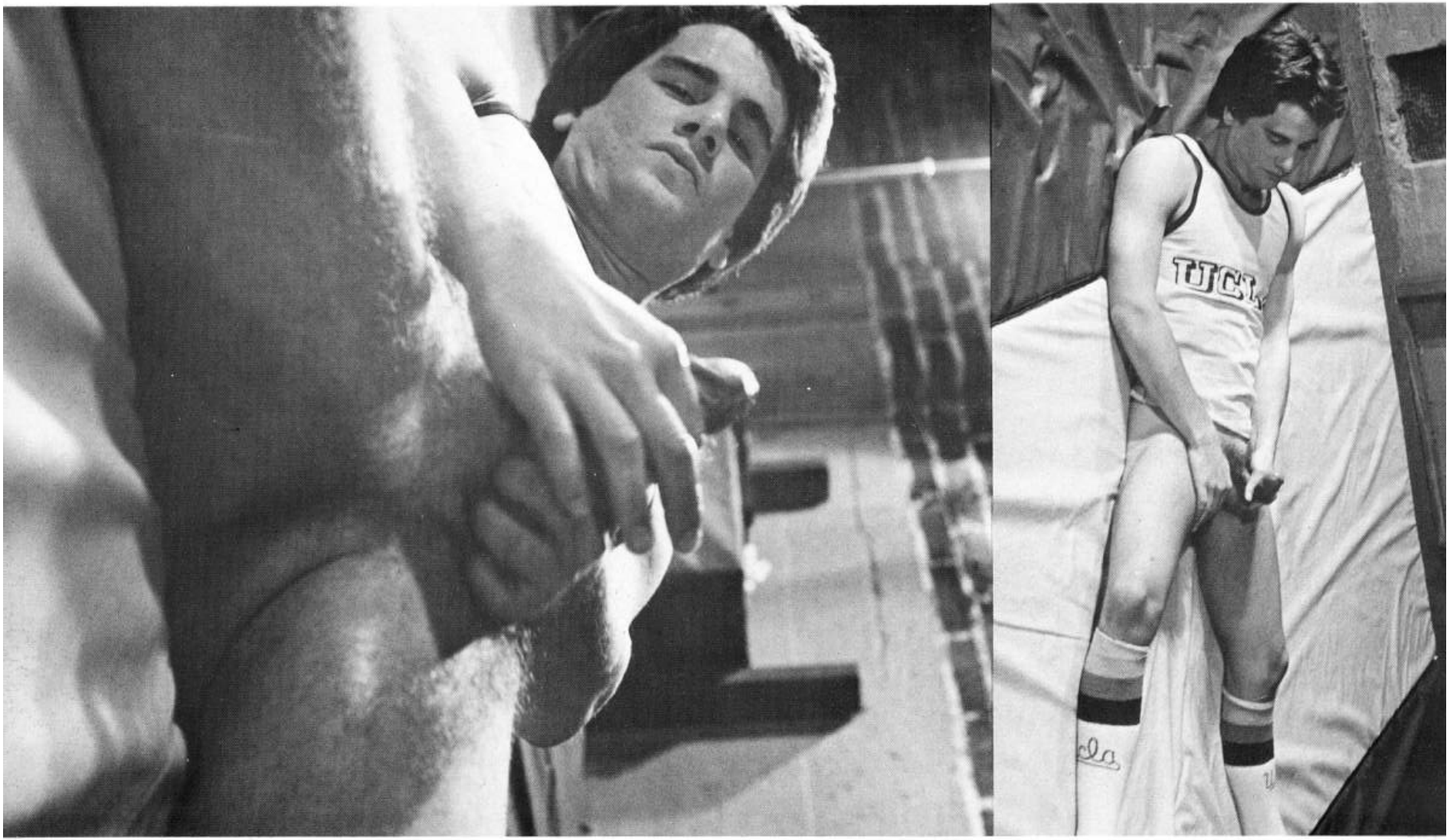
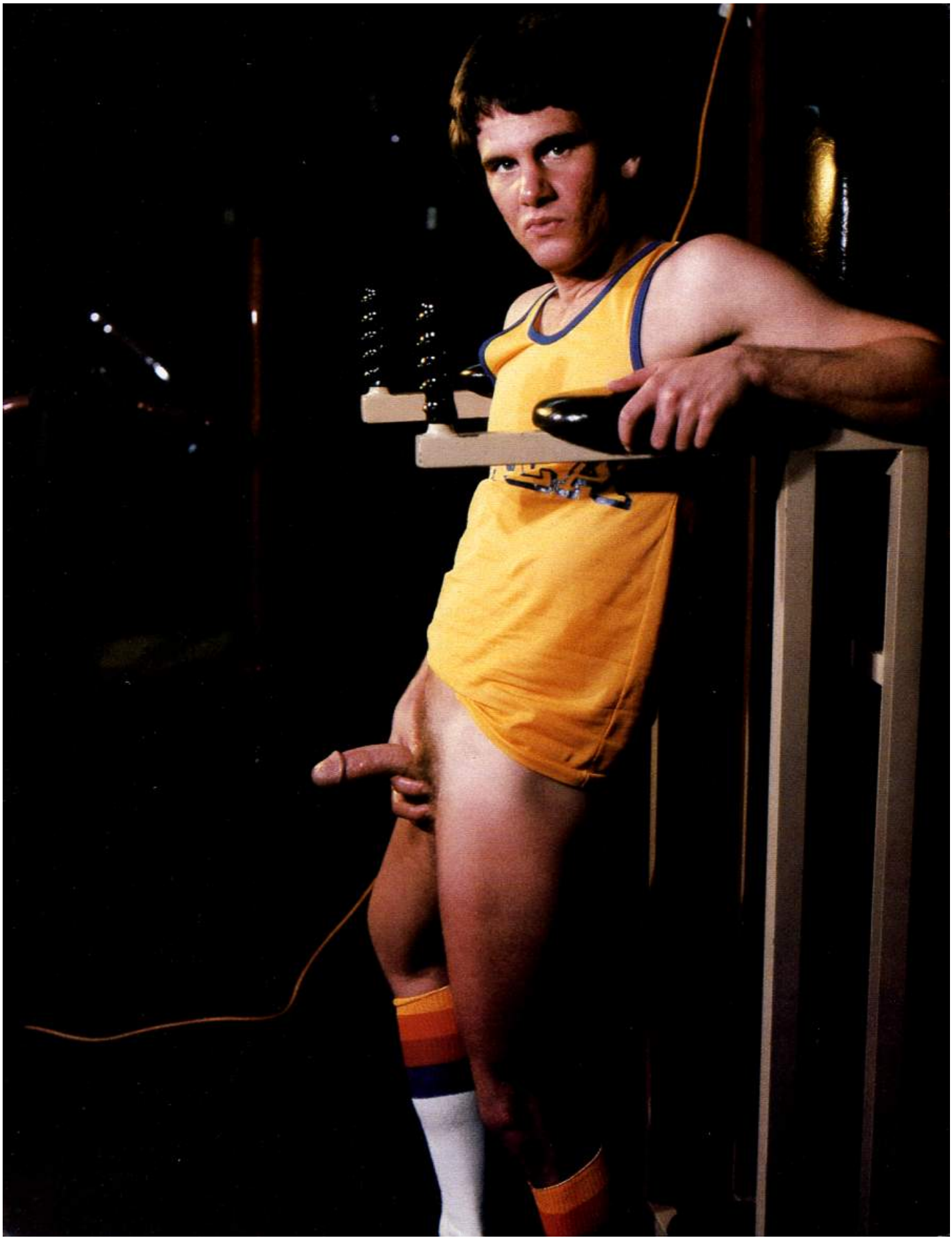
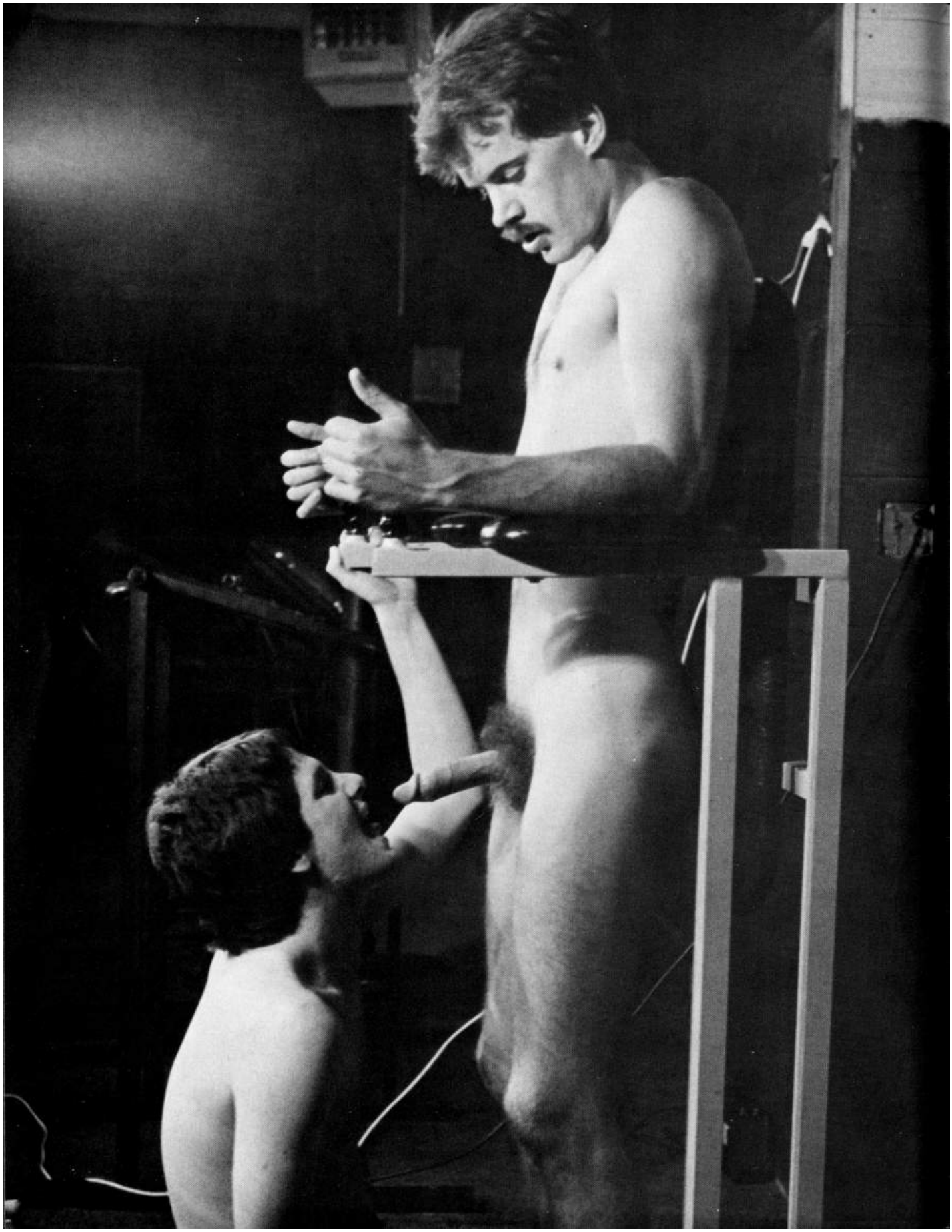
NO HOLE'S BARRED

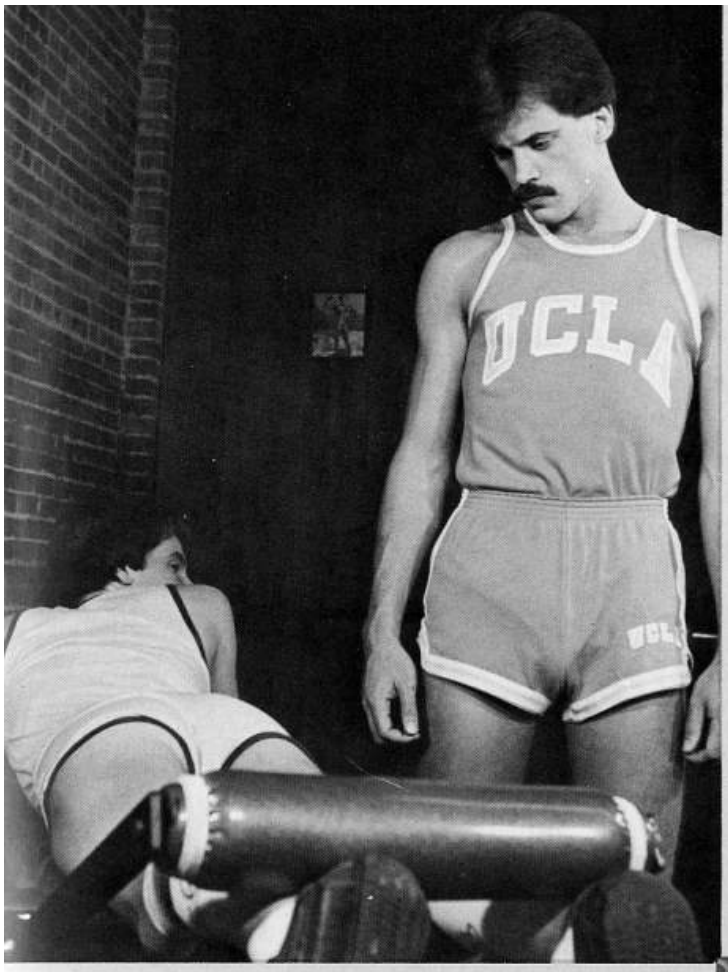




Pumping and stroking. Feeling the blood surge through the veins in his hard cock, Scott imagined Jim nude in front of him.



Slowly sliding his lips back and forth over the huge throbbing cock, Scott skillfully sucked Jim dry.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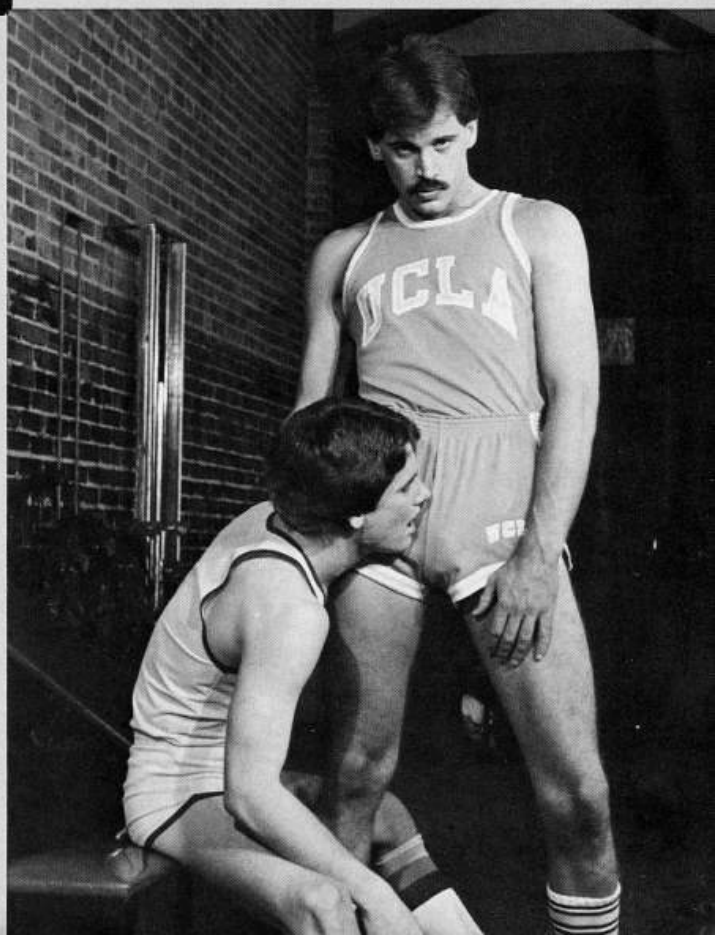
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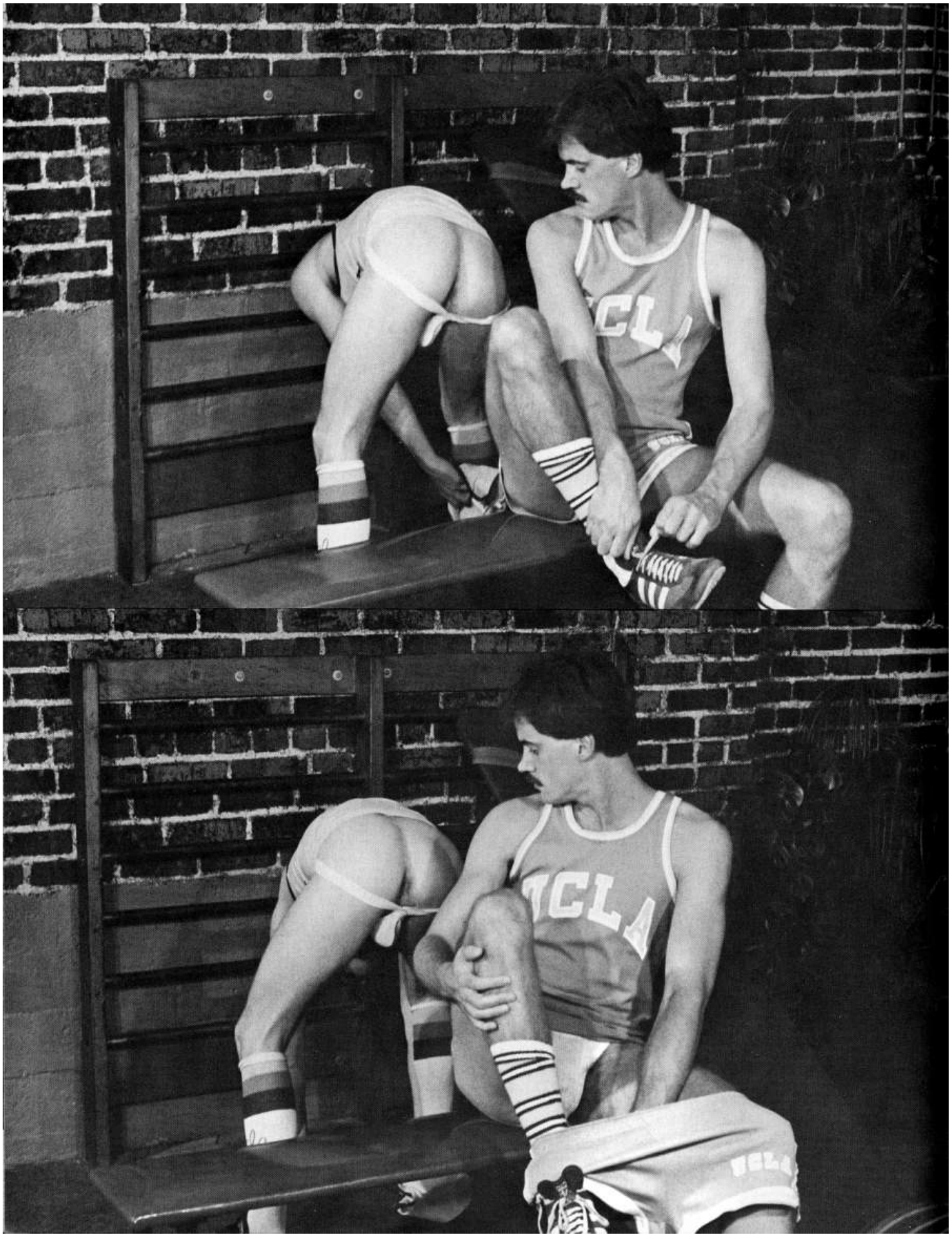
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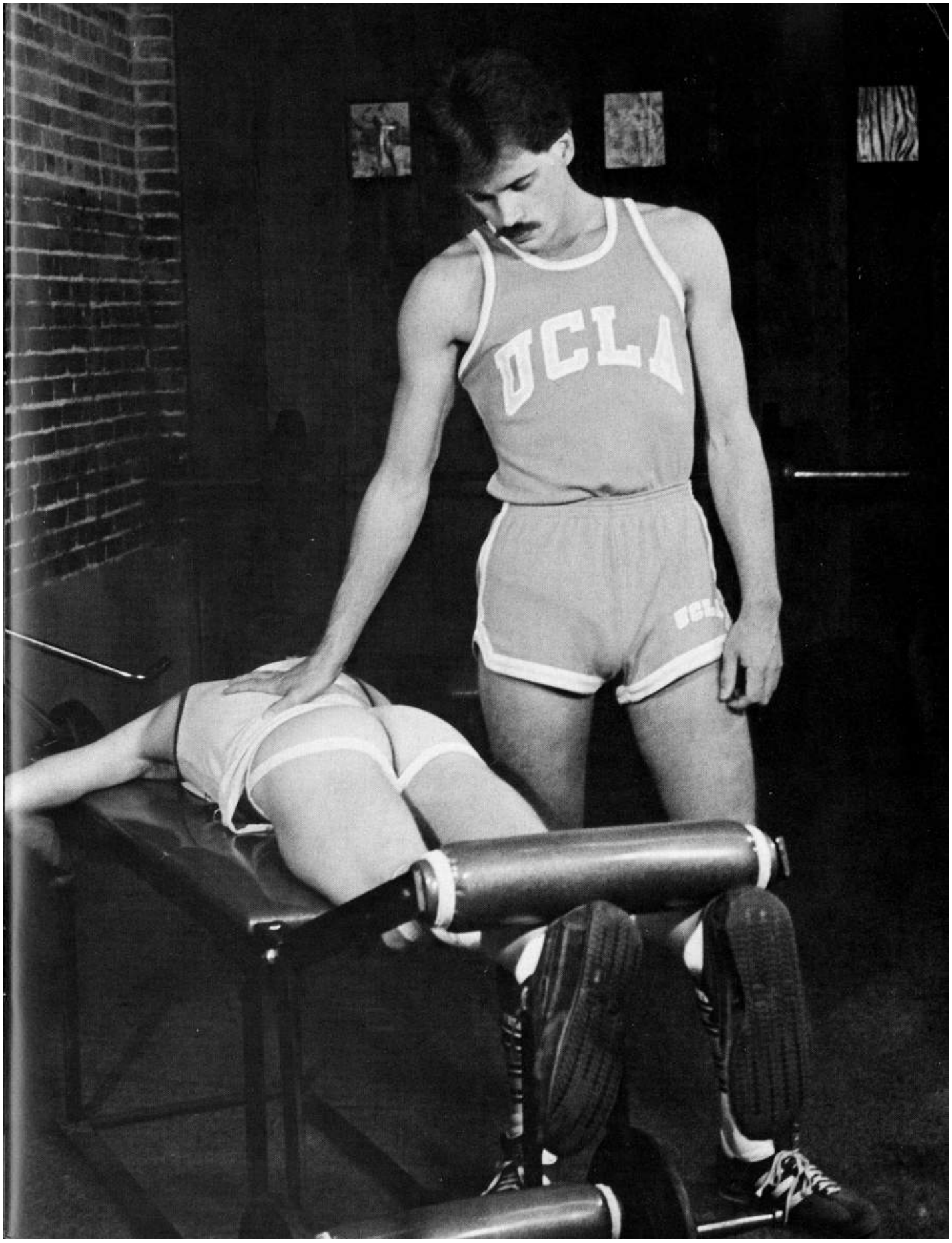
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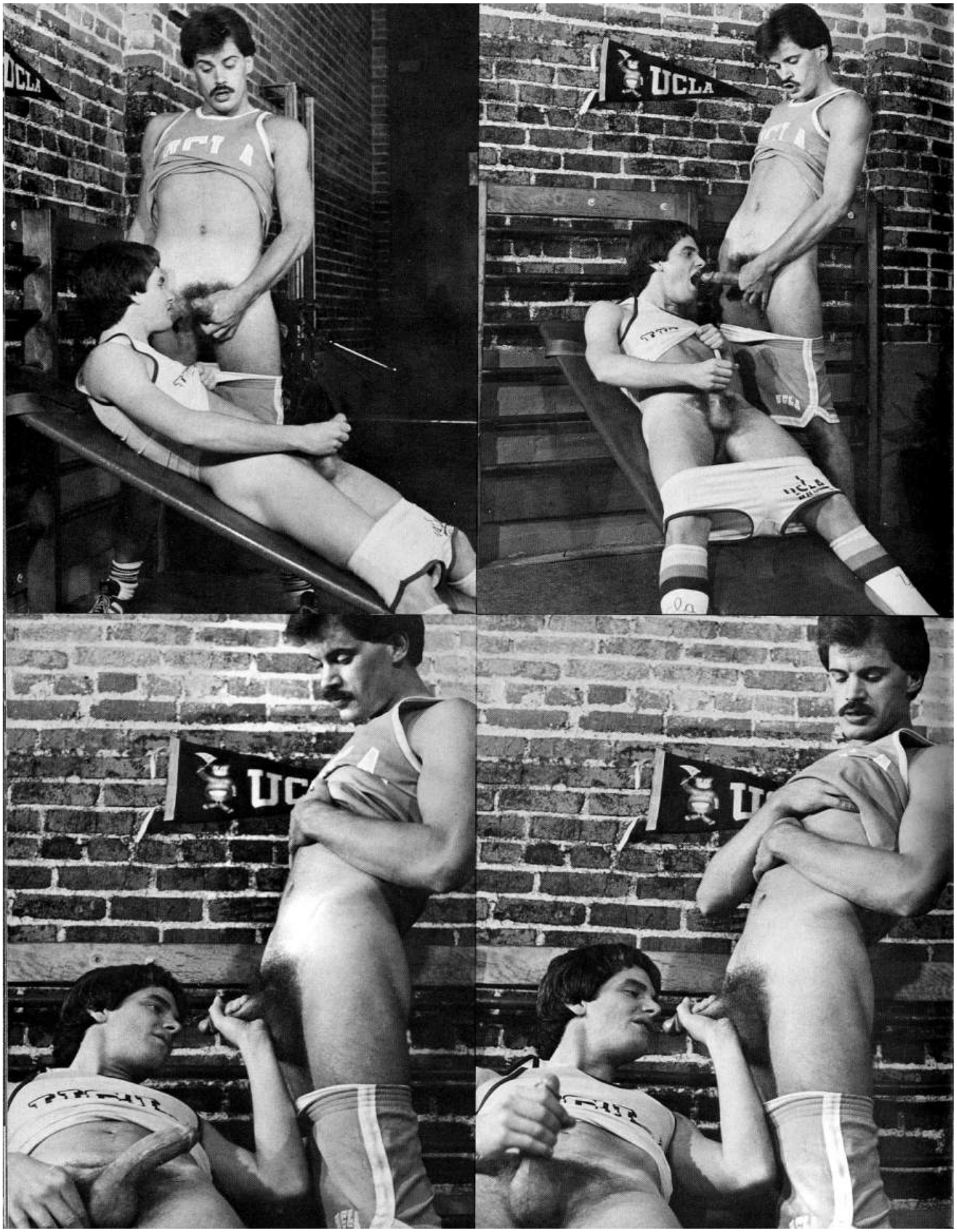
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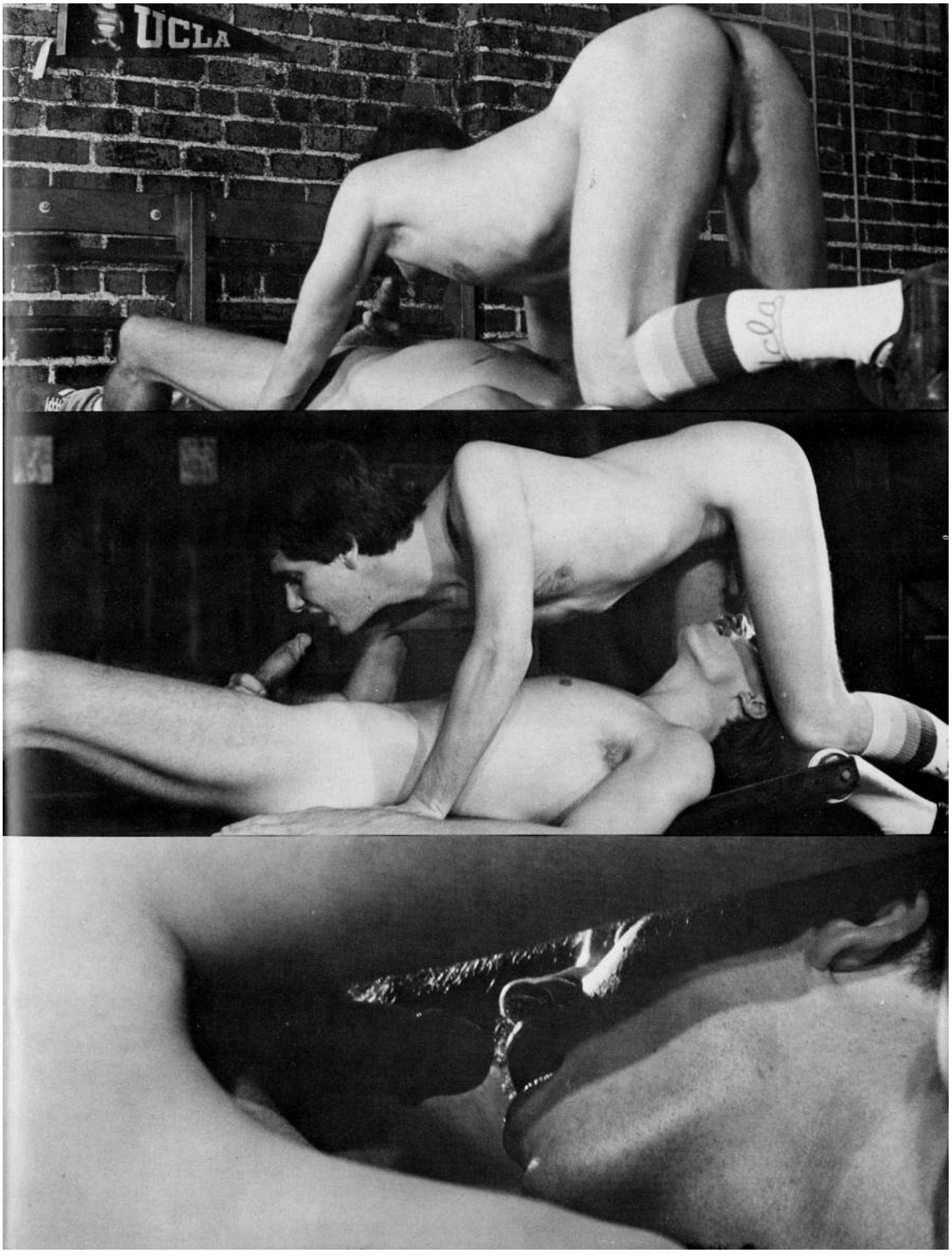
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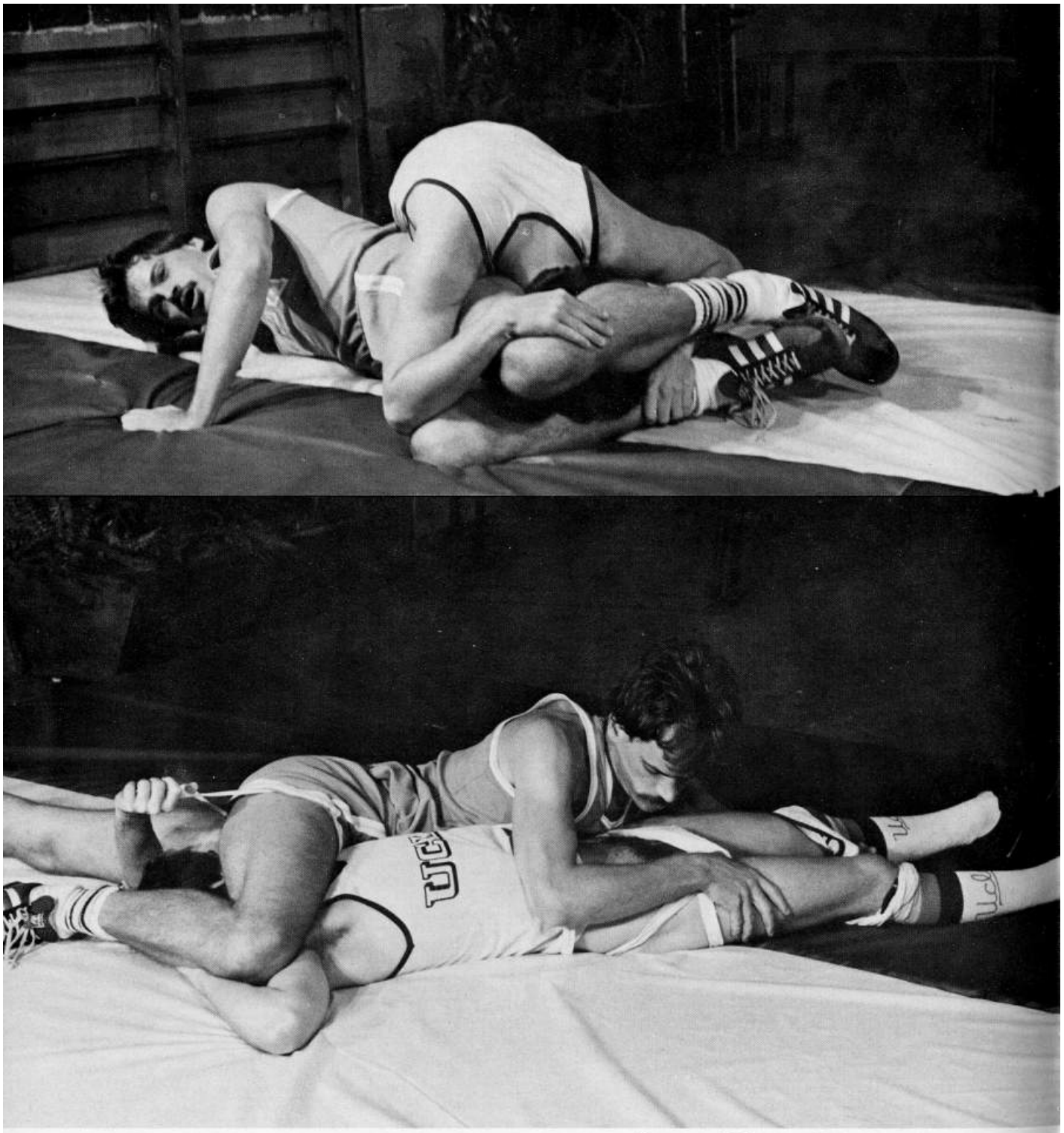
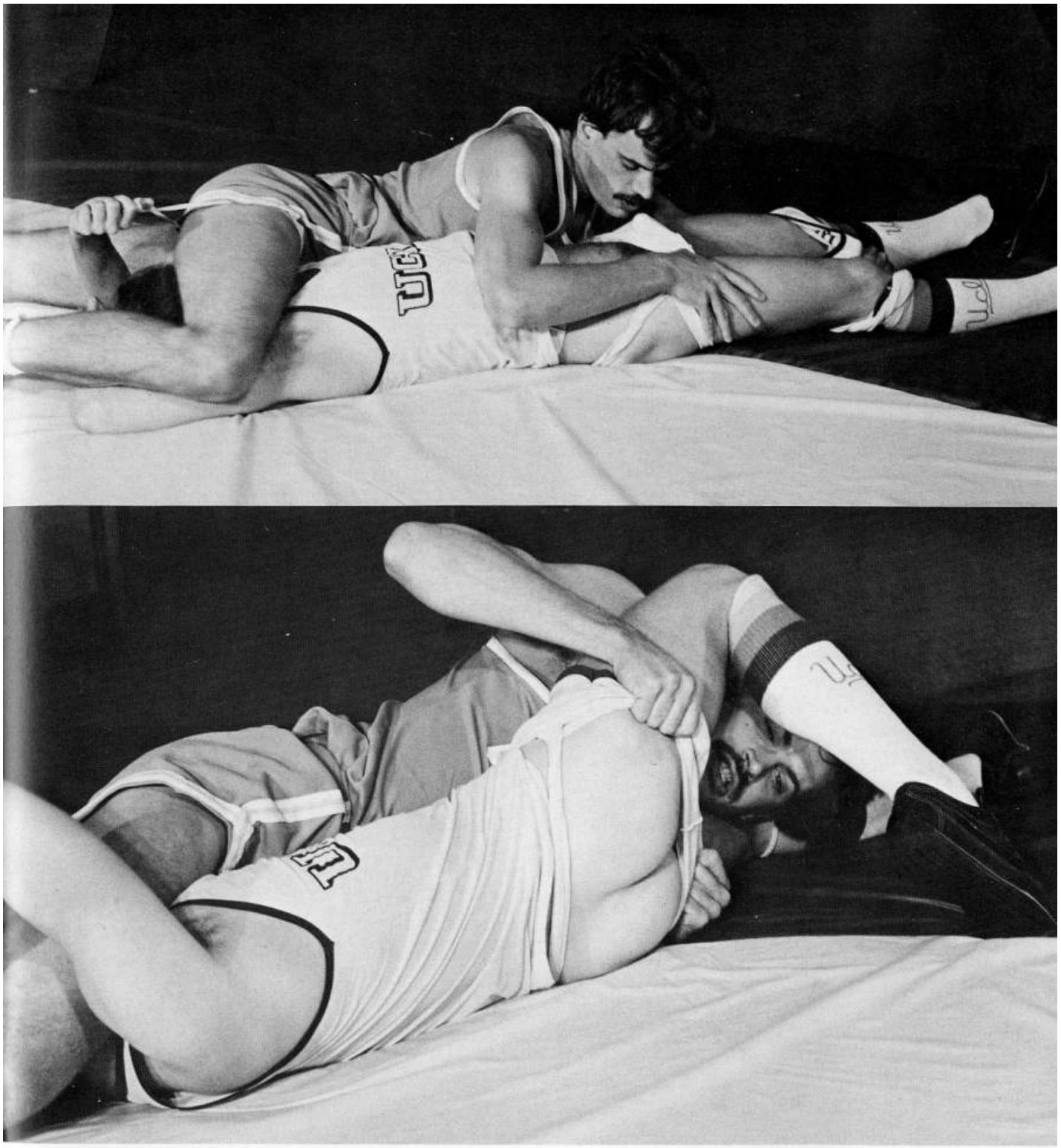
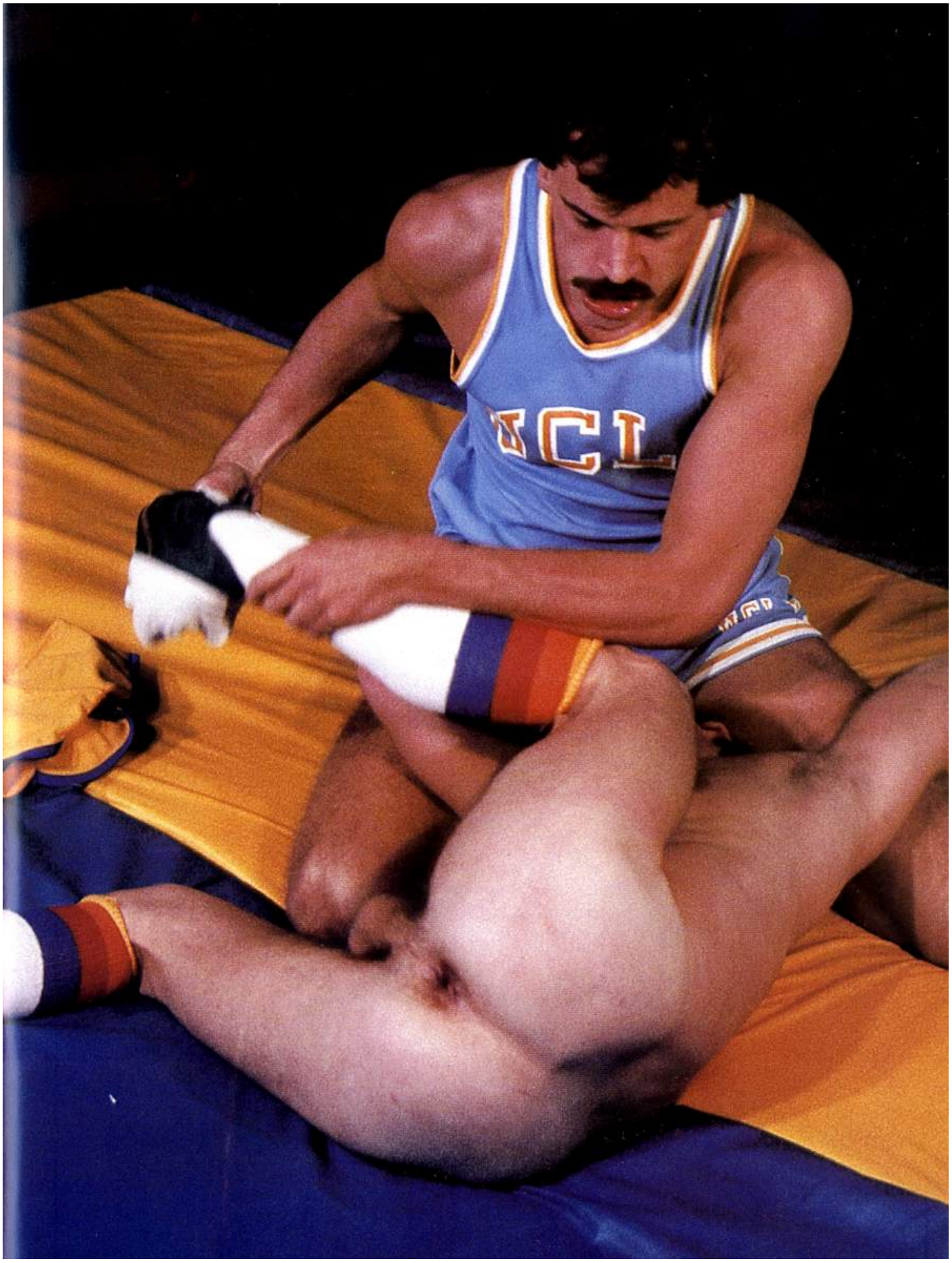


Jim quickly pulled Scott's shorts down, finding no resistance. Scott felt a



rush run through his body as Jim ran
his fingers over the bulging jock strap.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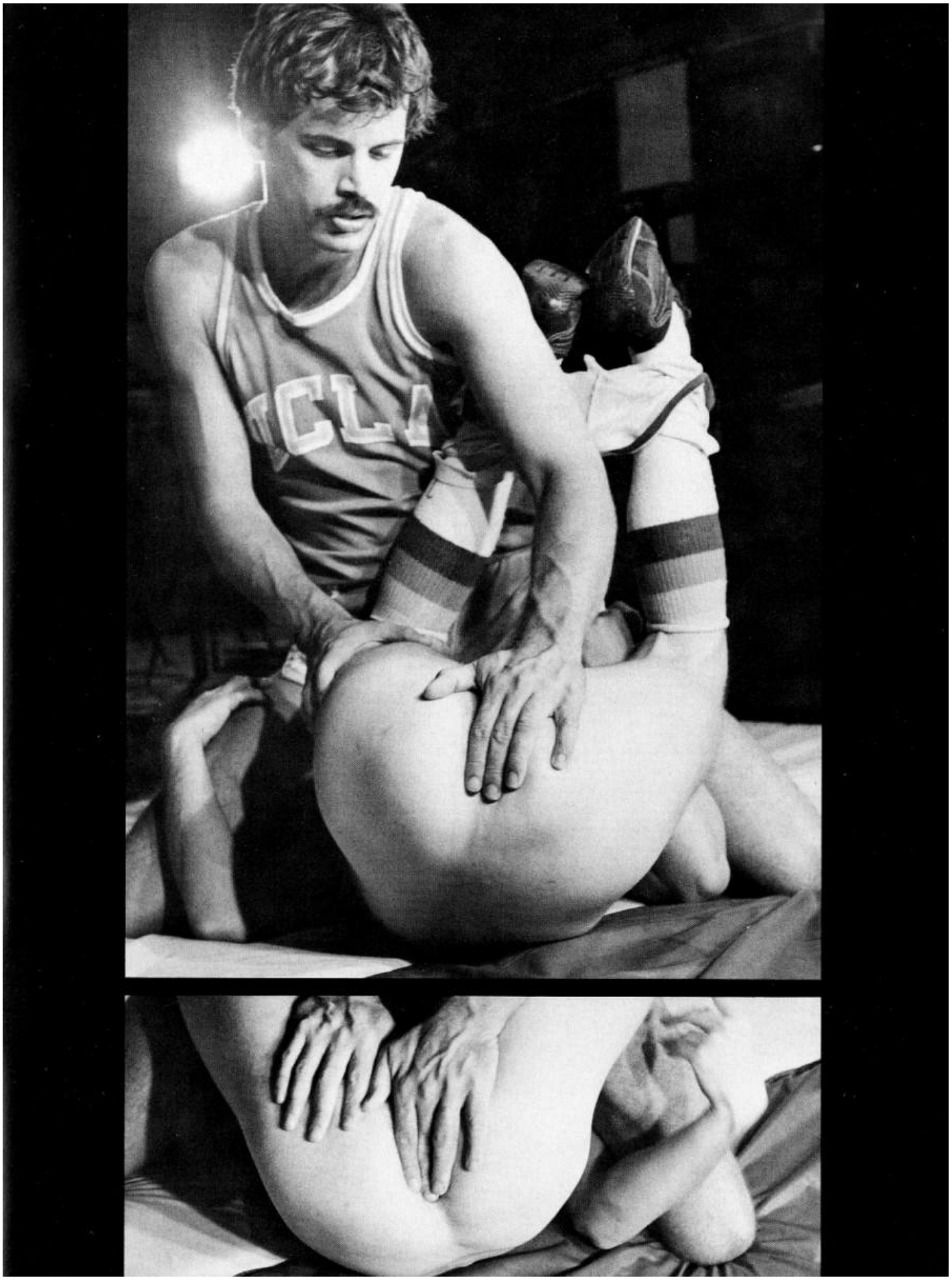
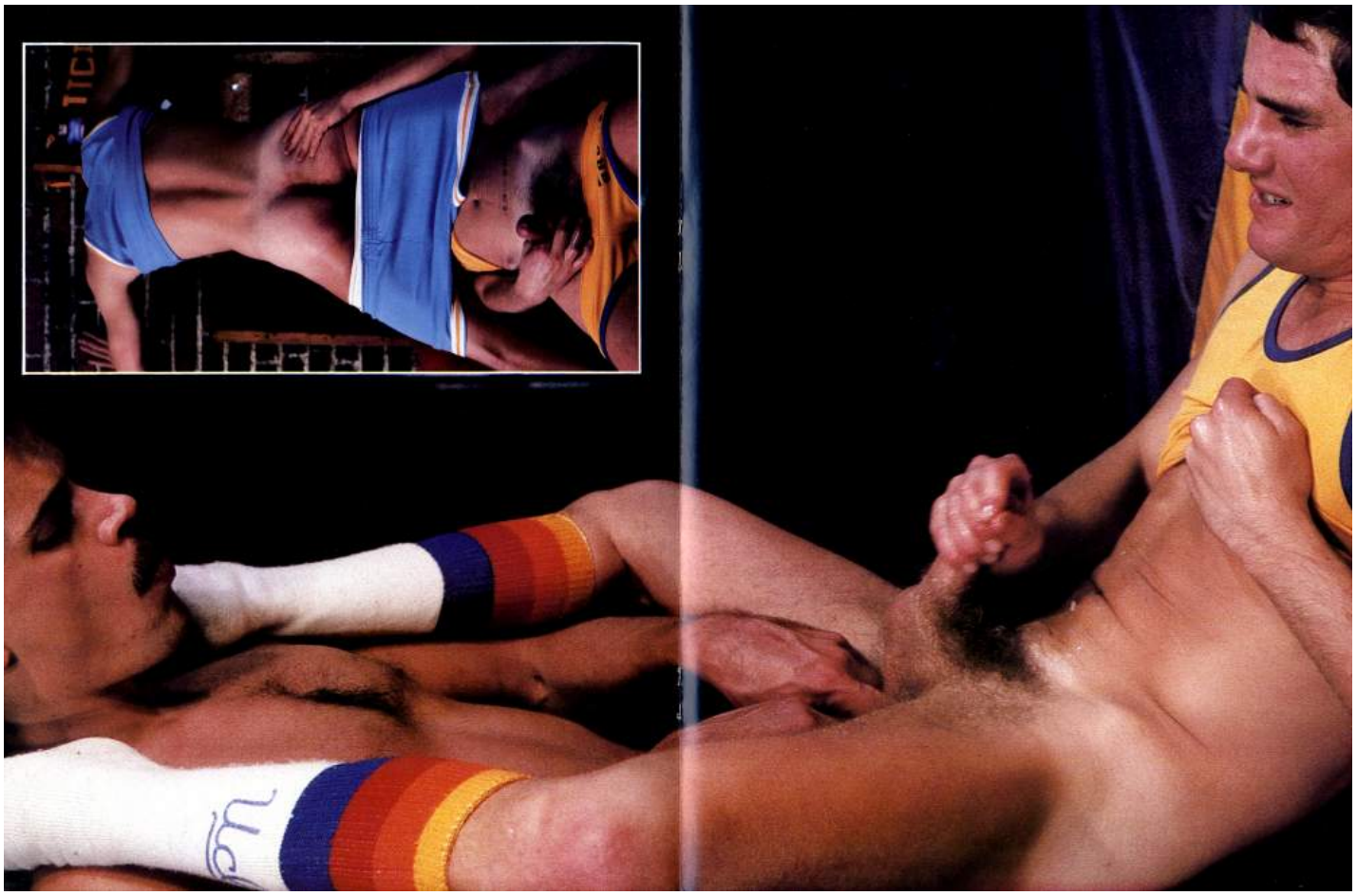
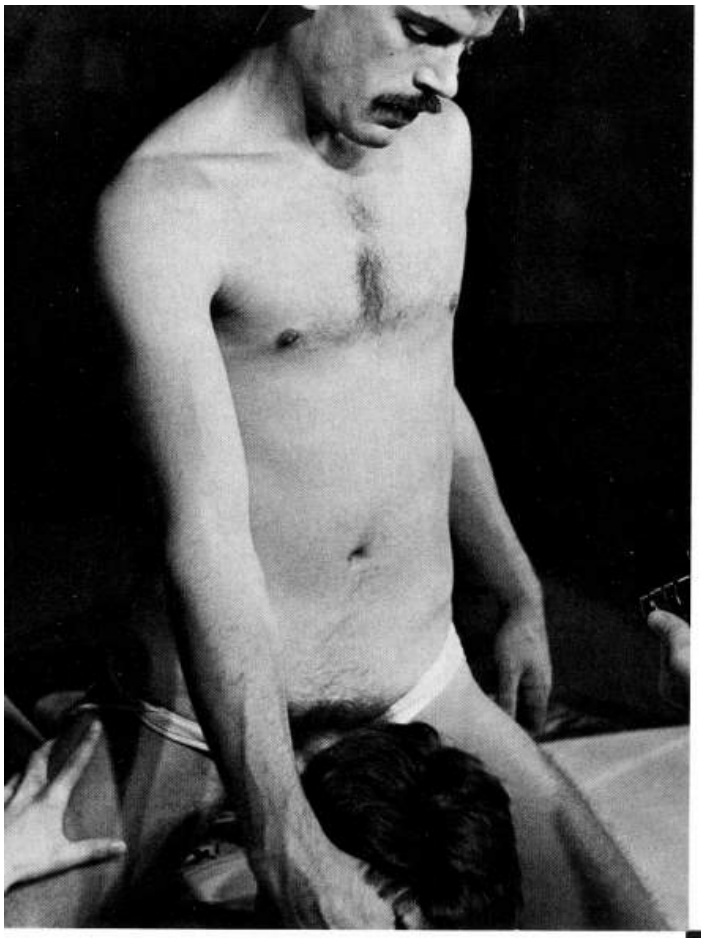
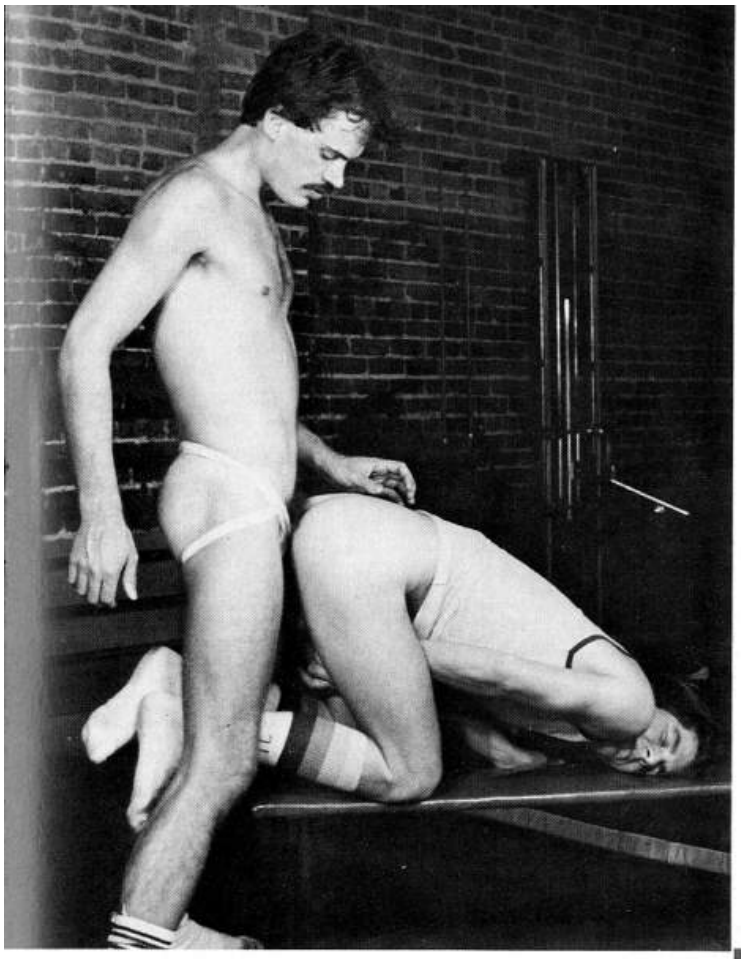
Jim yanked Scott's shorts all the way down, and began to feel the randy sweat streaked asshole, sinking his fingertips slowly into the hole and fingering Scott's ass.



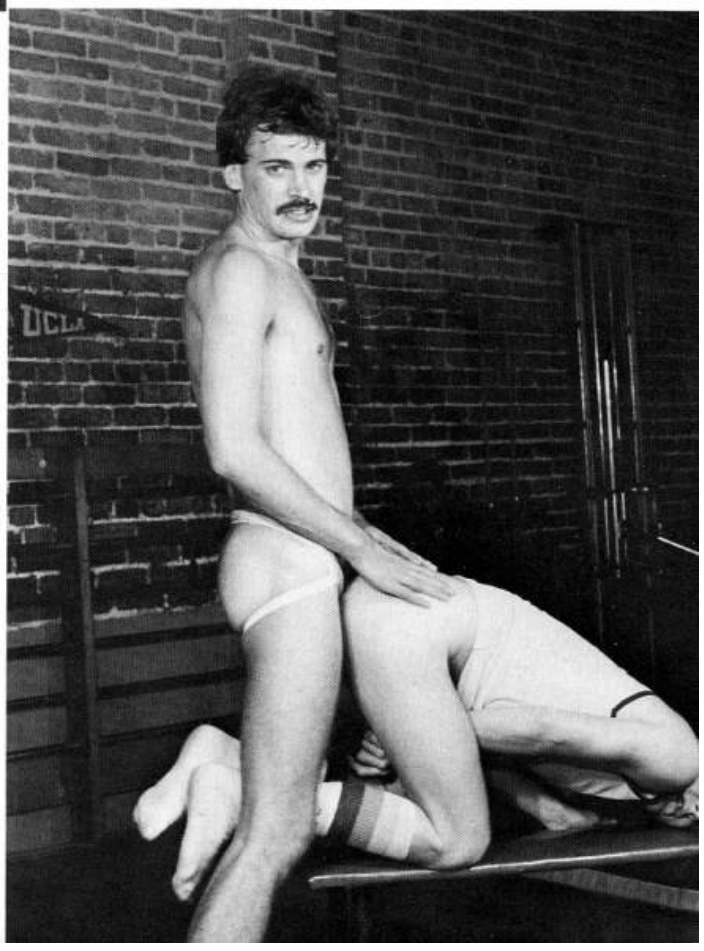


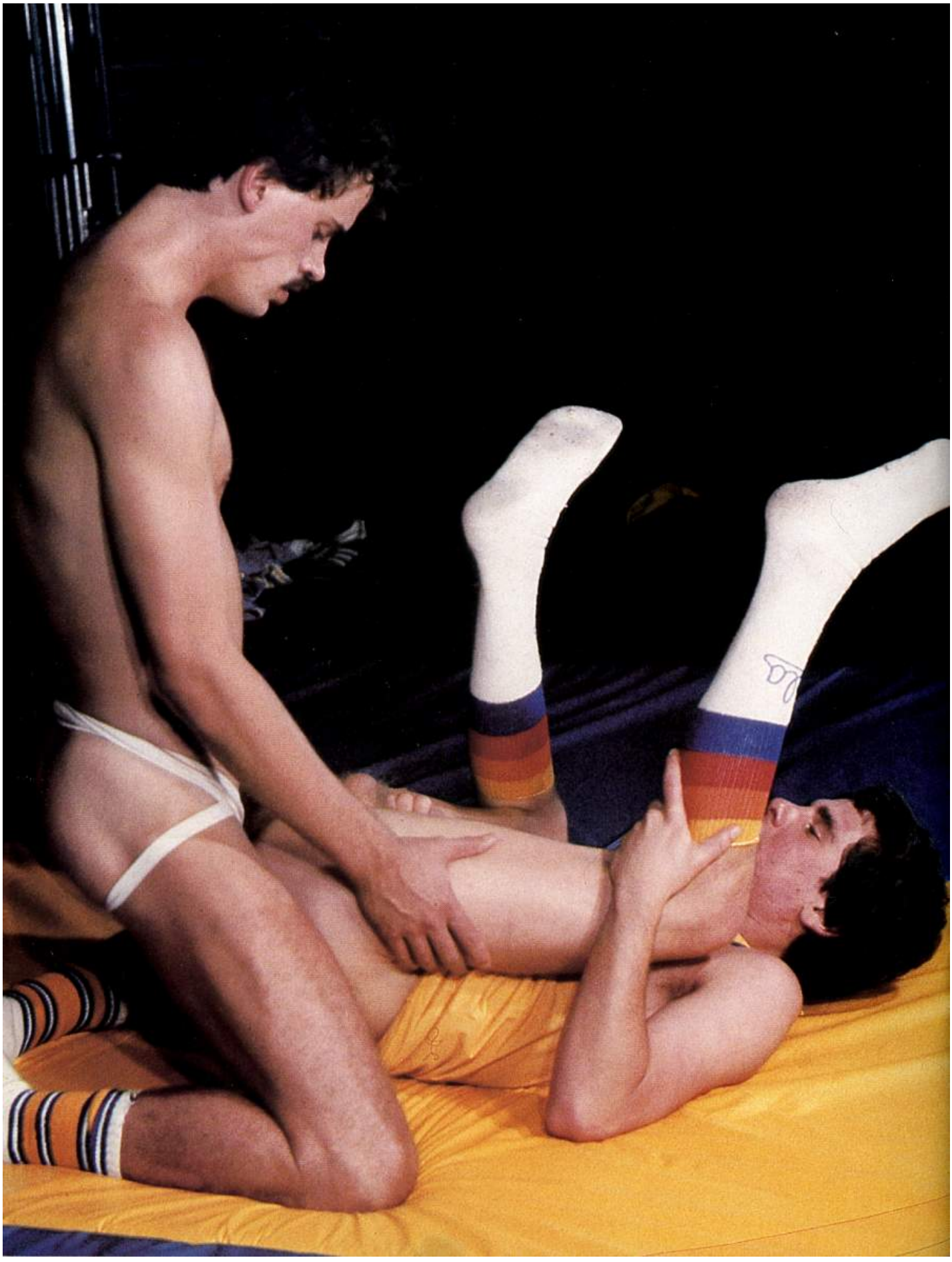


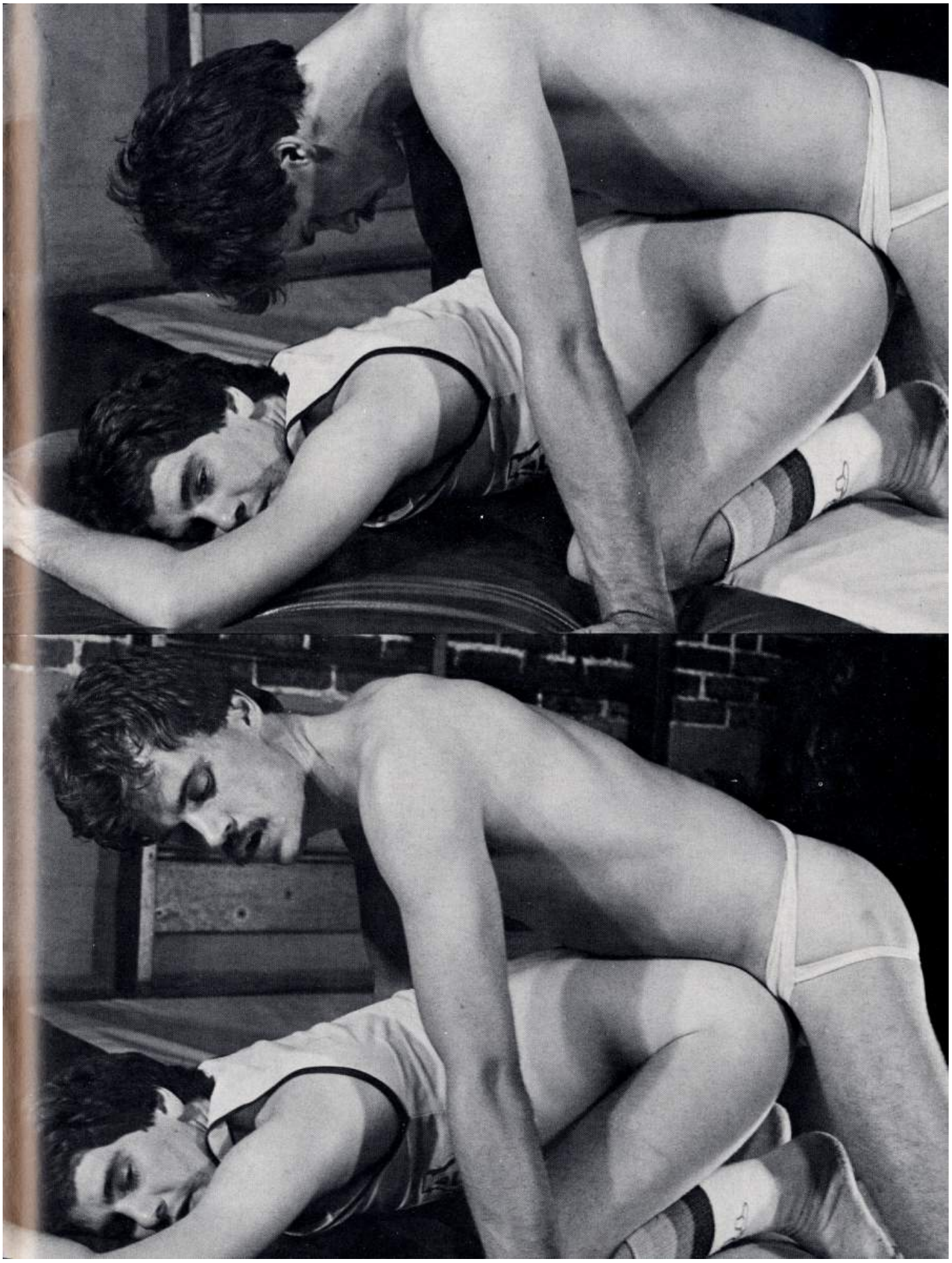
Scott sucked hungrily on Jim's massive cock, trying to breath as Jim forced his mouth all the way up to his pubic hair.

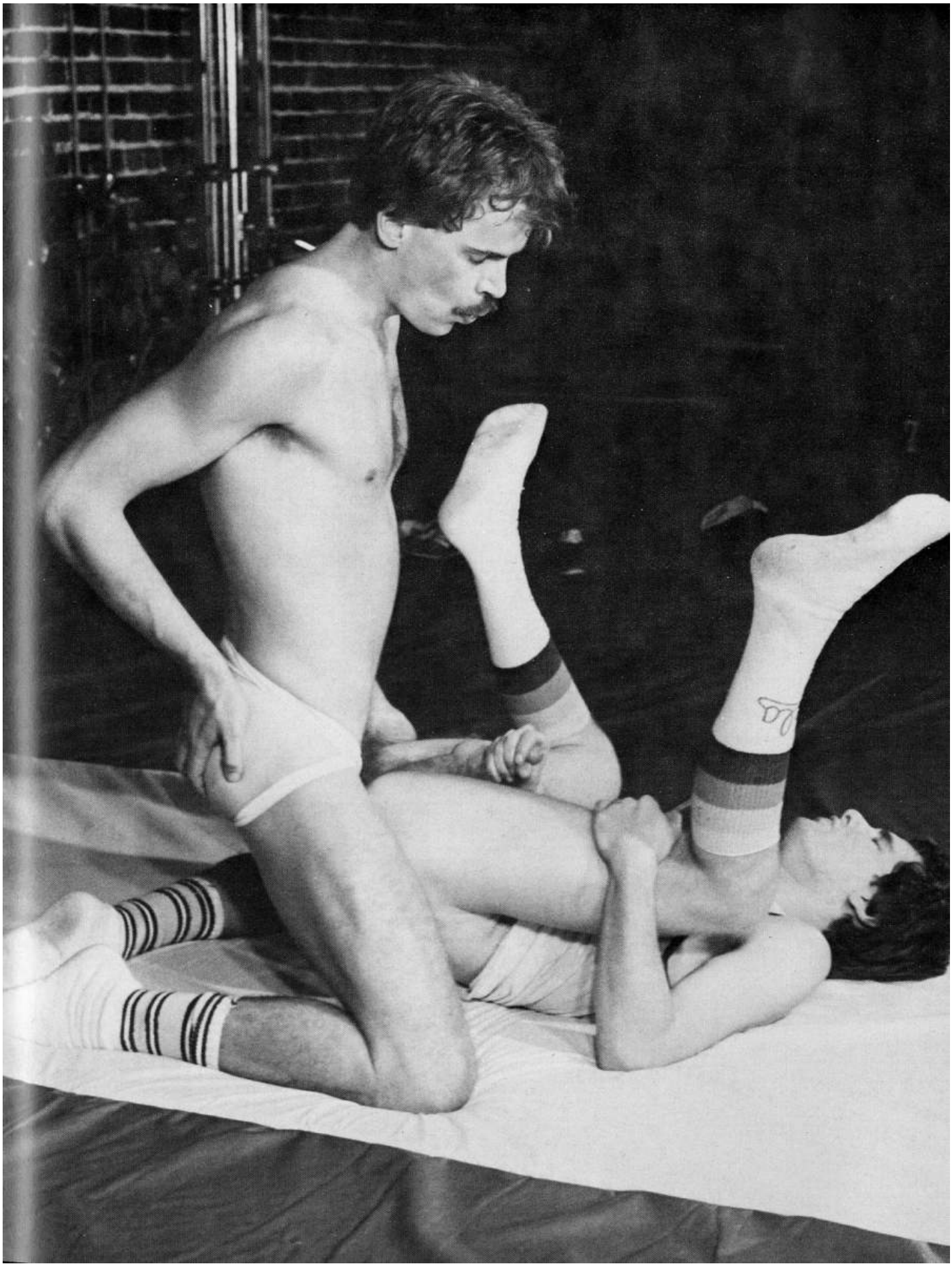


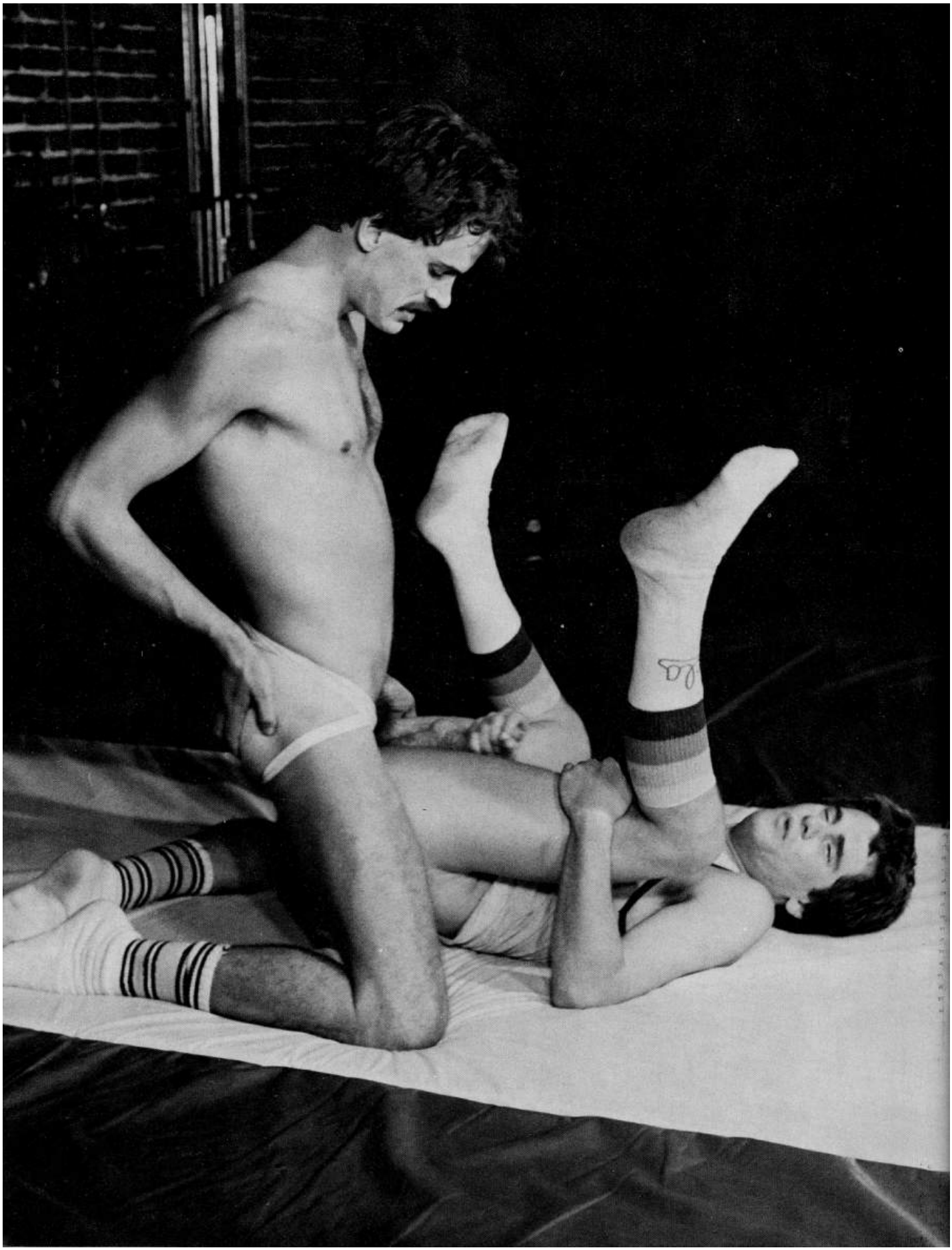
Scott cried out as Jim bum-fucked his steaming asshole, pounding steadily dog style, down and up to the hilt.

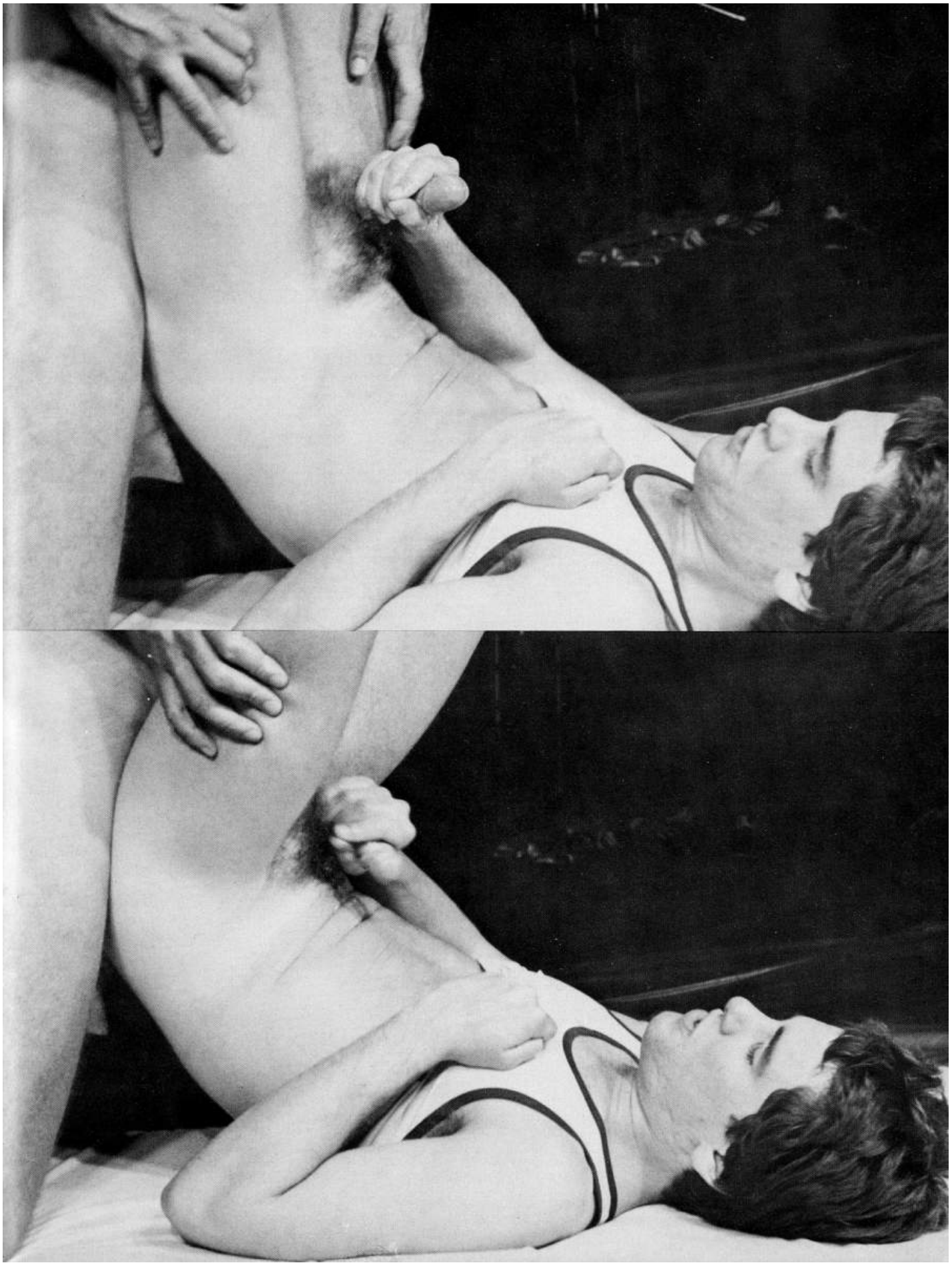


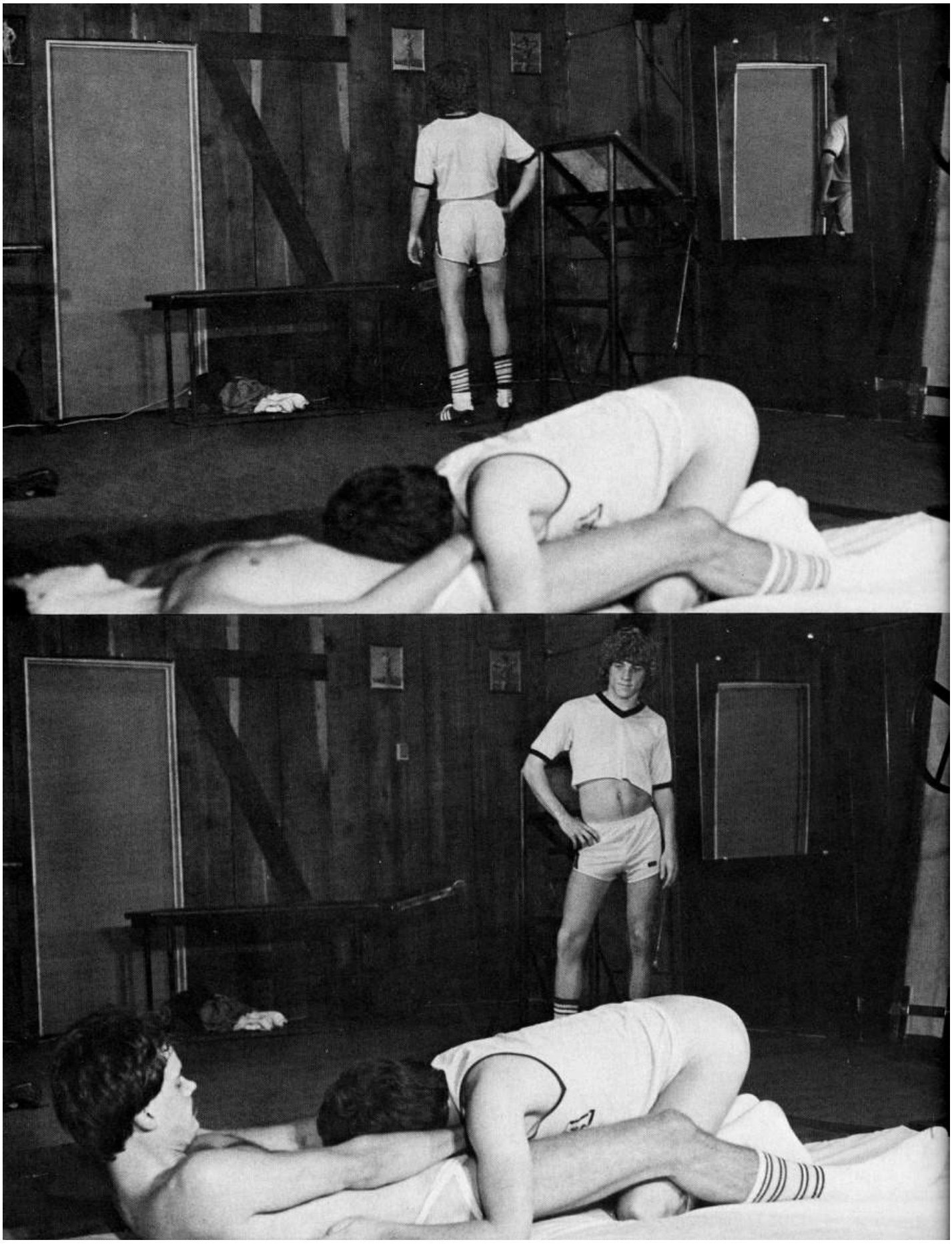


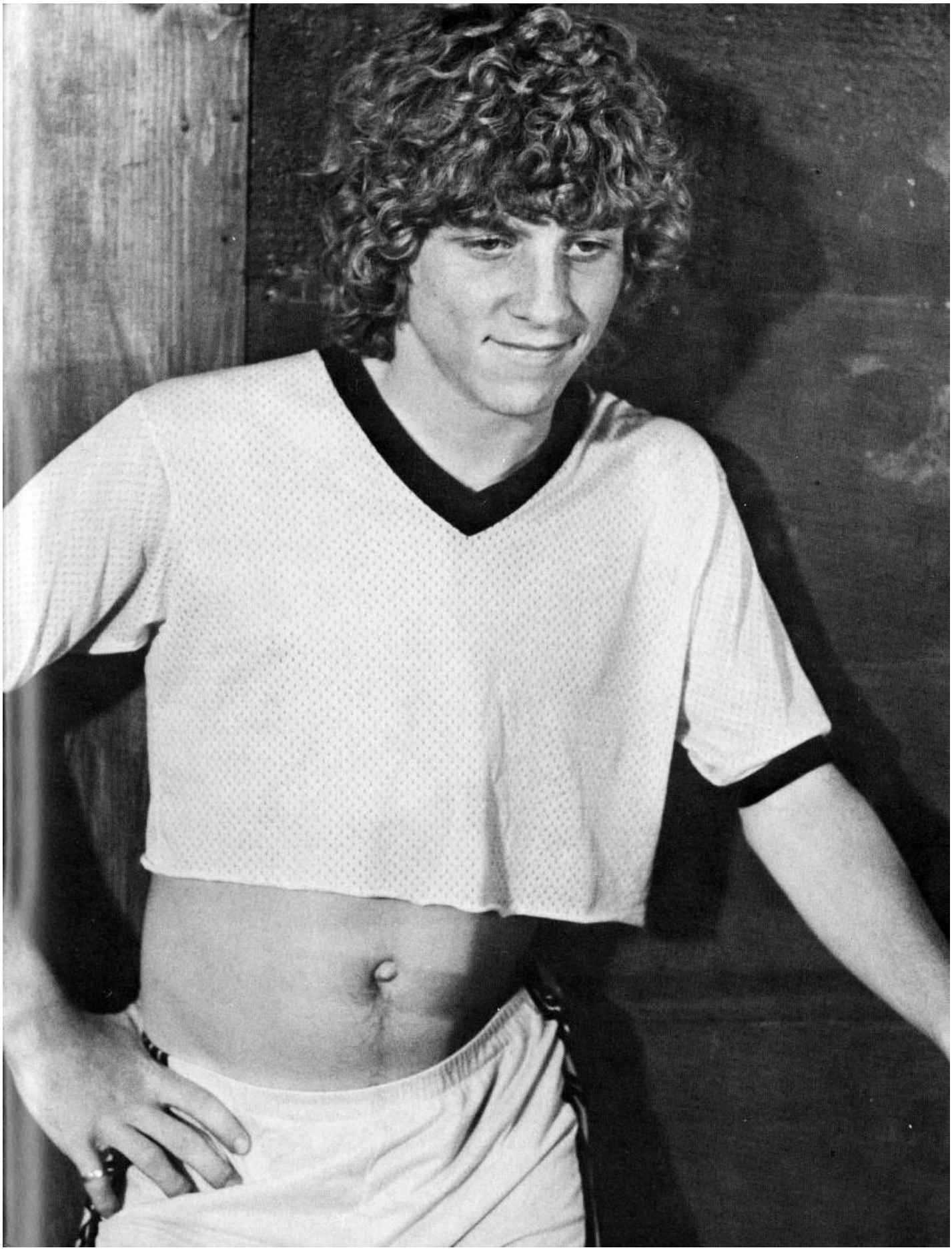


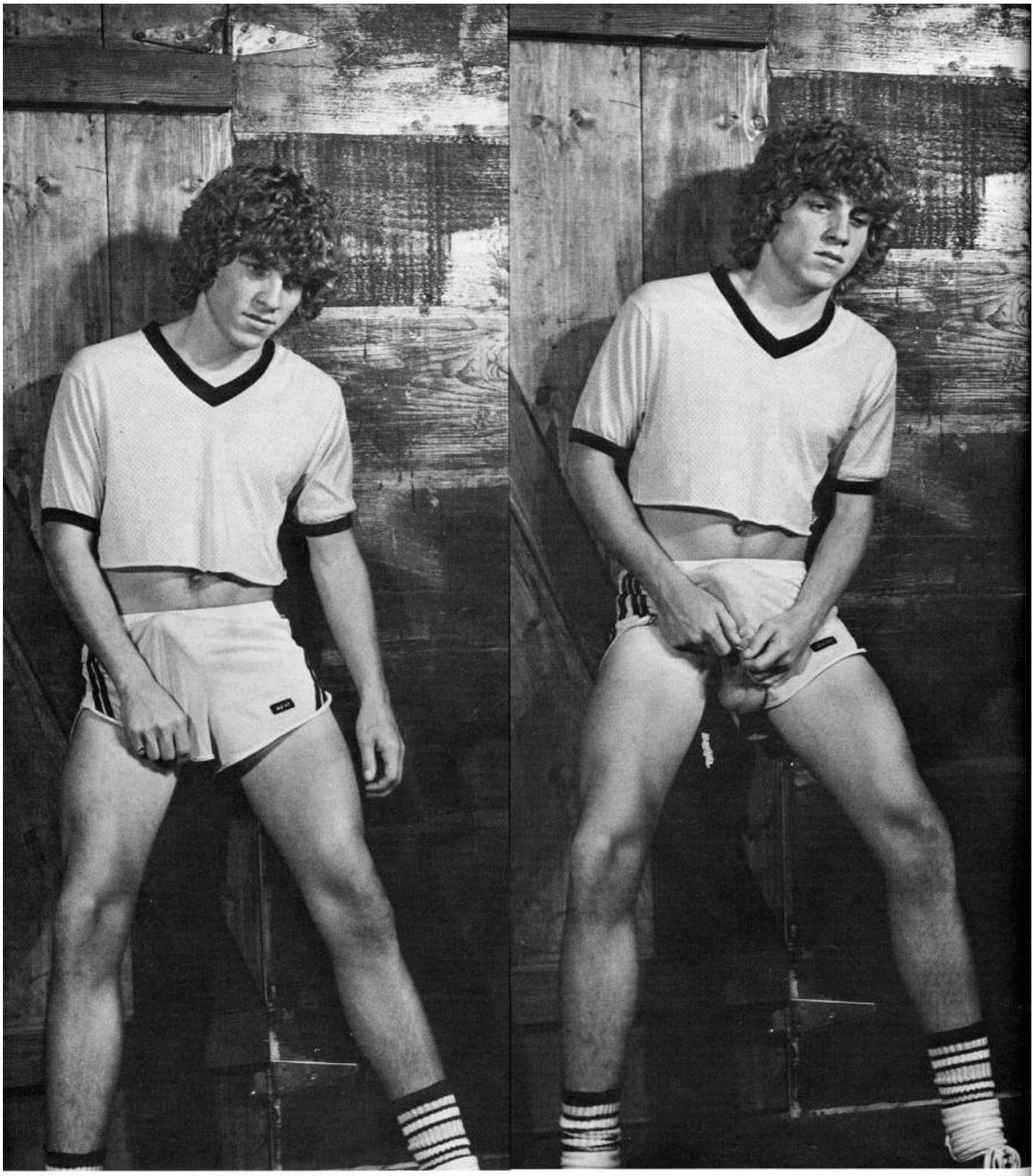




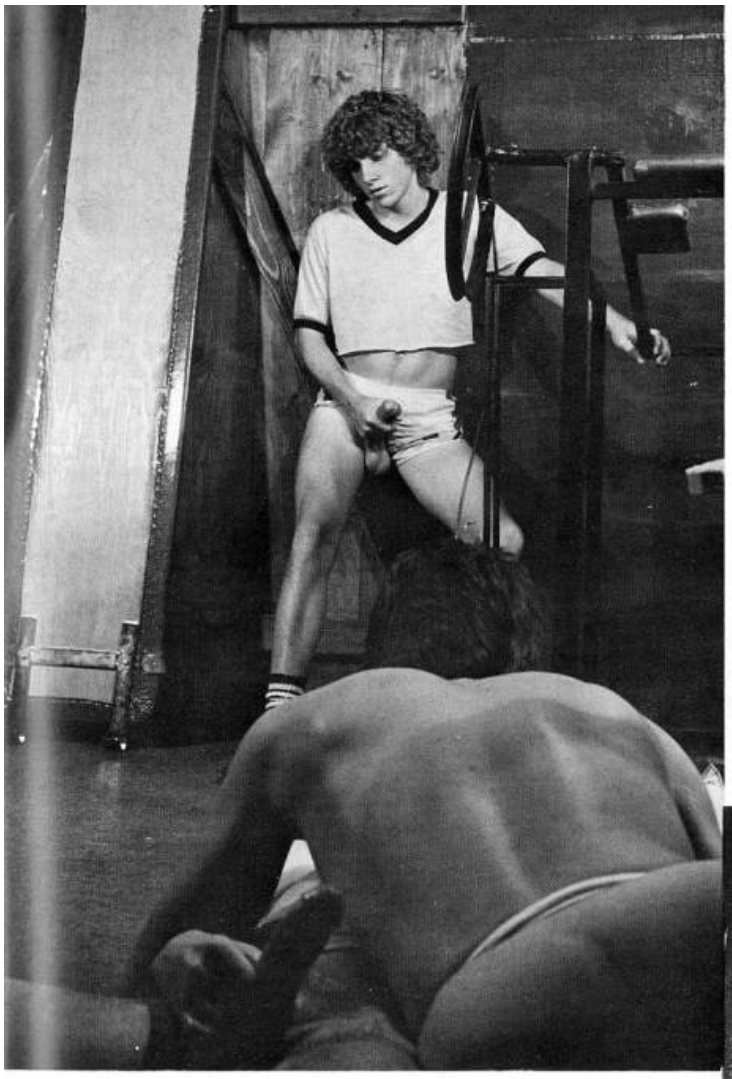


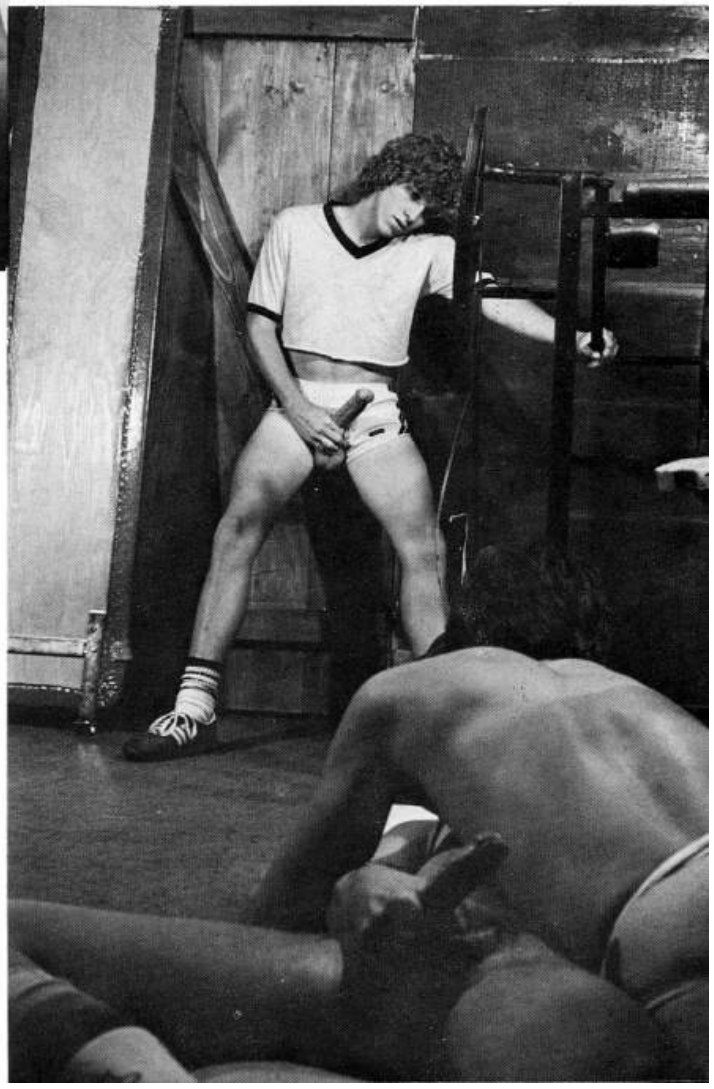


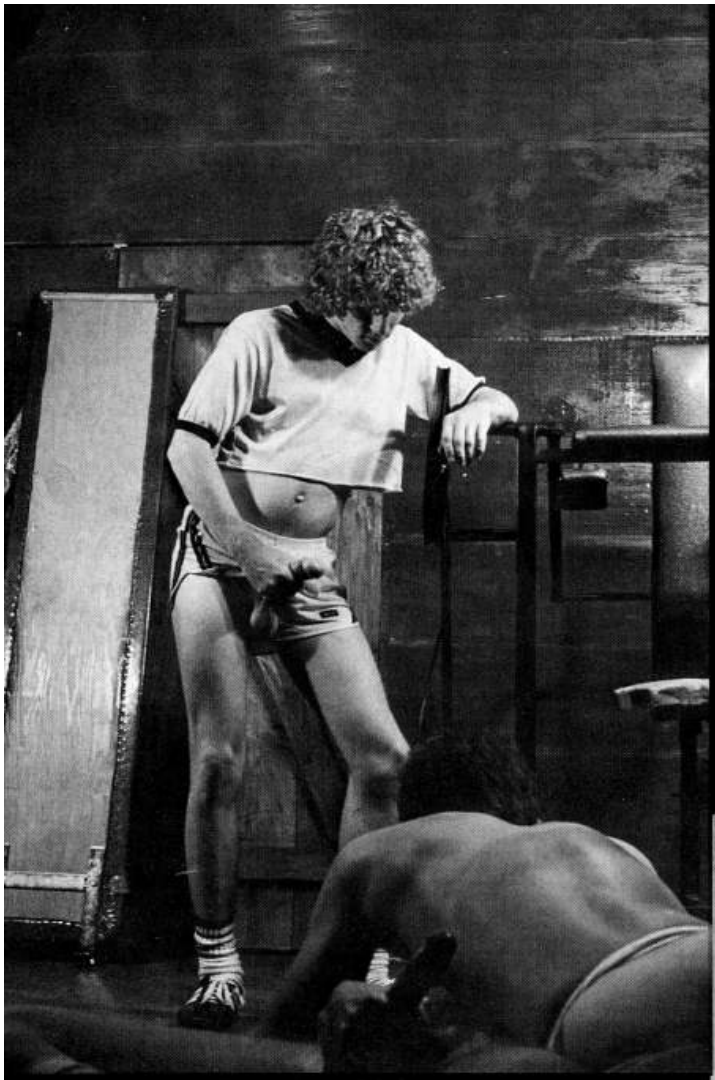


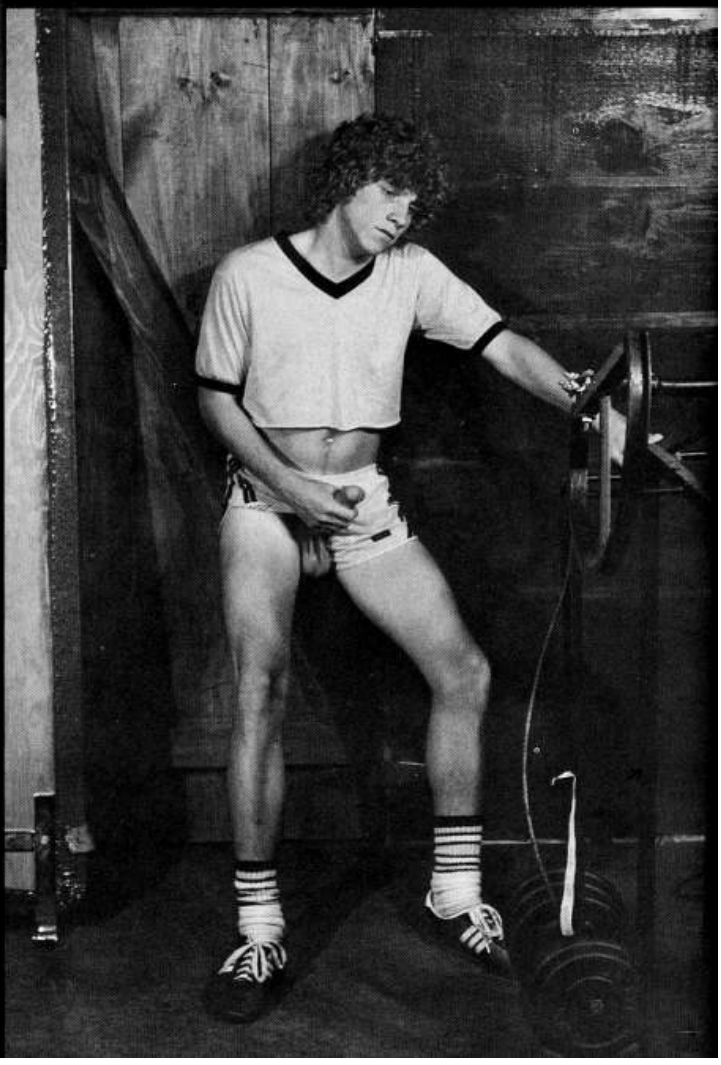


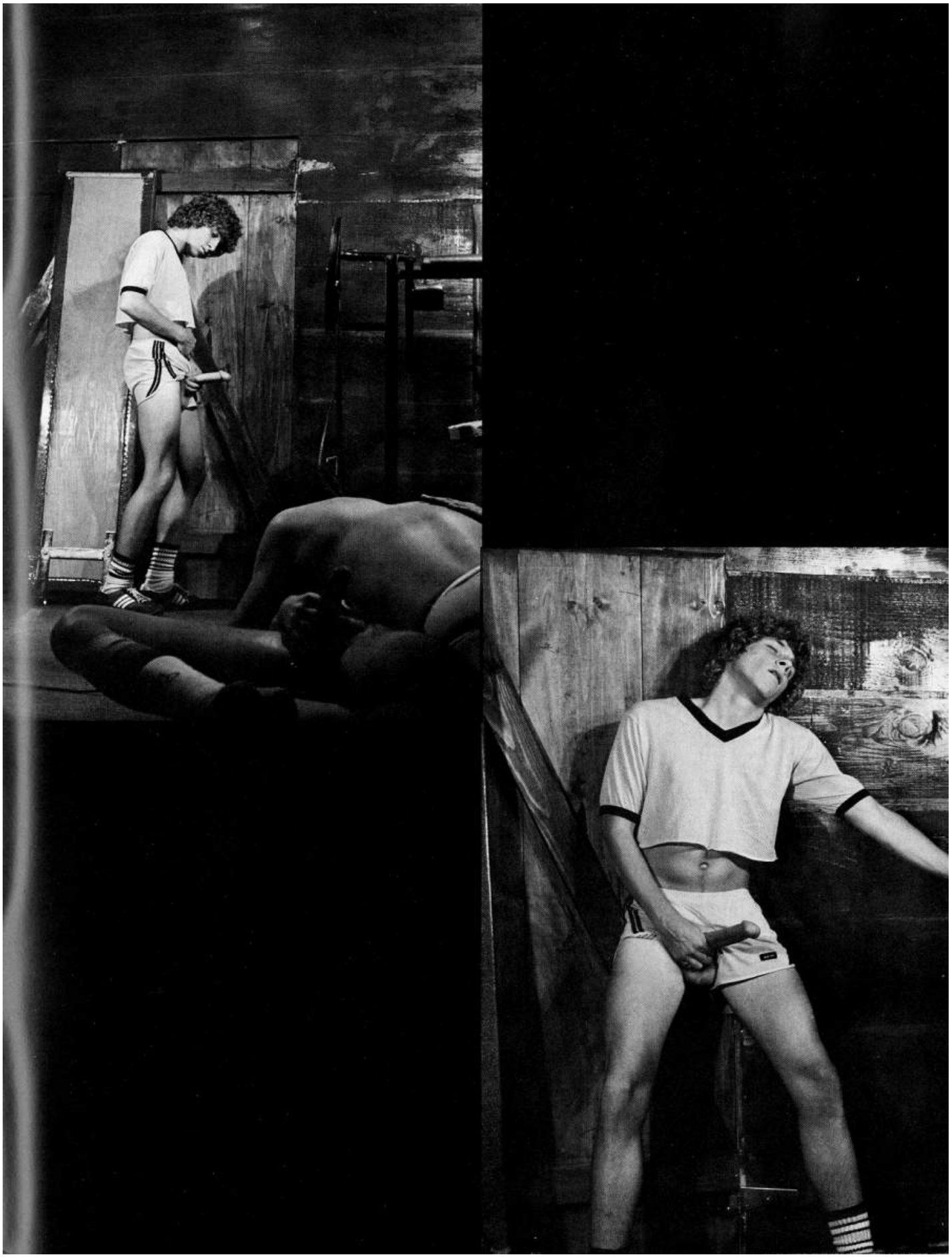
Troy had been watching for about ten minutes. Jacking off his thick boy-stick, feeling a rush run through his shaking body. He knew he had to join in the fun.

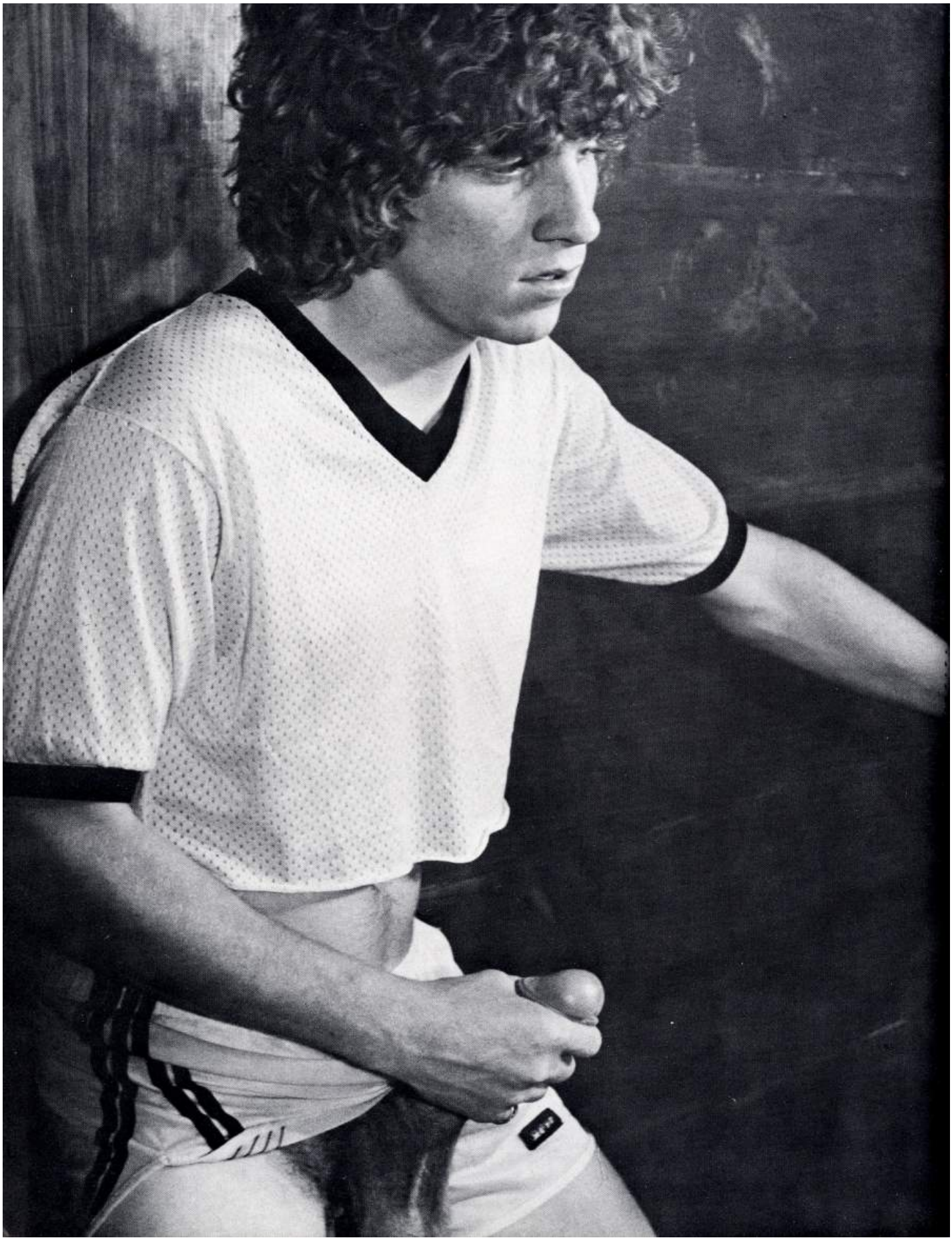


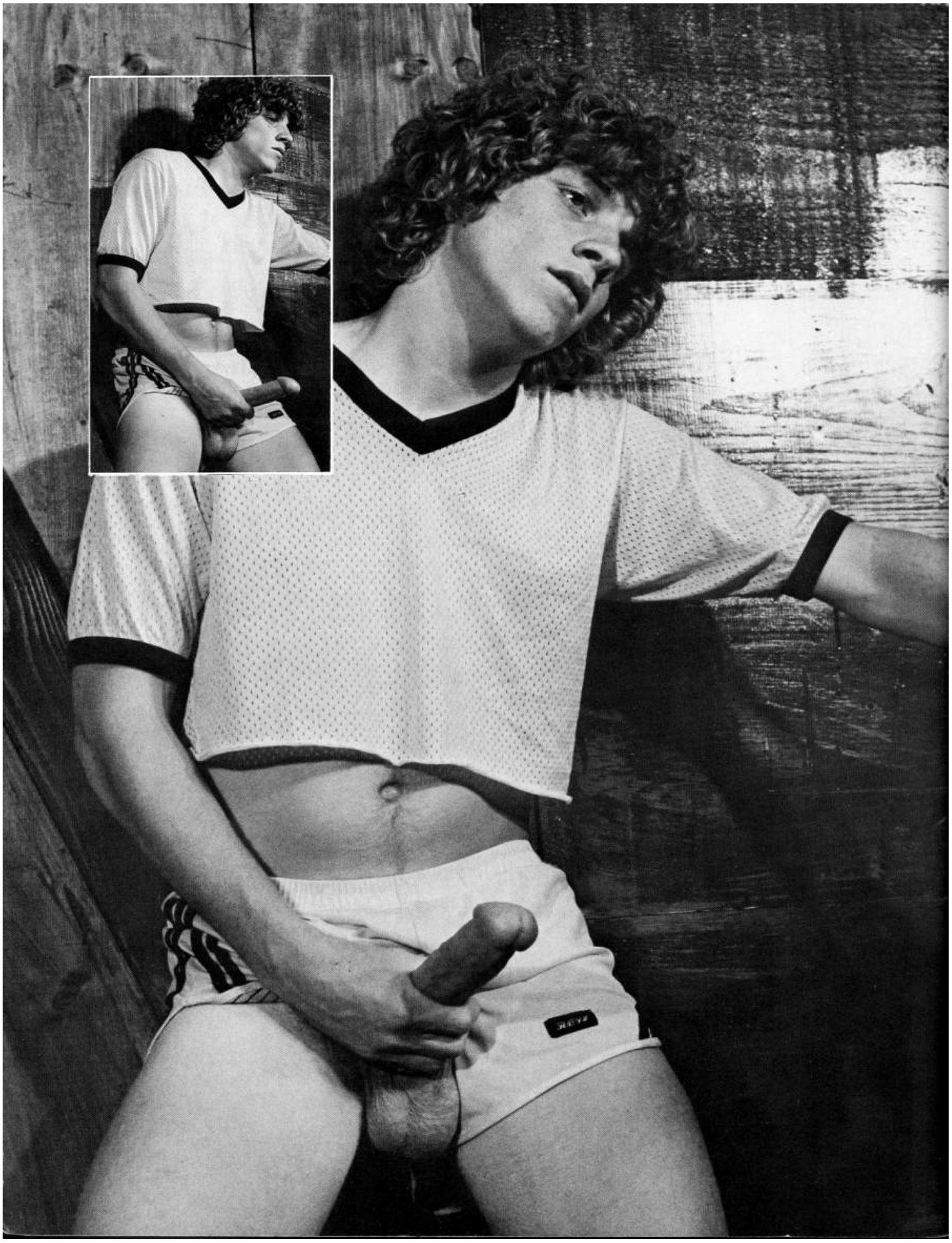












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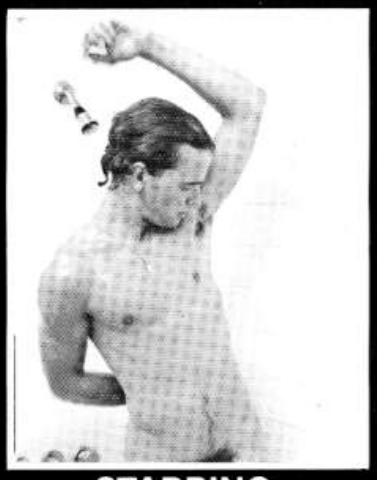

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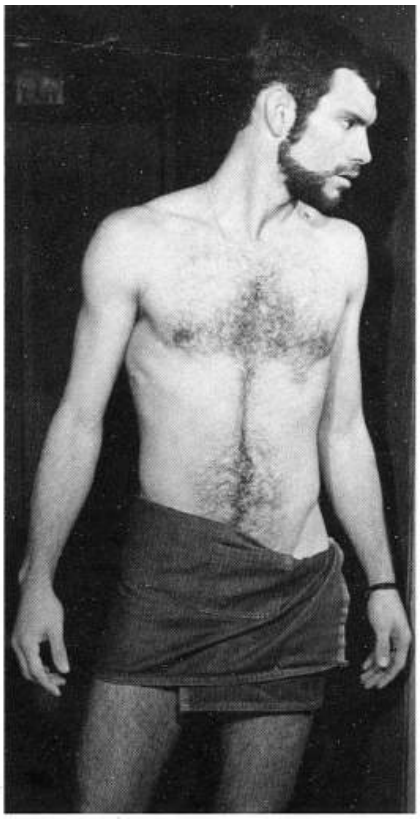
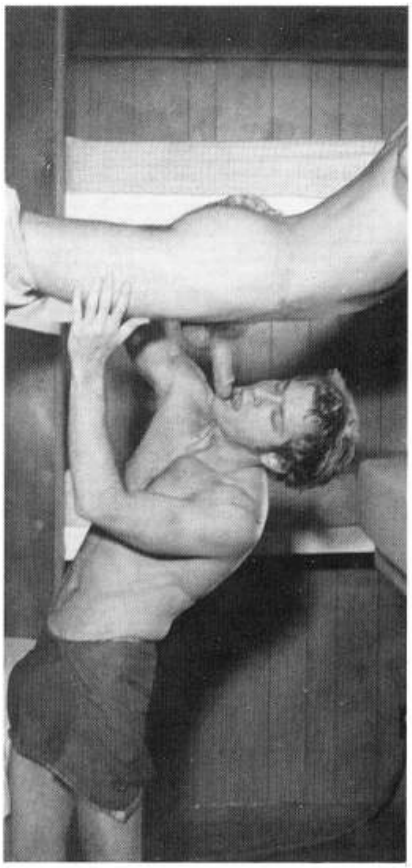


a night at the baths



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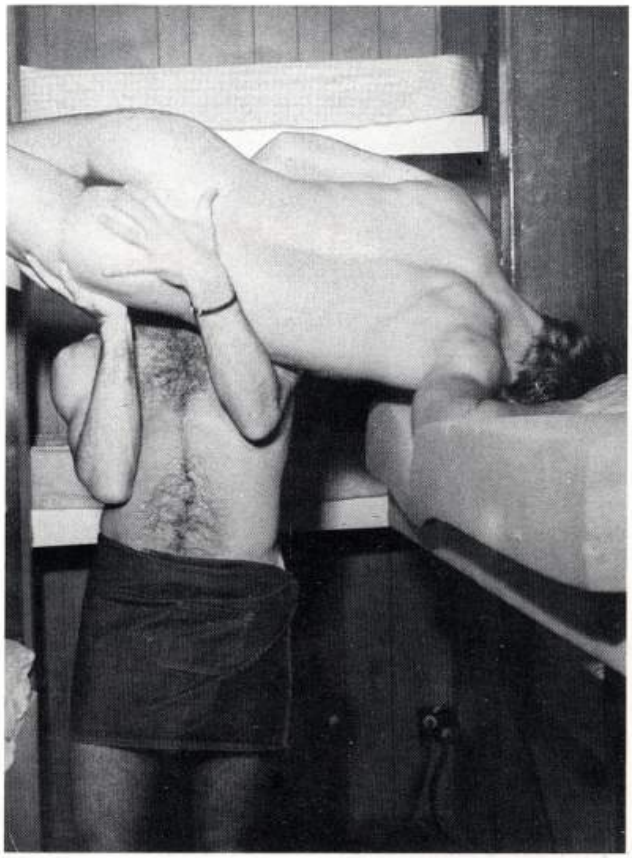
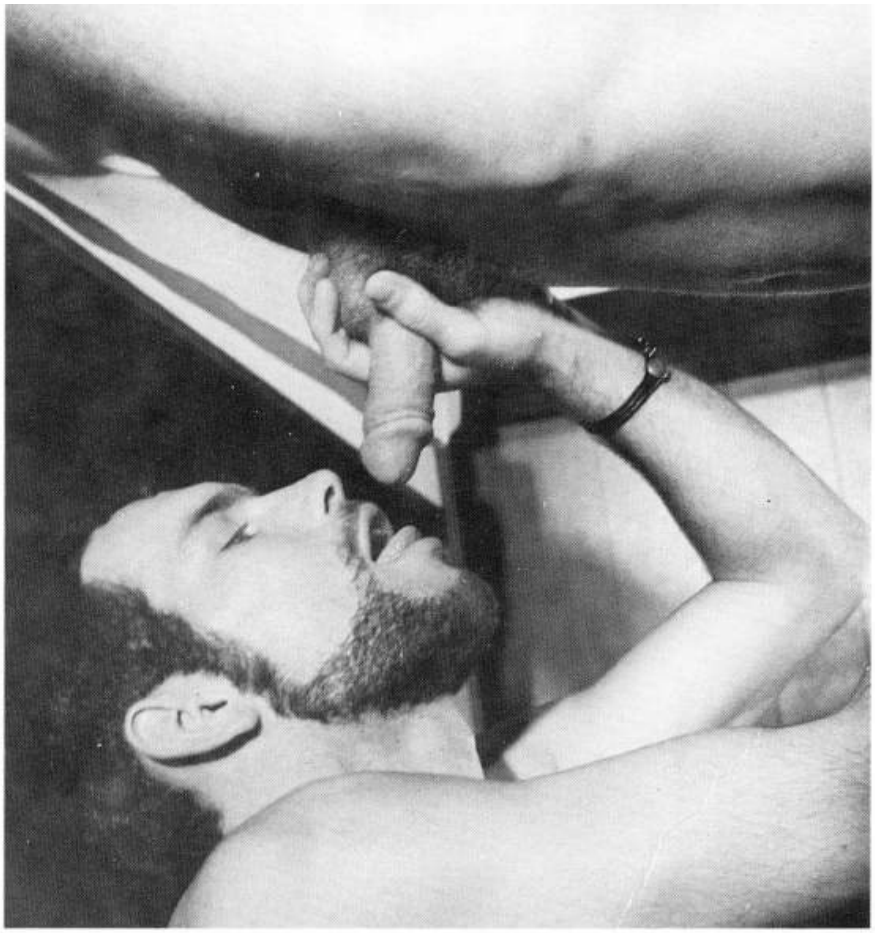




One time at a fancy banquet, the speaker started out by saying, "Jack Wrangler really needs no introduction . . ." and then went on for another half hour introducing me!

I don't really know whether I need to be introduced to you or not, but chances are if you've read many of these magazines before, you'll know me. In any case, my name is Jack Wrangler, and it's been my pleasure to have been in a good many of these adult entertainment books, and hopefully to have brought some entertainment to you adults who read them.

One day not long ago, after I'd spent several hours slaving over a hot number while my photographer, Barry, recorded it all for my last book, I was sitting around with Barry and shooting the bull while he packed up his equipment.

"Jack," he said, "I've been wondering. What does a guy like you do for fun, anyway? All day long you're getting it on with some of the sexiest models in Hollywood for my cameras. So what do you do at night?"

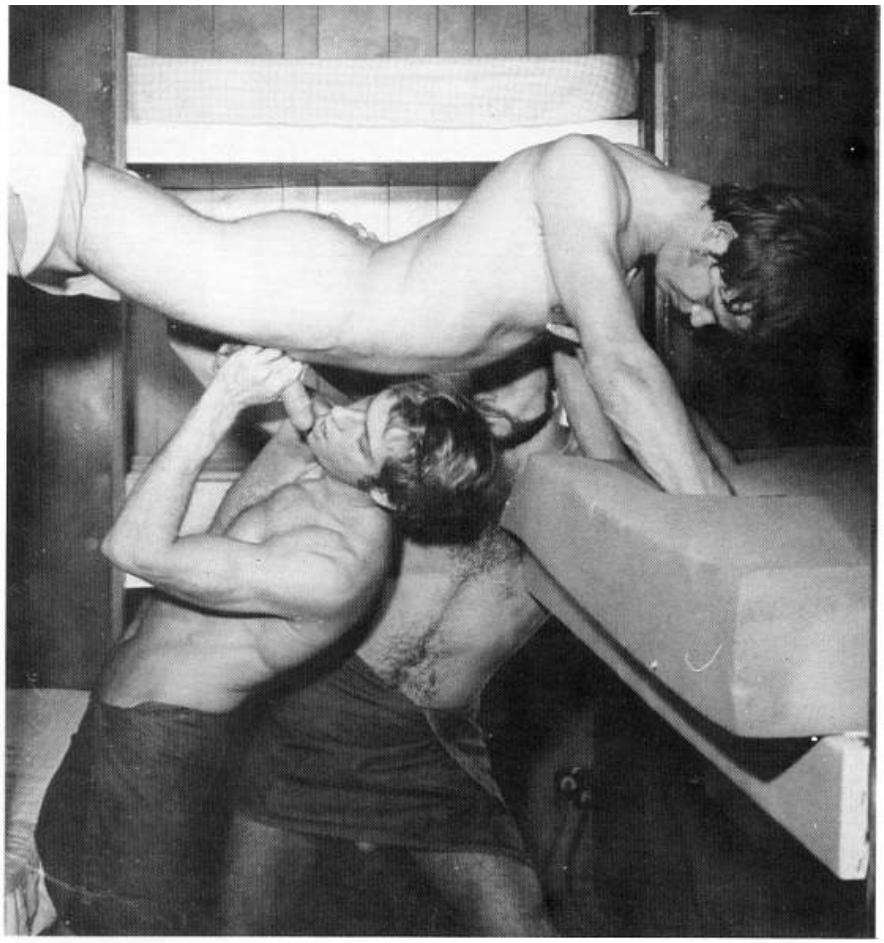
So I told him about this private club I belong to, a sort of bathhouse and fantasy center where anything—absolutely *anything*—goes. Anyway, to make a long story short, he thought it would be a fabulous idea to base a magazine on what goes on in the club, and of course I did, too, since I love the place so much. So I called the club's owners and got permission for us to shoot some pictures there, and that very night we went on over and shot the pictures in this book.

The place is called the *Salon Erotique,* which is a piss-elegant way of saying Sex Parlor, but since most of the guys there aren't all that piss-elegant, we all just call it "The Saloon." It's a kind of "in" place, so if you're ever in

Hollywood, and you hear somebody speaking knowledgeably about "The Saloon," just remember this book and let your imagination run wild with you!

One of the rules of the club is that you leave your clothes behind you at the door. You're allowed a towel inside, but absolutely nothing else. Barry got a kick out of the fact that for the first time he would be shooting a bunch of naked guys while he was naked himself. (He often gets naked for little after-shooting sessions, but he's a pro, and he never mixes business with pleasure.)

Our first stop was in a room called "The Bunkhouse," which is all done up like—would you believe it?—a bunkhouse. And sprawled out on a top bunk, looking every bit as lovely as always, was a hunky dude named Stan Marshall. He's got one of the greatest sets of buns in town, and the rest of him is just as good,

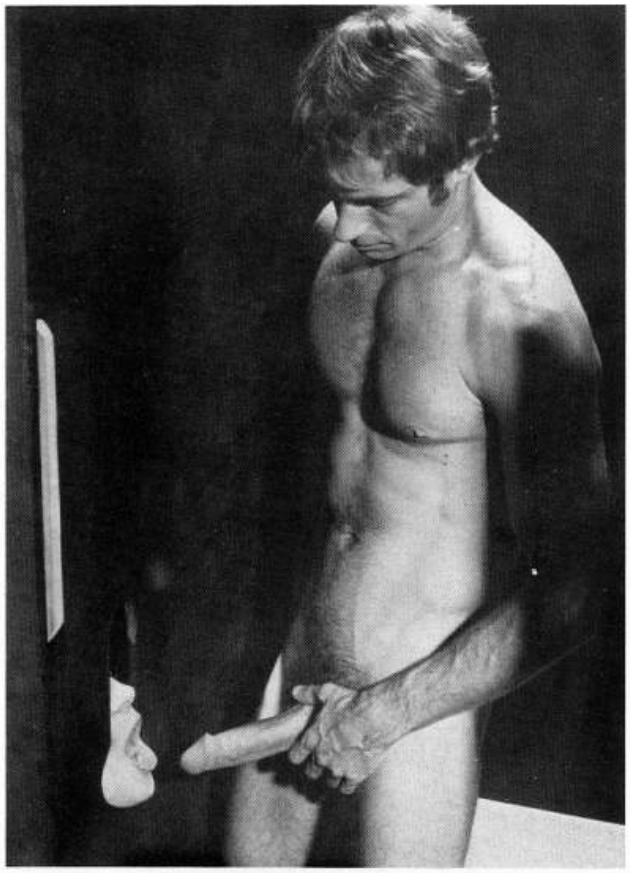


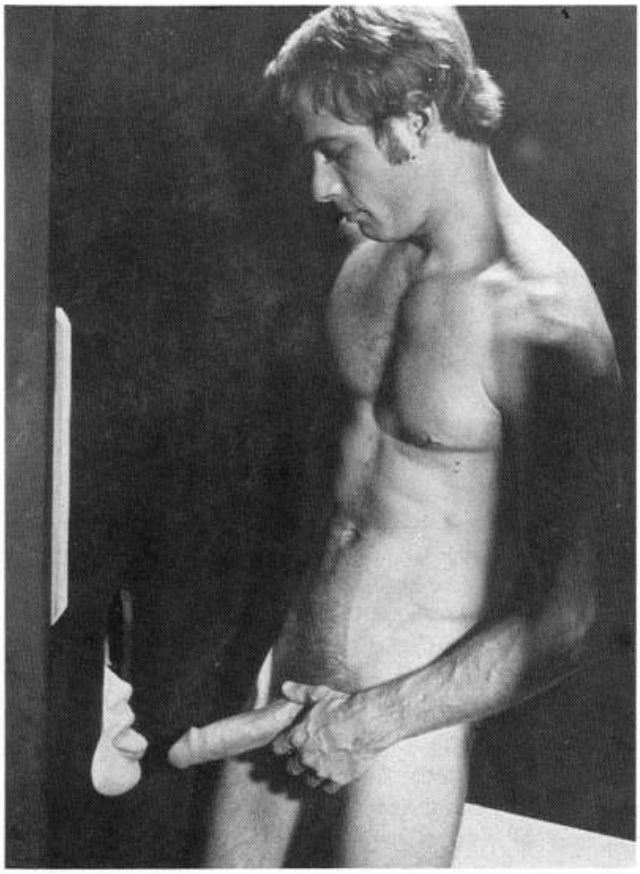
too!

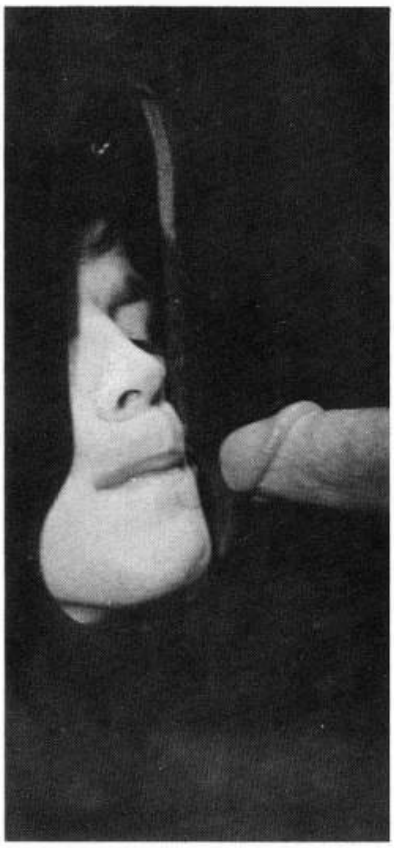
We told Stan what we were doing, and he thought it was great. "I've always wanted to be in one of those books with you, Jack," he said excitedly—silver-tongued devil that he is.

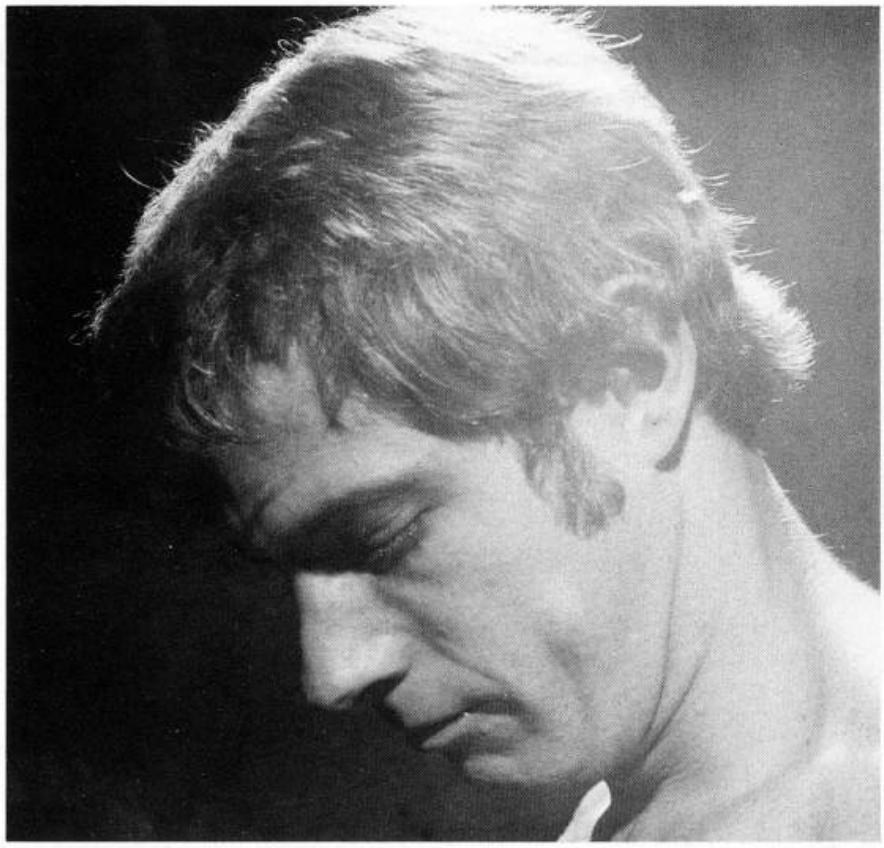
In less time than it takes to tell it, Stan had managed to stretch himself across the gap between two rows of bunk beds, hanging between them with his stiff hard-on swaying back and forth before me. While the photographer snapped these great shots, I had myself a little fun, sucking on that mammoth, tasty joint and running my eager hands up and down the length of that muscular, smooth-skinned body.

Stan rolled his hips back and forth provocatively as I took his meat into my mouth and savored its manly flavor. I gripped his beautifully rounded buns in my hands. They were taut and firm





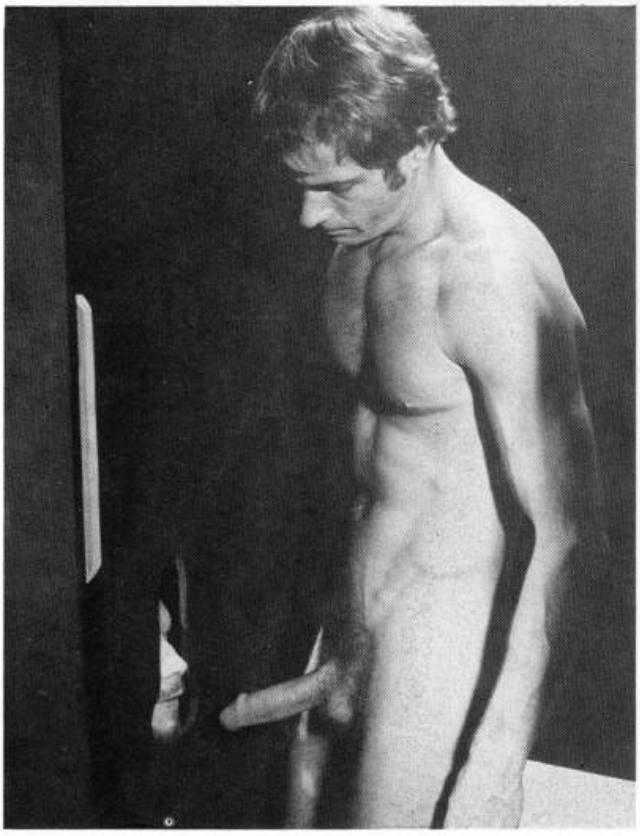


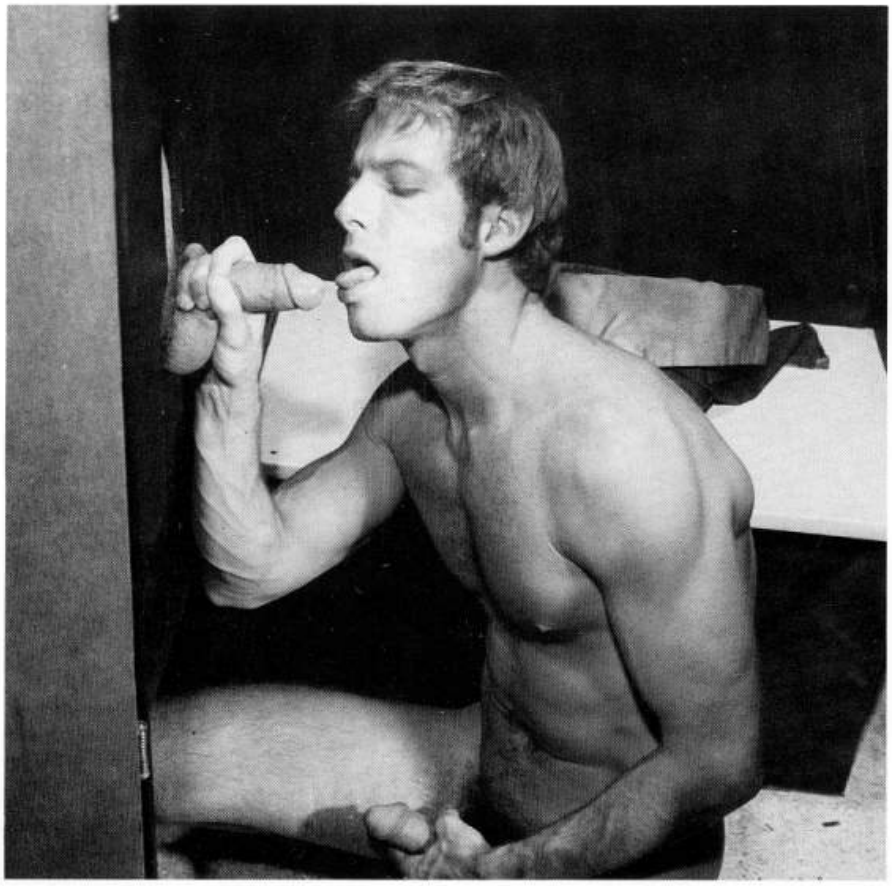


from the strain of his position, and the very touch of them drove me wild with passion. I sucked on his bone for all I was worth, forgetting all about the photographer in my lust.

I could have stayed with Stan all night long—I have in the past and probably will again in the future—but the gasps and groans he was letting out as I sucked him off had attracted the attention of Bill Griffin, a super-macho stud with a beard and a motorcycle (he brought the beard in with him, but left the motorcycle in the parking lot), and after watching for a while, Bill decided that he'd like a try at this, too. At about the same time, Barry said he thought he'd gotten enough in this room and that we should move on anyway, and so I reluctantly let Bill take over Stan's throbbing prick

Stan didn't mind. He's always said that Bill gave a mighty righteous blow-job, anyway. Barry and

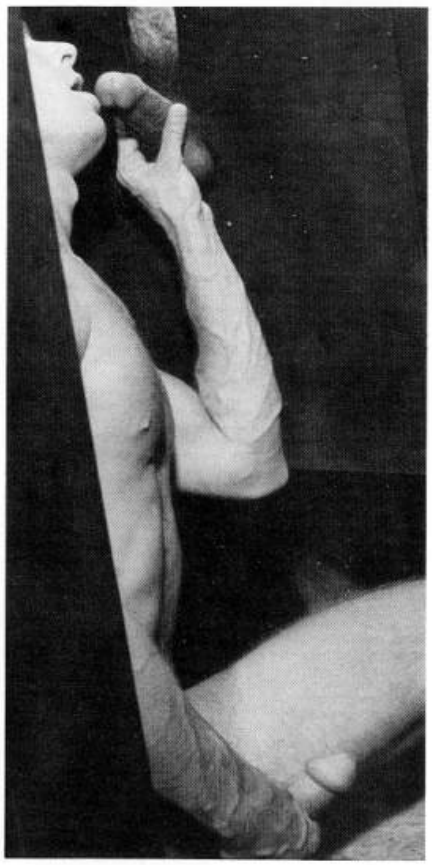


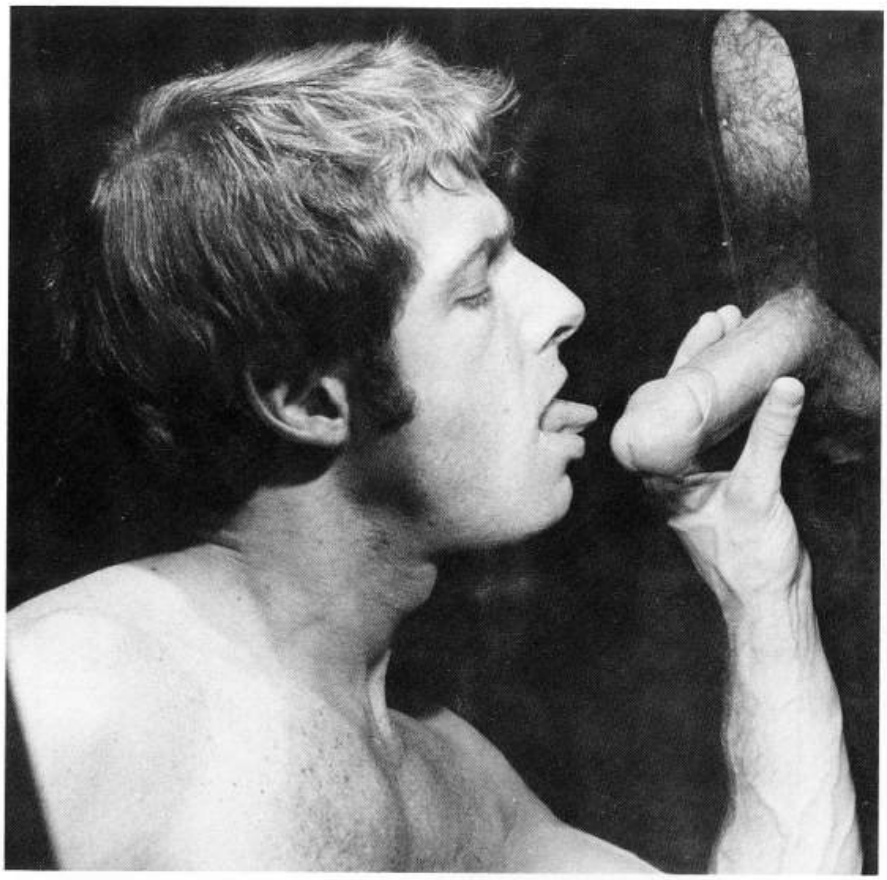


I stayed on a few minutes and watched the action, and I could see that it was a really sexy sight. Even before I saw Barry's pictures of me going down—or is it going *up* in this case?—on Stan, I could tell that they would be quite a turn-on, and I knew that we were going to have a hot little book.

Bill was getting his face buried right down between Stan's thighs, working on his prick with loud slurping sounds that blended with the sighs and gasps and groans that Stan was coming up with and made for an erotic little melody if I've ever heard one.

I hated to leave. Stan's smooth, graceful body looked so sexy stretched out like that, and he was obviously enjoying this unique knob job so much, and I could have just stayed there and beat my meat contentedly while he and Bill got it on. But there was work to be done, and tonight I was not Jack Wrangler, horny guy getting



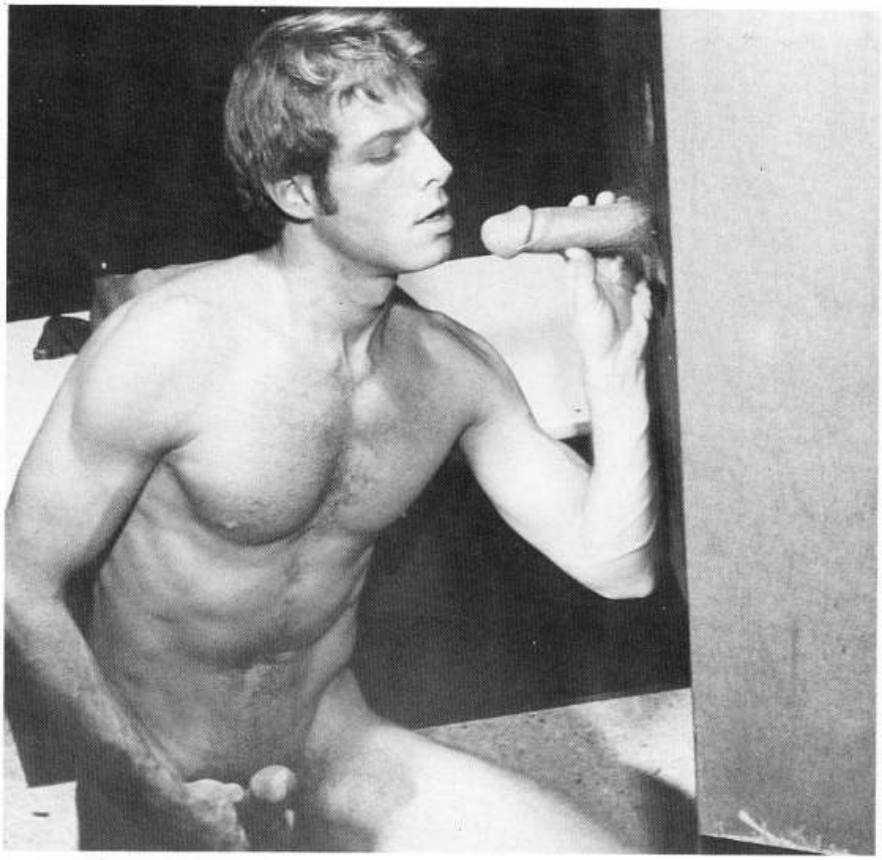


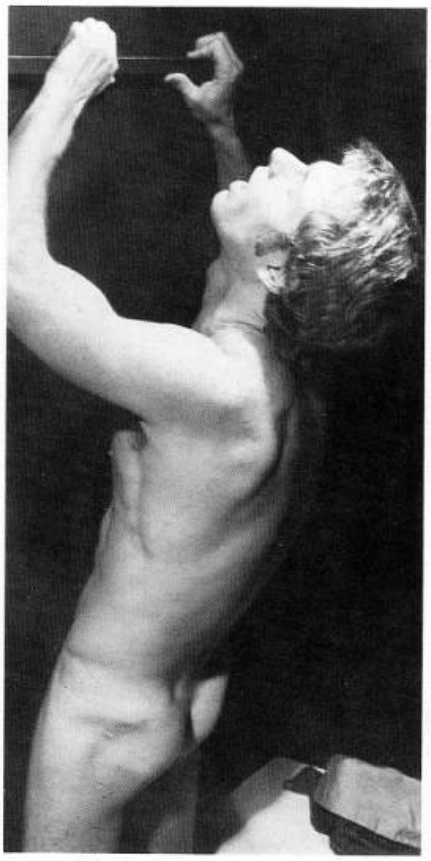
his rocks off; I was Jack Wrangler, trusty model who cums on cue, and so it was duty first. Stan would always be there again tomorrow.

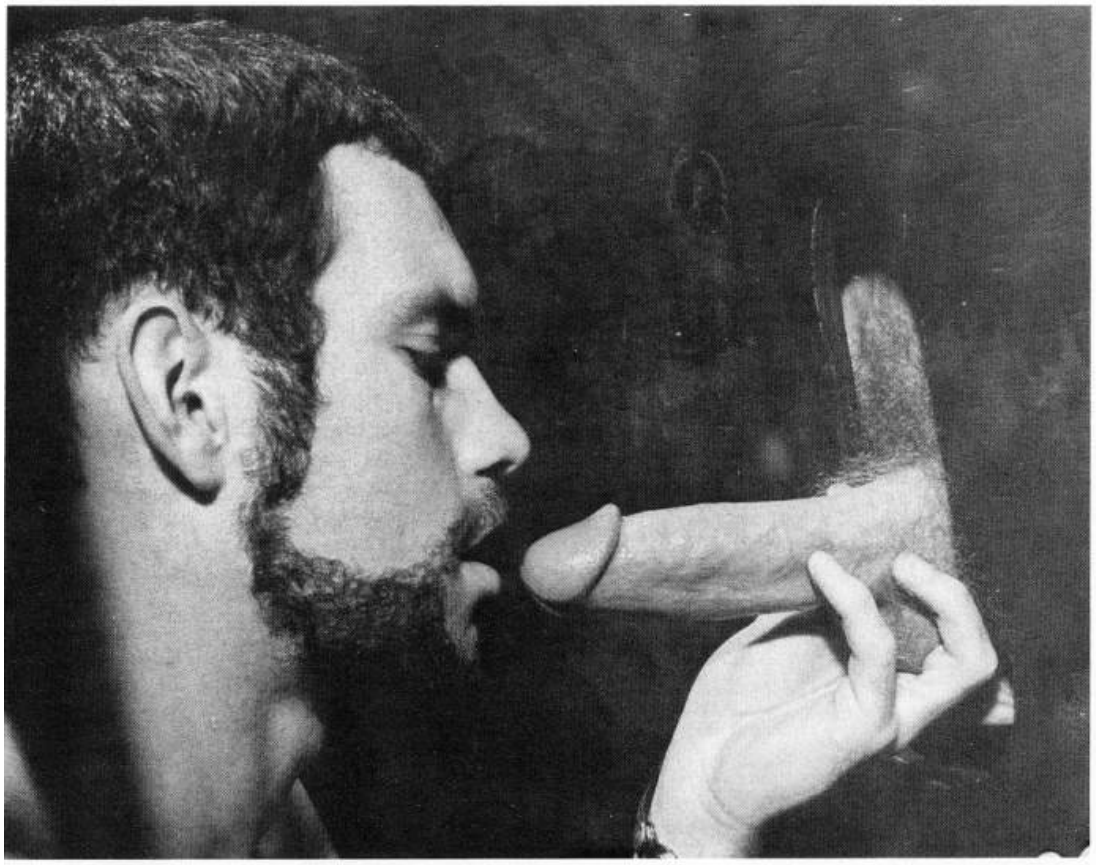
I showed Barry around the club awhile, and before too very long we got to the "Glory Hole" room. It was a narrow room with two other rooms on either side. Nice, healthy-sized glory holes were bored into the walls of both the other rooms.

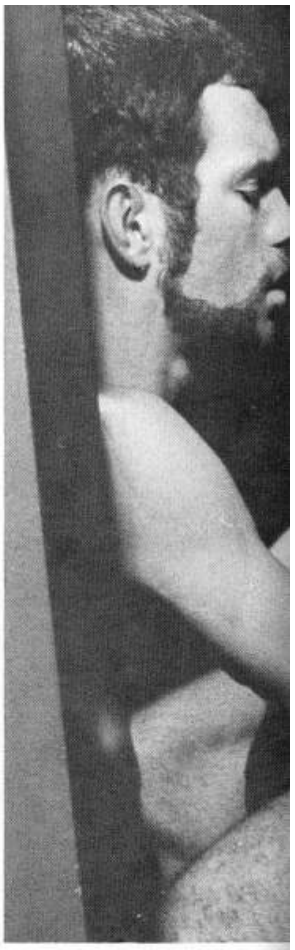
It didn't seem like we were too long getting to the glory holes but however long it was, Stan got there sooner. I could recognize his face pressed up to one of the holes, his tongue stuck way out and lashing about invitingly. I didn't need a second invitation. I'd gotten a good, stiff hard-on from watching him and Bill, and I was happy to have it attended to!

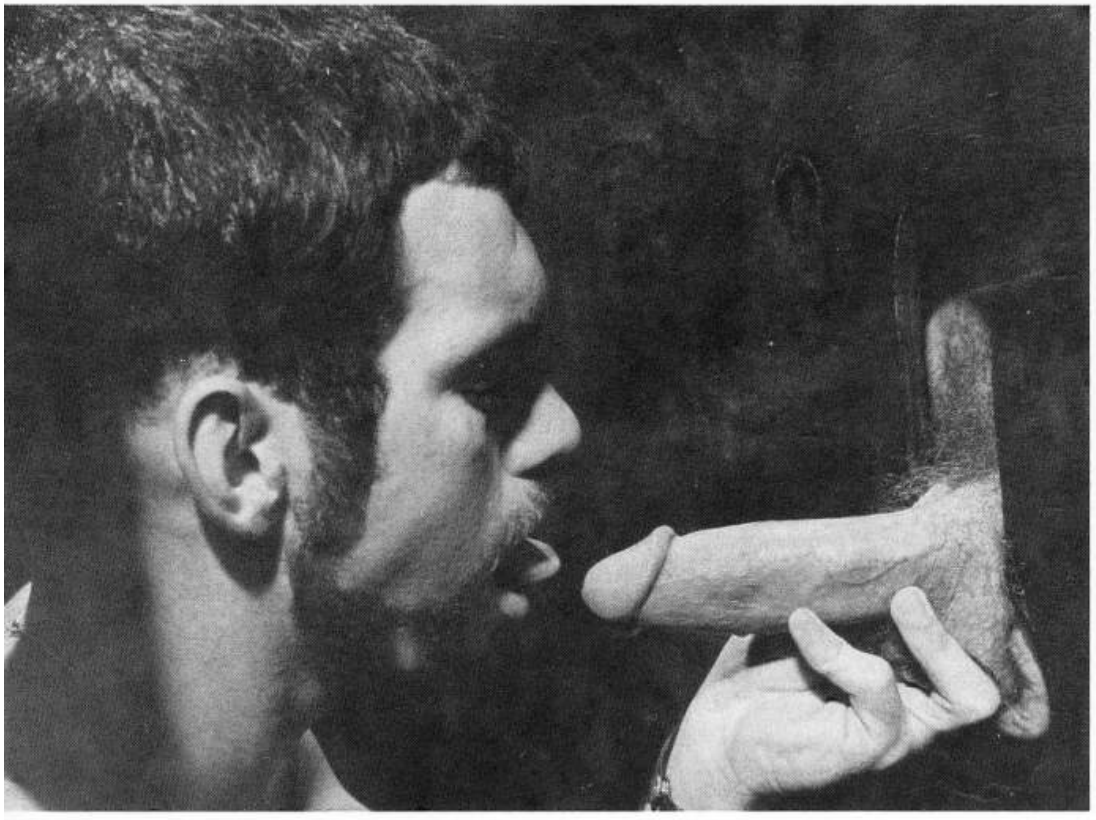
I thought that I was about as hard as I was going to get—you've got to remember that I had a long,

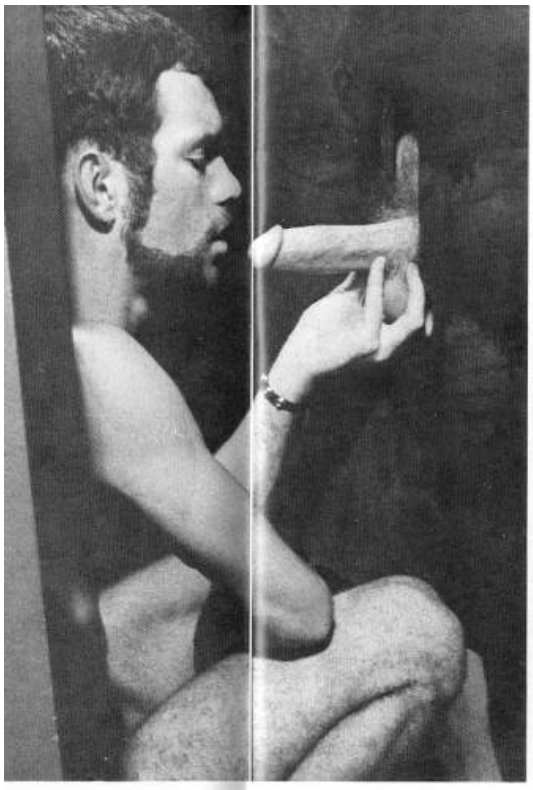


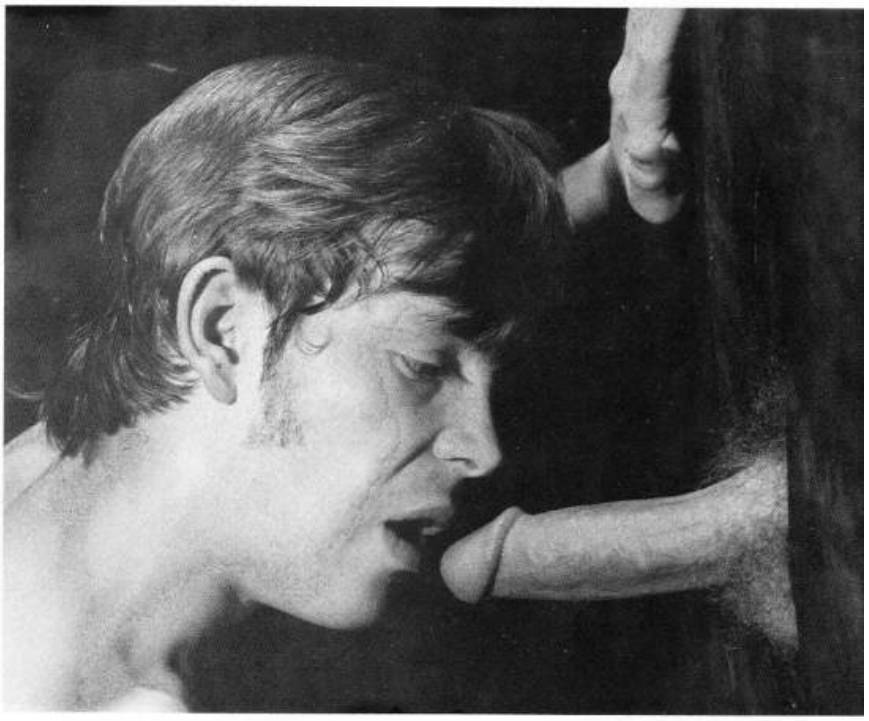


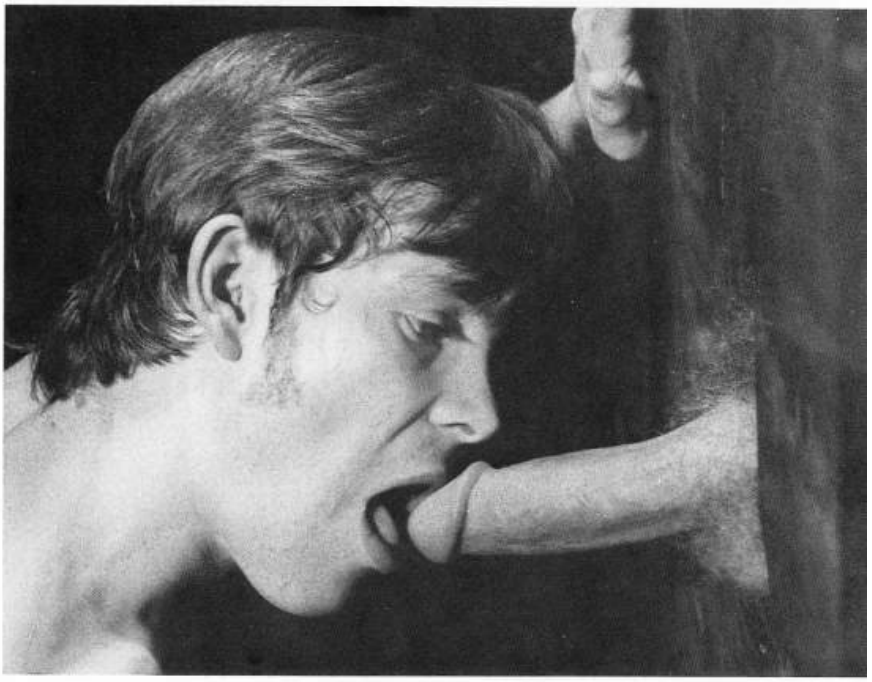


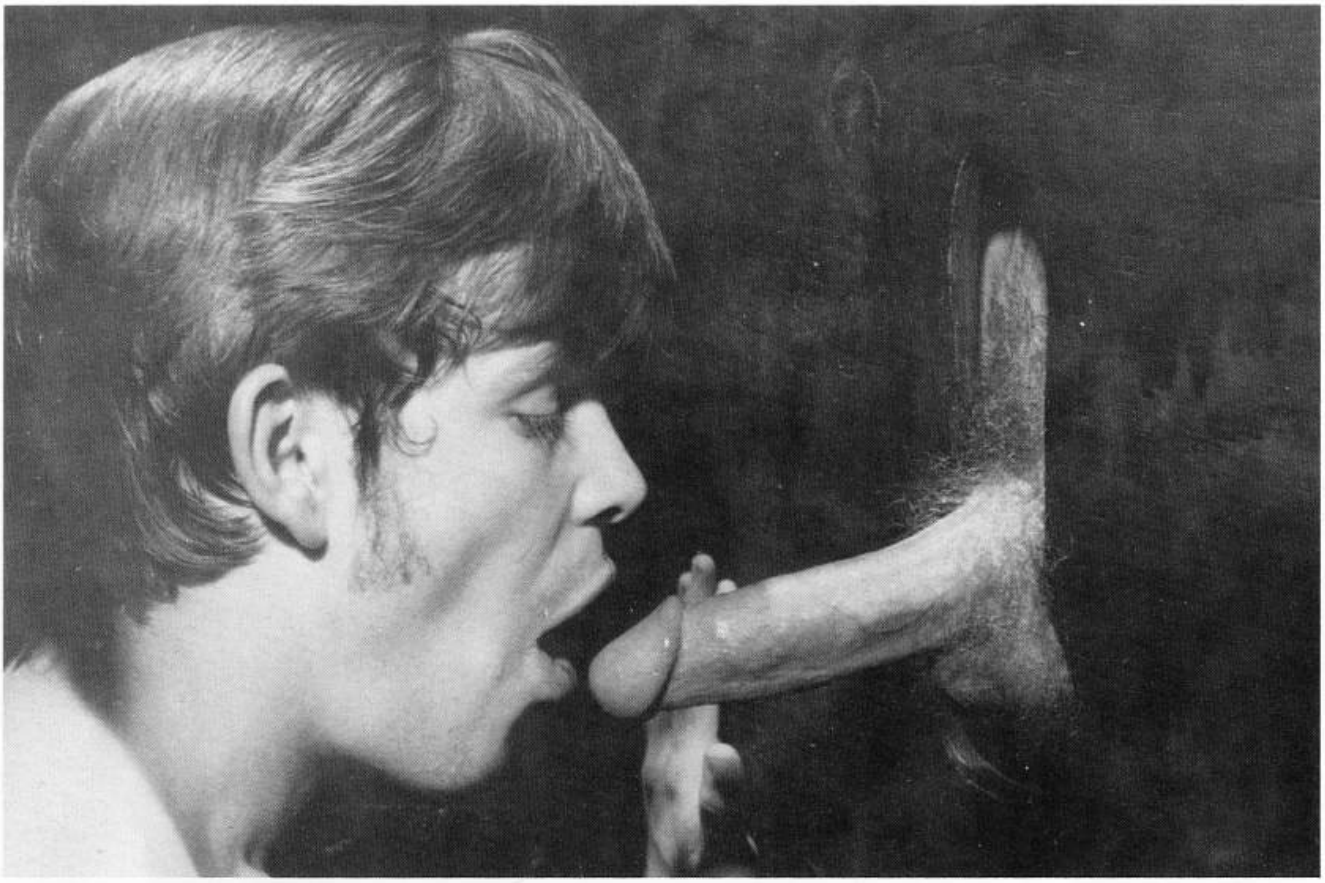


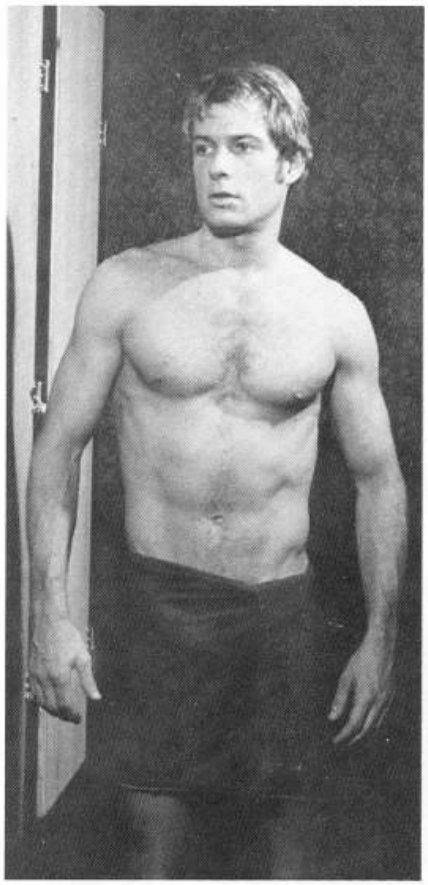








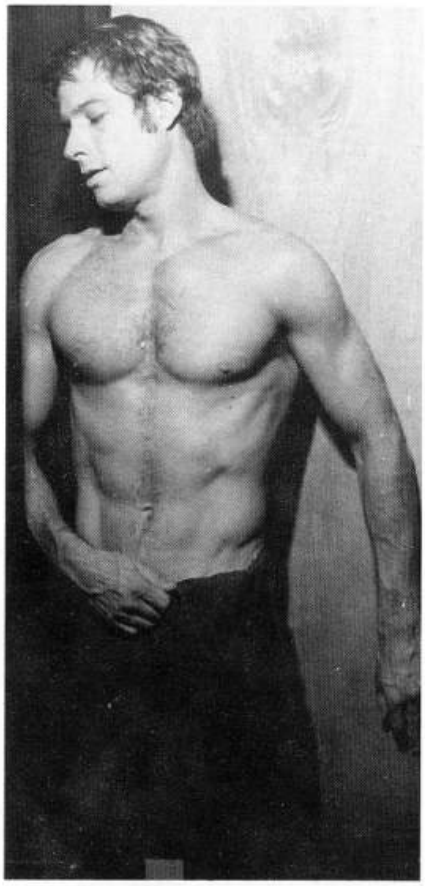


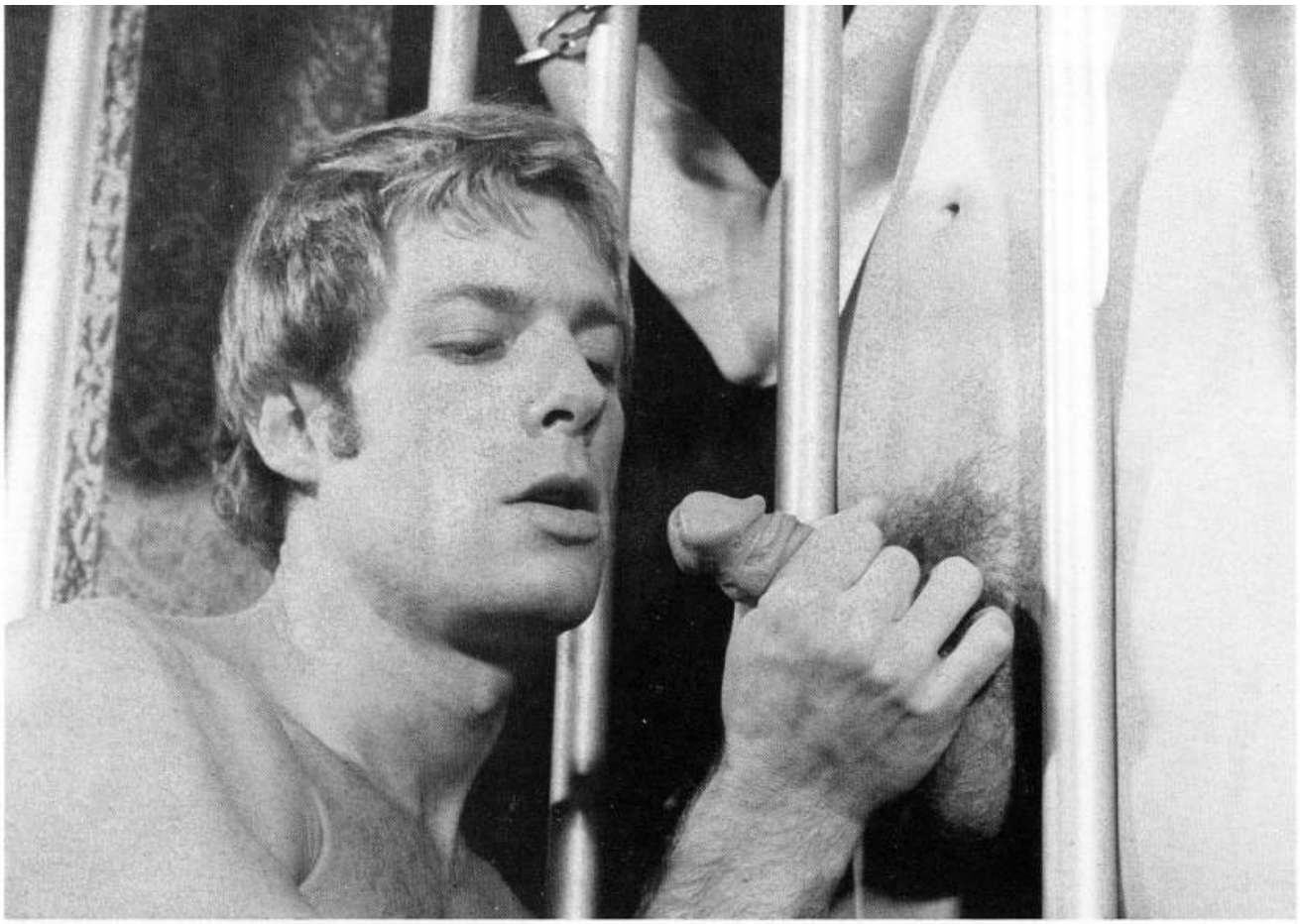


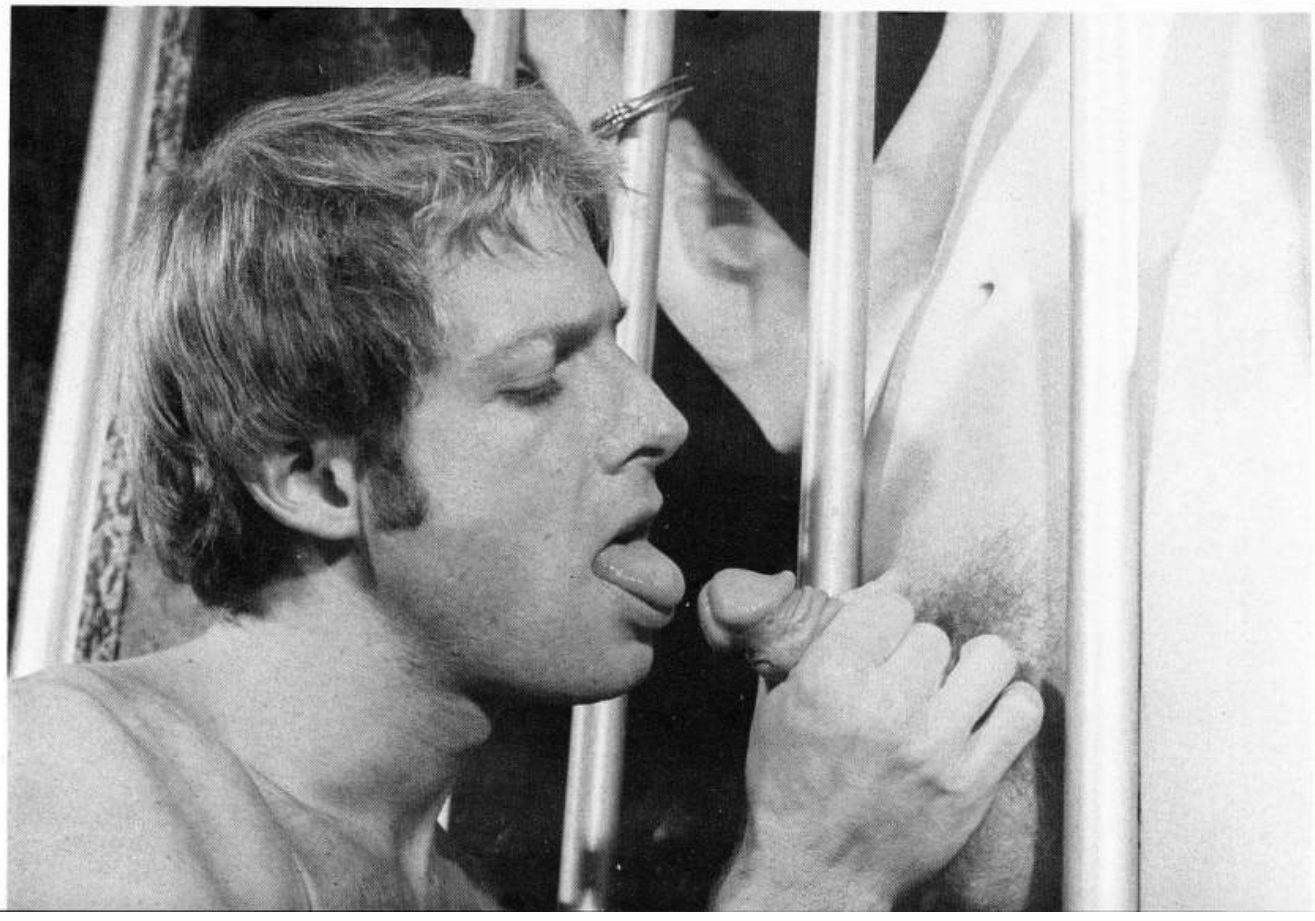
hot photo session that day already—but the moment Stan's soft, wet tongue first grazed the tip of my cockhead my prick started straining for more until I was in agony.

I stepped up close to the hole, sticking my aching cock through it and into Stan's receptive mouth. His tongue gently massaged the underside of my shaft while the rest of his mouth caressed my prick warmly, and immediately the cum in my balls started boiling away. I pushed forward eagerly, thrilling to the excitement of his erotic touch.

Even with my head swimming as it was, I thought that I felt a second mouth working on my prick, also, and sure enough, when I looked down again I saw Bill's bristling beard thrust through the hole! Somehow he had taken over from Stan, and I had hardly noticed! Of course, I didn't care. At that point, I wouldn't have cared







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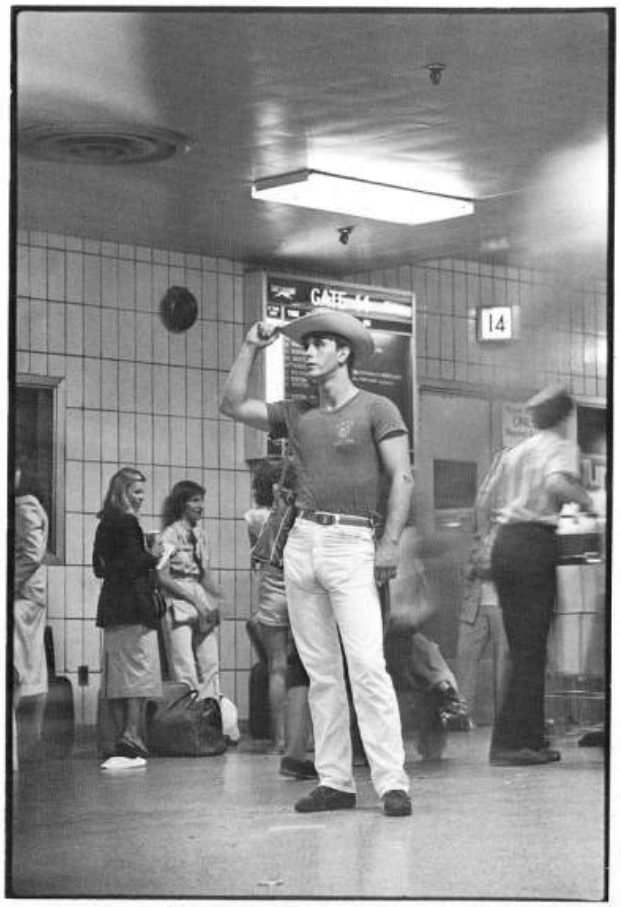

NEW KID IN TOWN

Produced, photographed, and designed by John Gamble for MV Publications' Star Series.

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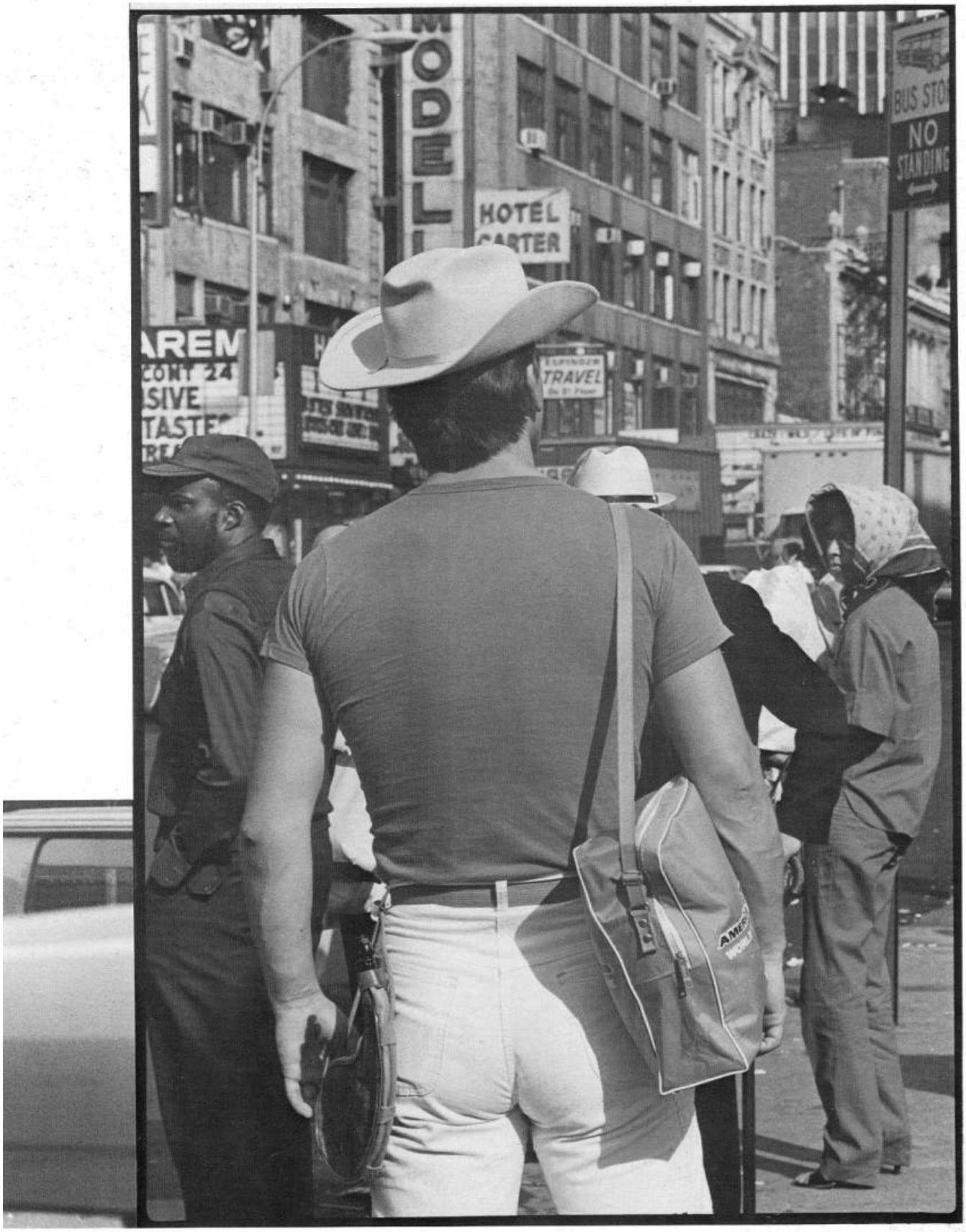
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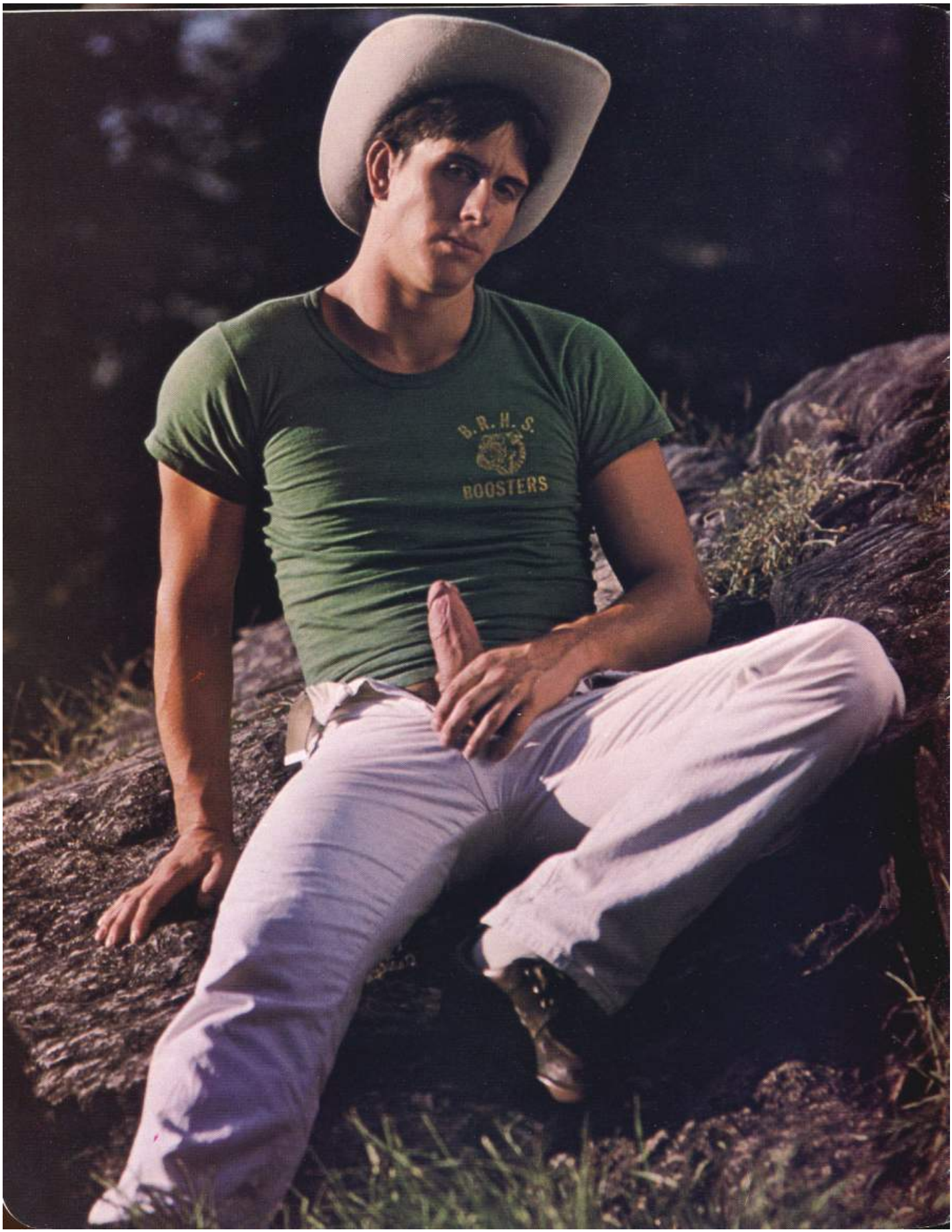
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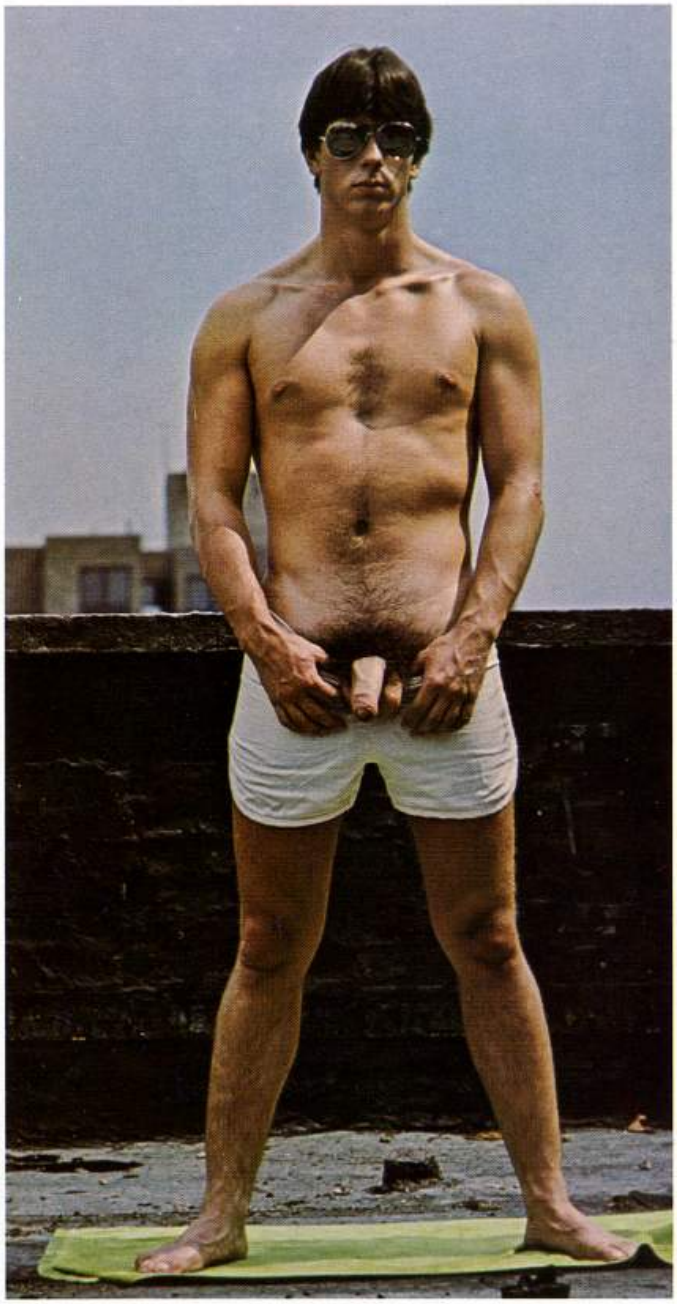

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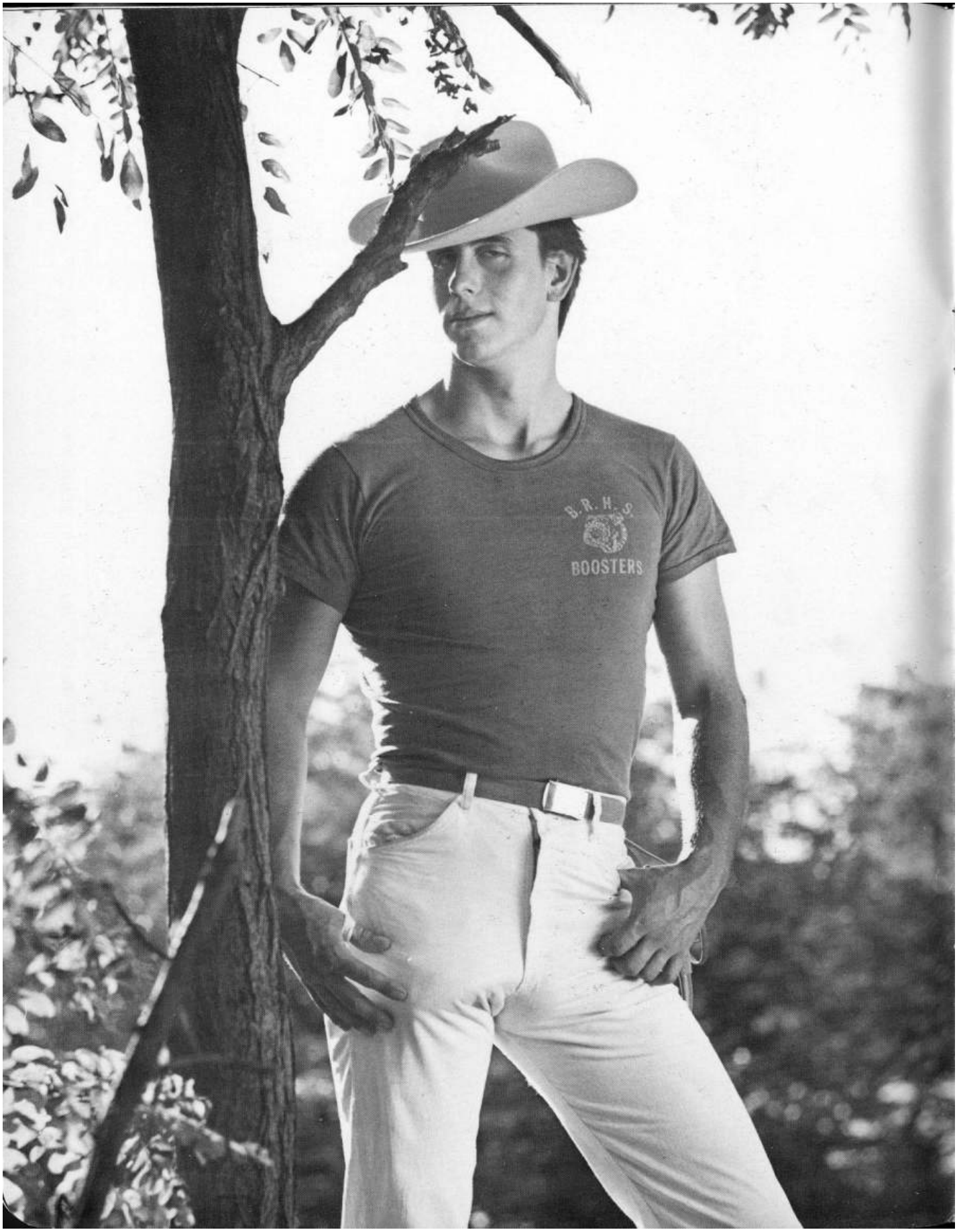
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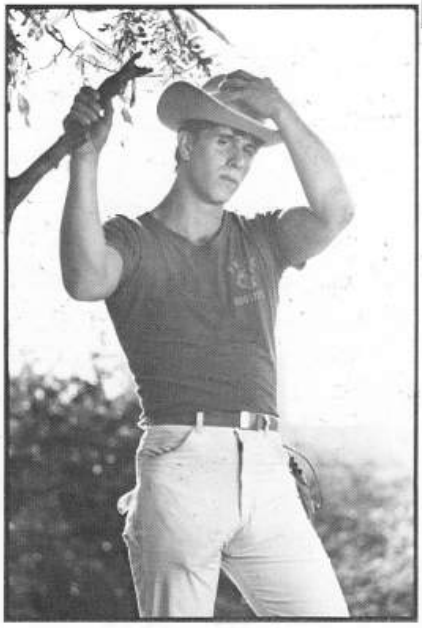

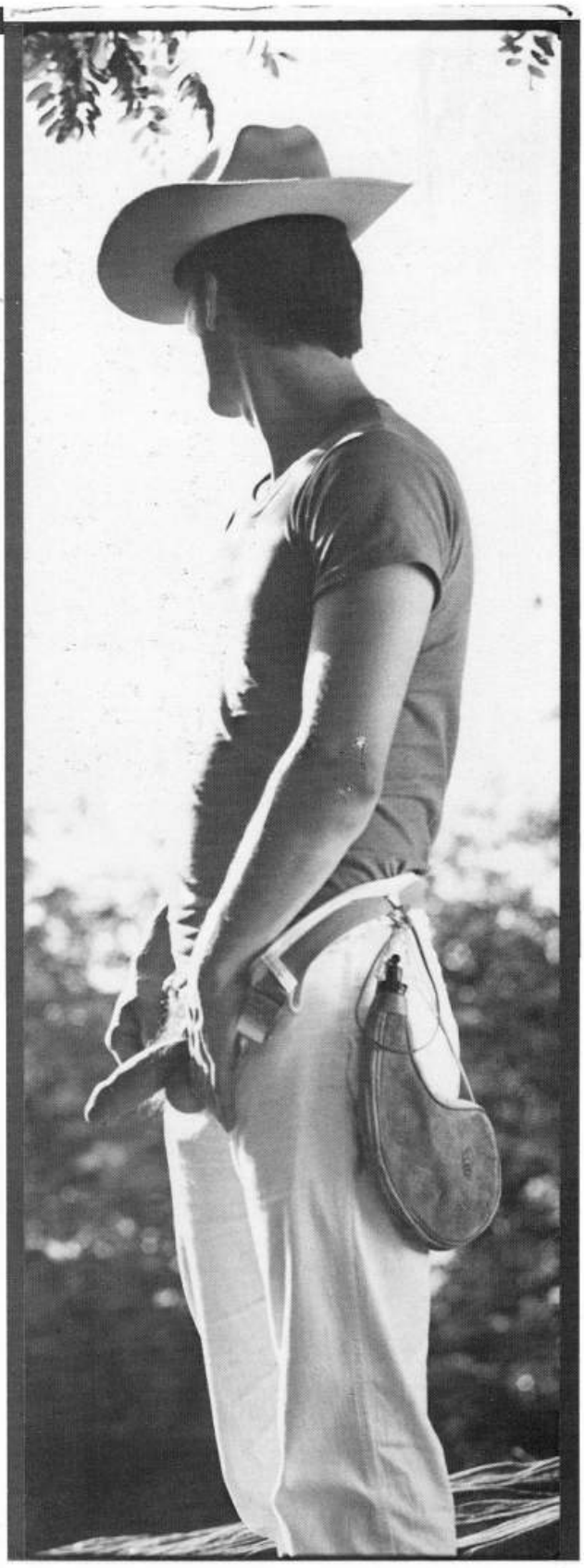

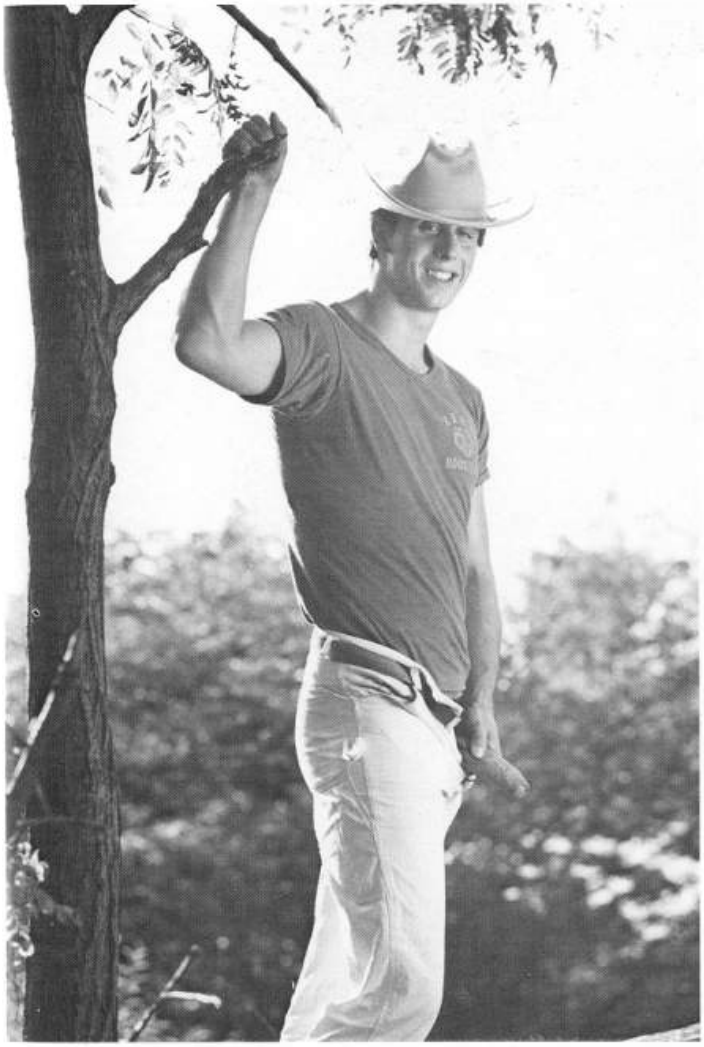

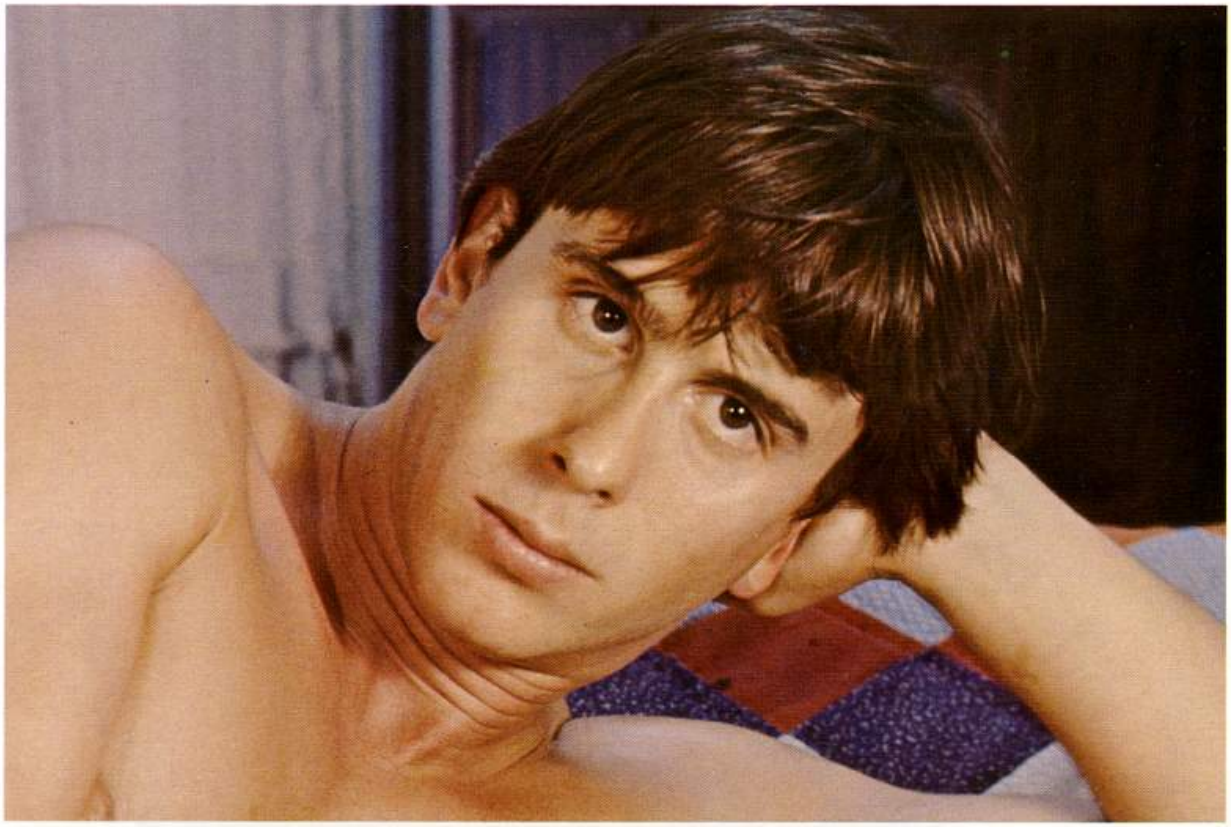

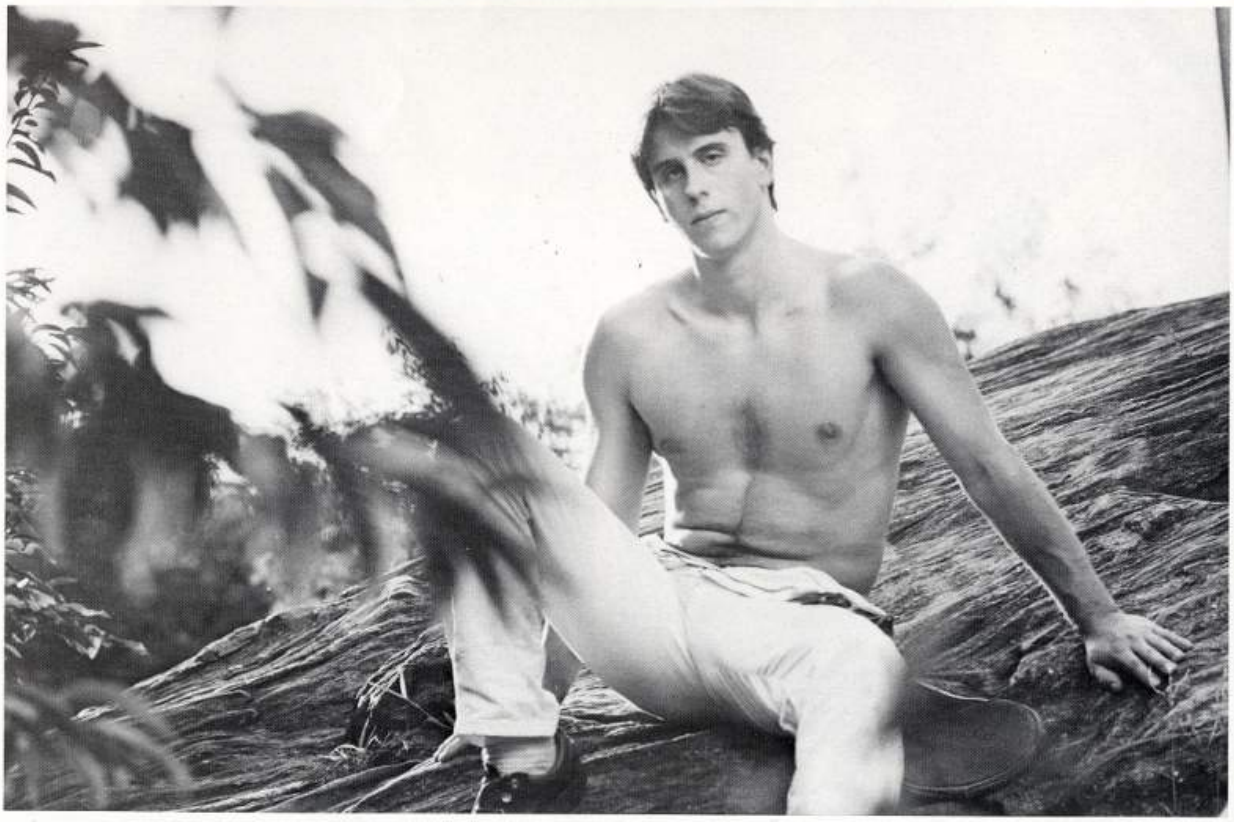

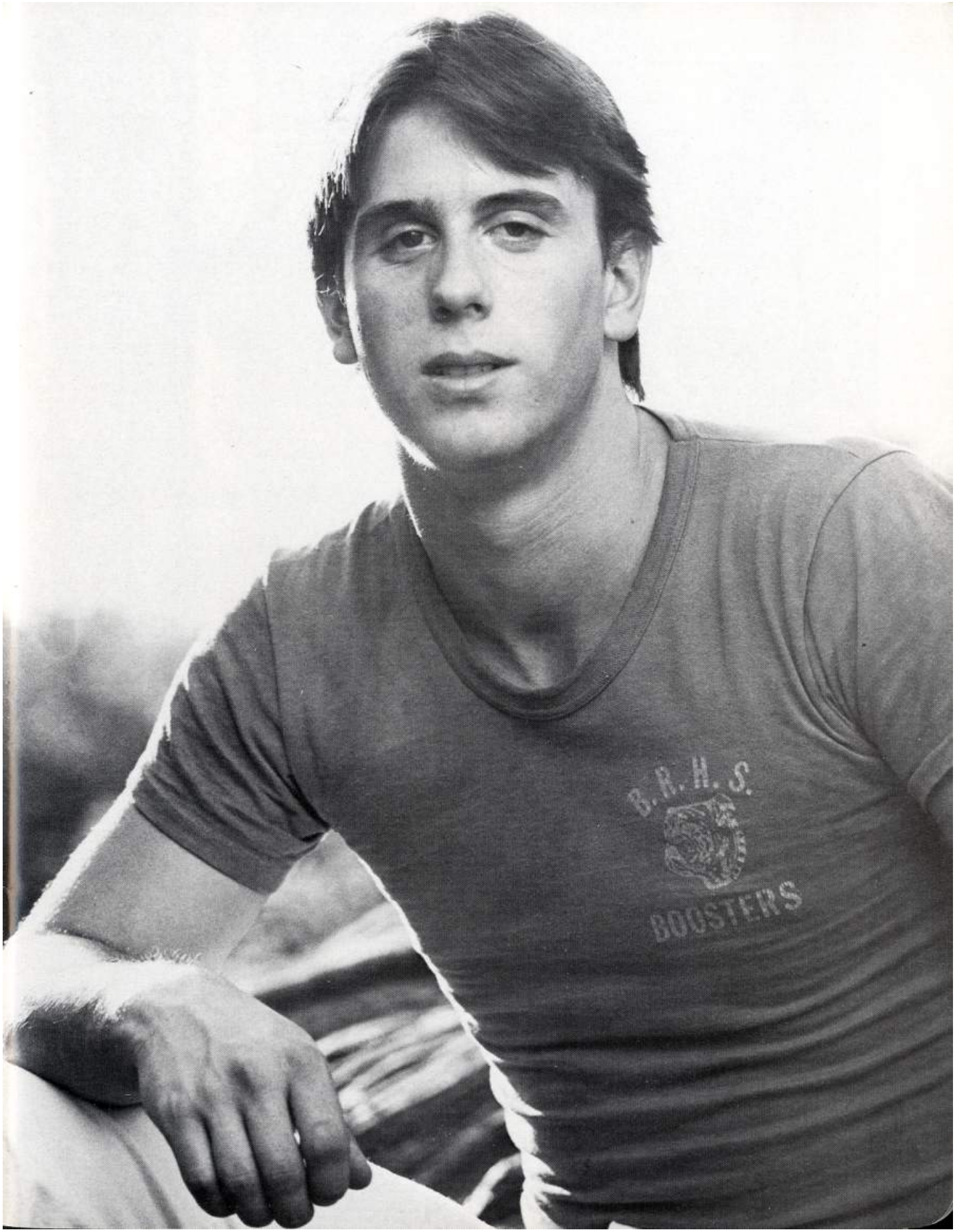
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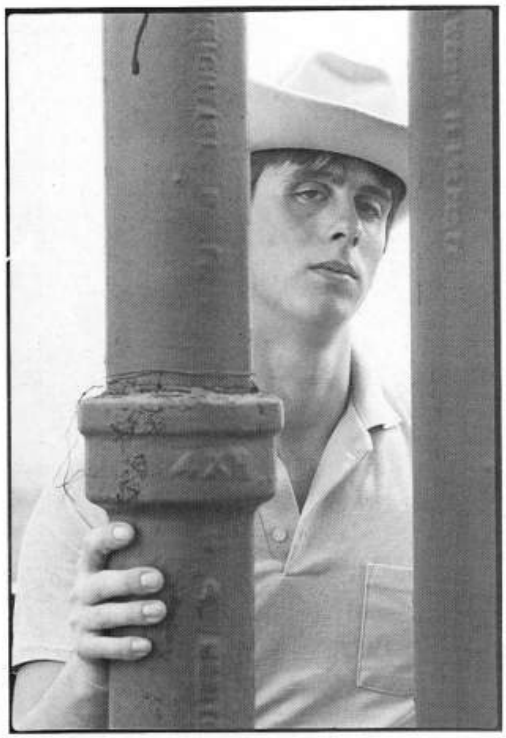
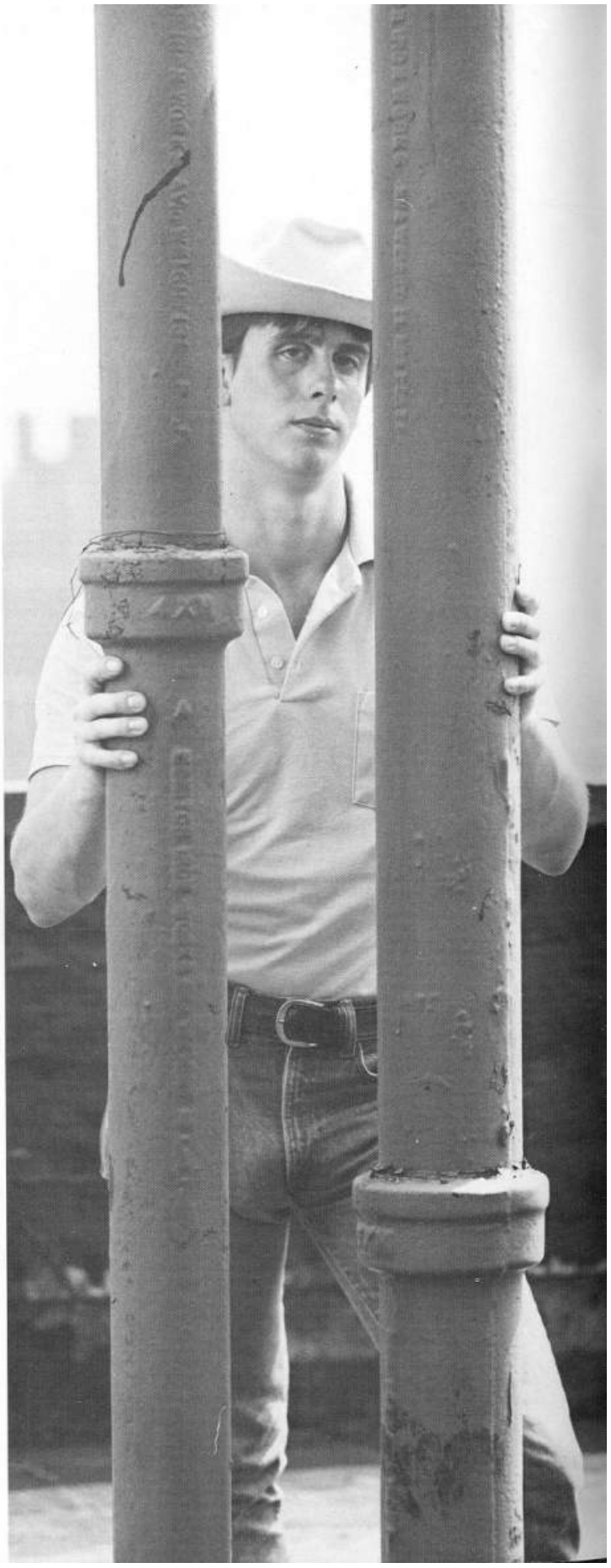
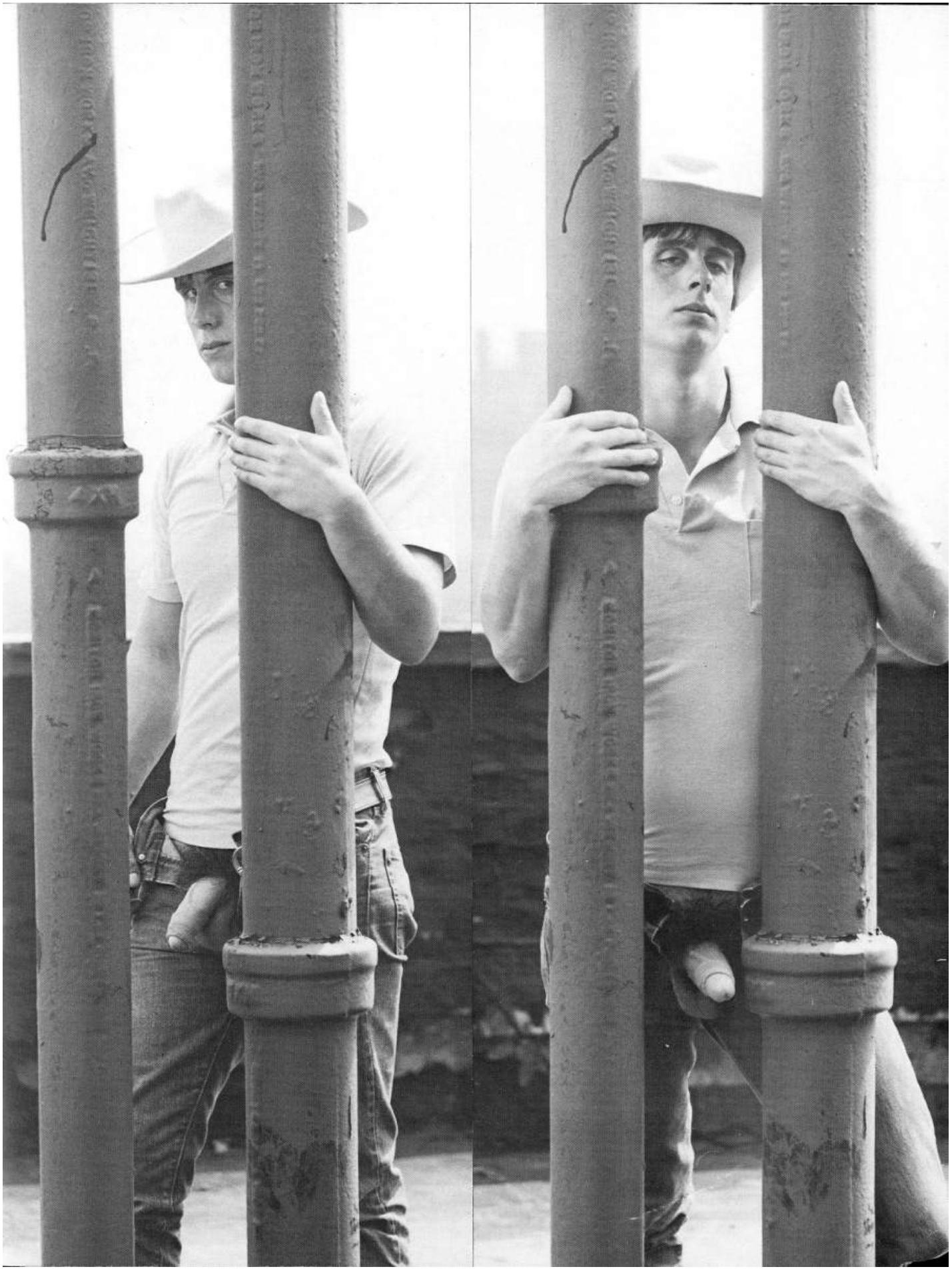


I don't often travel by long-distance bus. Only necessity will put me aboard one, as it did on a recent return-journey to New York.

My trip was brightened at the second stop with the arrival of Scott Charles Hammond, who, bless the goddess of motor vehicles, planted himself in the seat next to mine. Young, six-foot-two-inch Mr. Hammond was connecting on his first trip to New York from his family's farm in a part of the Midwest that shall remain nameless, lest his town be overrun by the masses looking for others where he came from.

My first observation about Scott was that he certainly knew how to fill out his clothes. He looked literally poured into a green T-shirt and white pants, a mass of bulging biceps, pectorals, thighs, balls, and cock. As he swung around, his back and his butt were no less enticing. I settled in for a very interesting ride.





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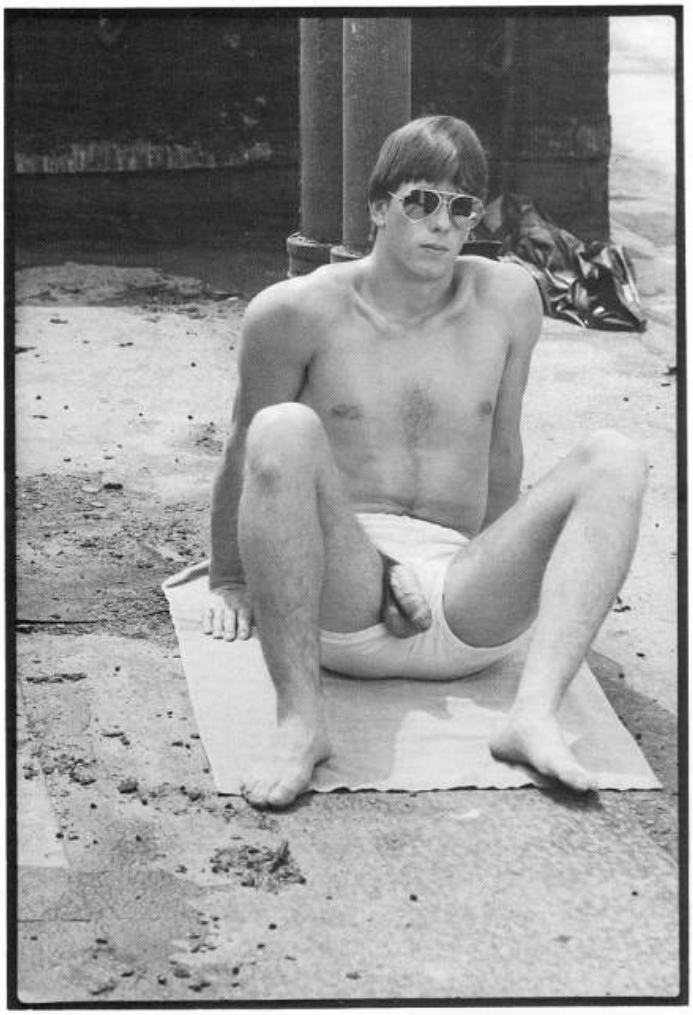
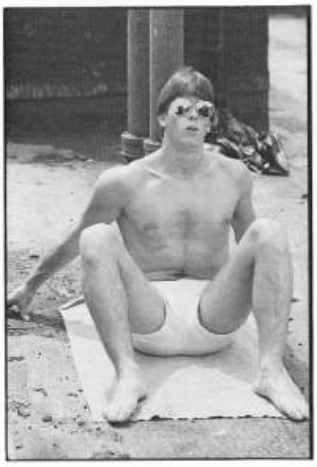
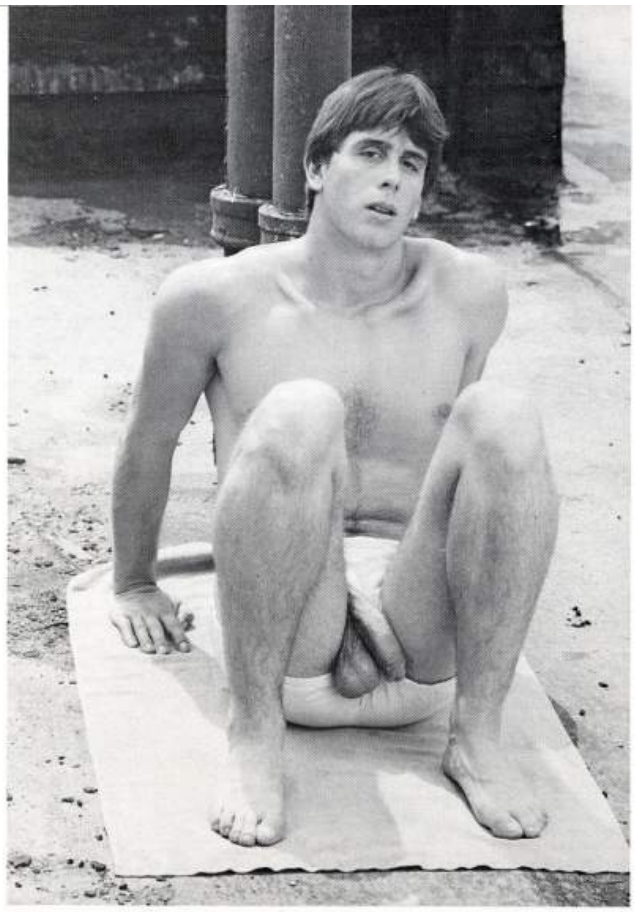
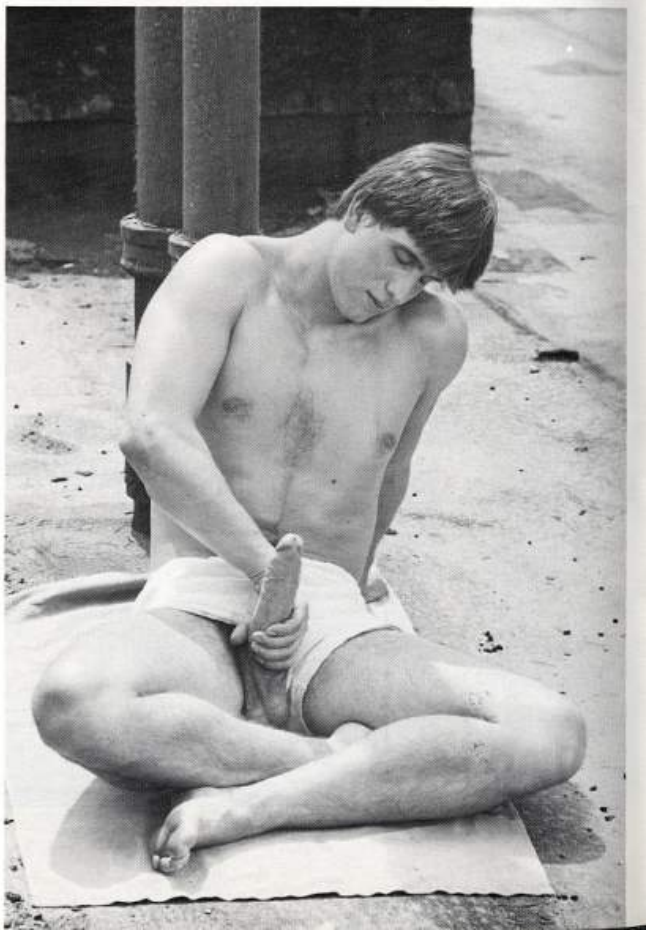


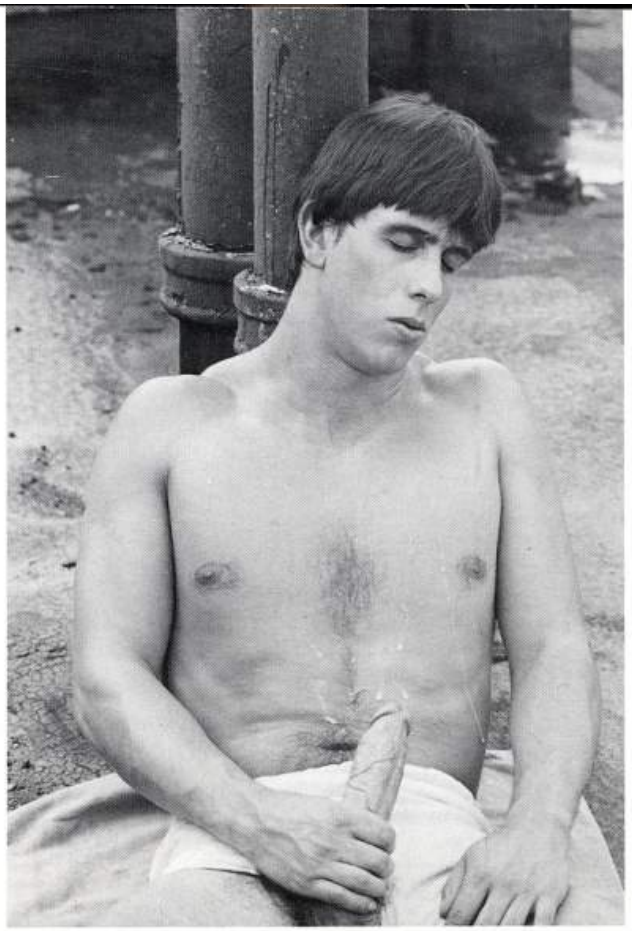
Somewhere along the way, the talk we were having turned sexy, as small-talk between guys so often does. As he talked about his hayloft and Chevy-backseat adventures, his cock grew monstrous, ten inches if it was anything and massively thick. I must have been staring at it more obviously than I thought, because he looked at me kind of shyly, but with a big grin, and whispered, "You really *should* feel it."

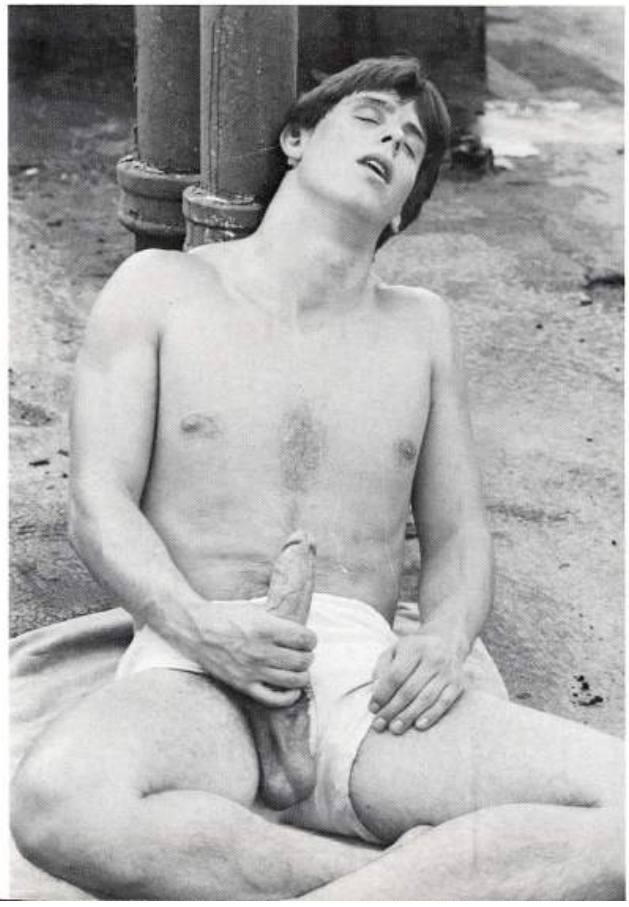
It was all very innocent – just that this kid was really horny. I accepted the invitation.

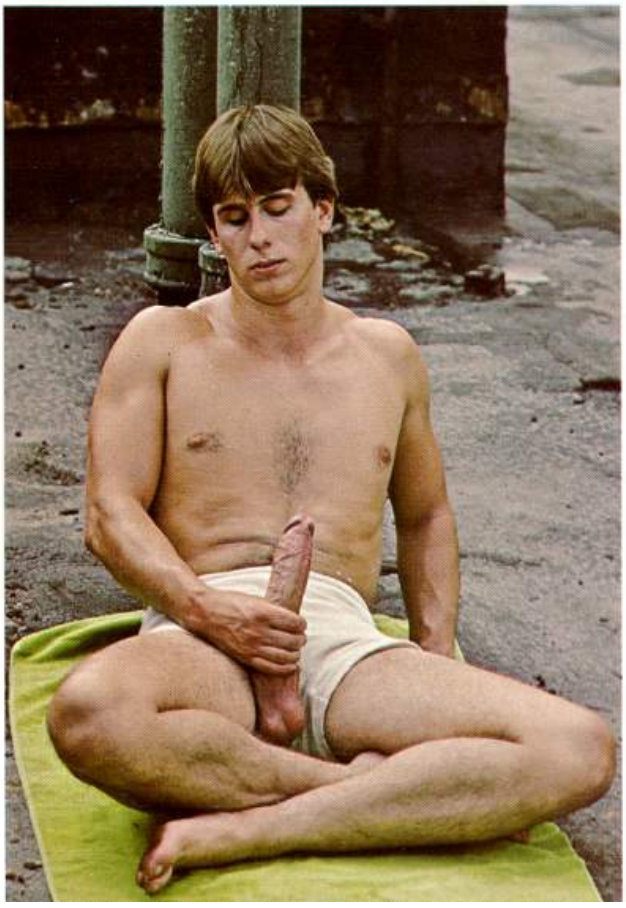


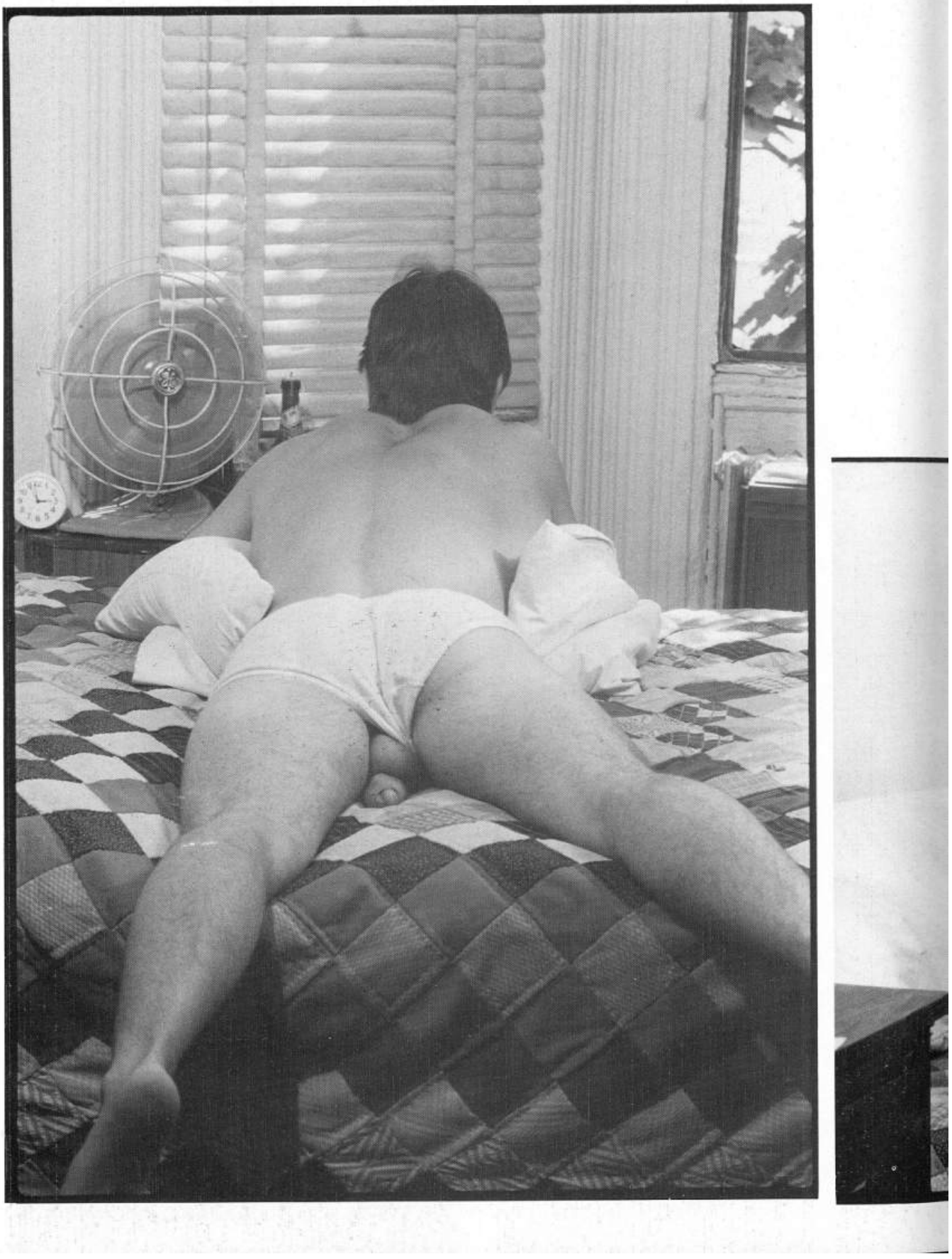


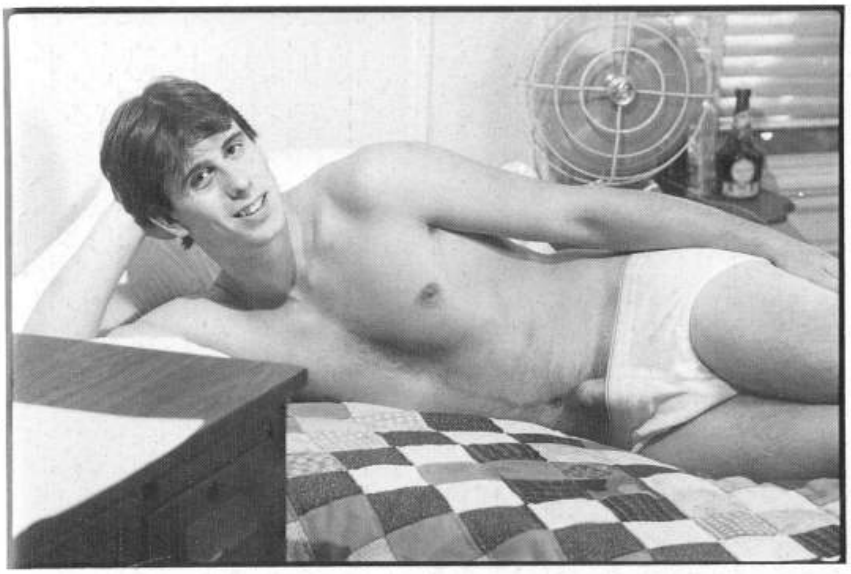






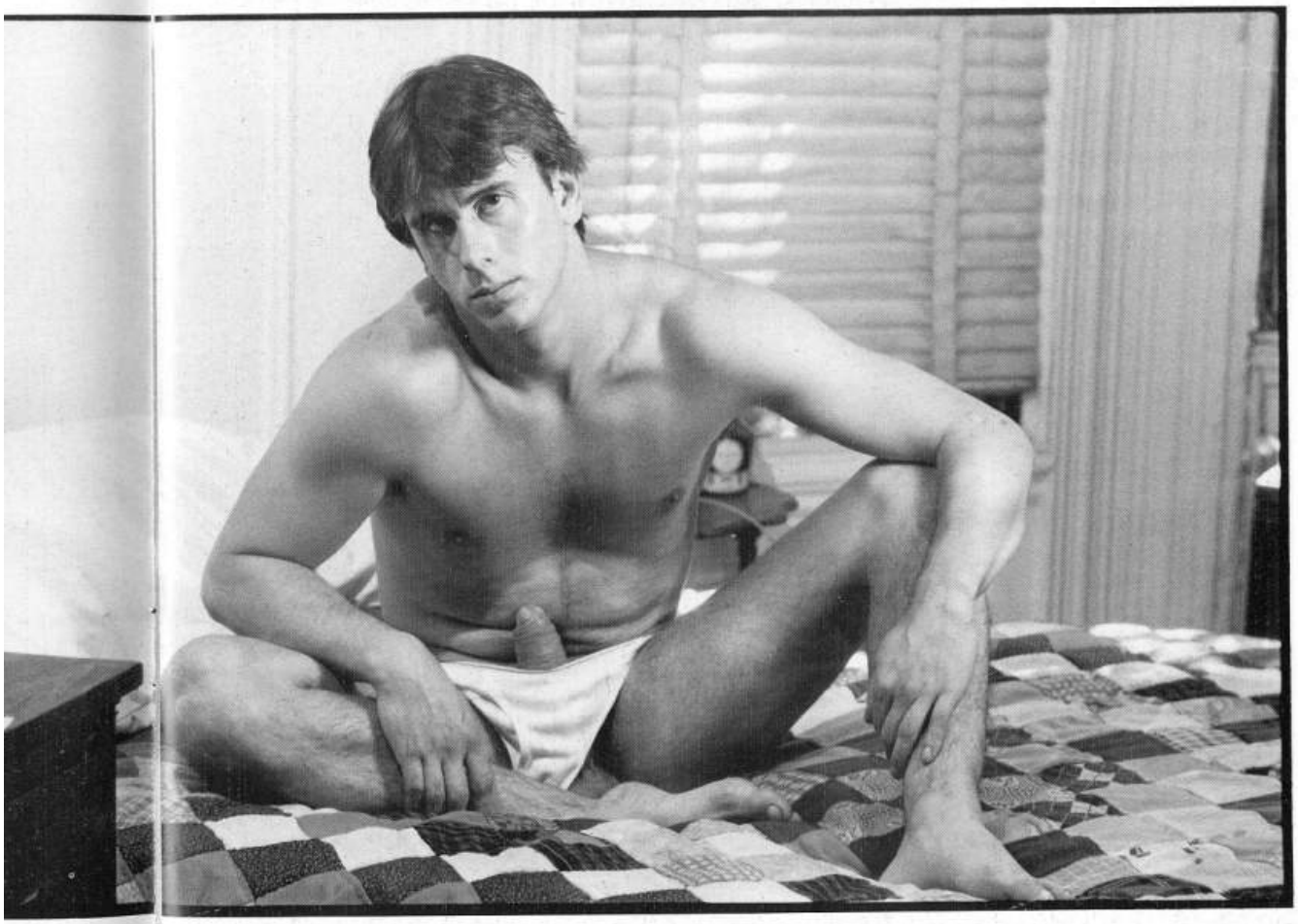






He siffened all over as I touched the bulging organ. I stroked it slowly, lovingly, and he moaned softly and put his arm around my shoulders. Suddenly, it occurred to me that we must be putting on quite a show for our neighboring passengers; but I saw that many had departed in Philadelphia, and we were fairly well isolated as we sped through the New Jersey countryside.

"Whyn't ya take it out," he suggested, so I unzipped him and worked his cock and balls out into the open.



He had one of the biggest, most perfect uncut cocks I have ever seen (or felt), meaty and heavy in my hand. His balls were weighty, too, I discovered with my other hand, as I plunged it between his athletic thighs and found his asshole. He protested as I entered it, but I kept stroking his cock all the while, and he relaxed. His cock grew even larger, and, panting for breath, he placed his head on my shoulder against the nape of my neck. "That's it," he whispered. "Man, I'm so horny I can't stand it. Fuck, that's good! Just like in the showers after football practice. Make me so fuckin' horny 'till I can't stand it ... Gotta shoot! Gotta shoot!"

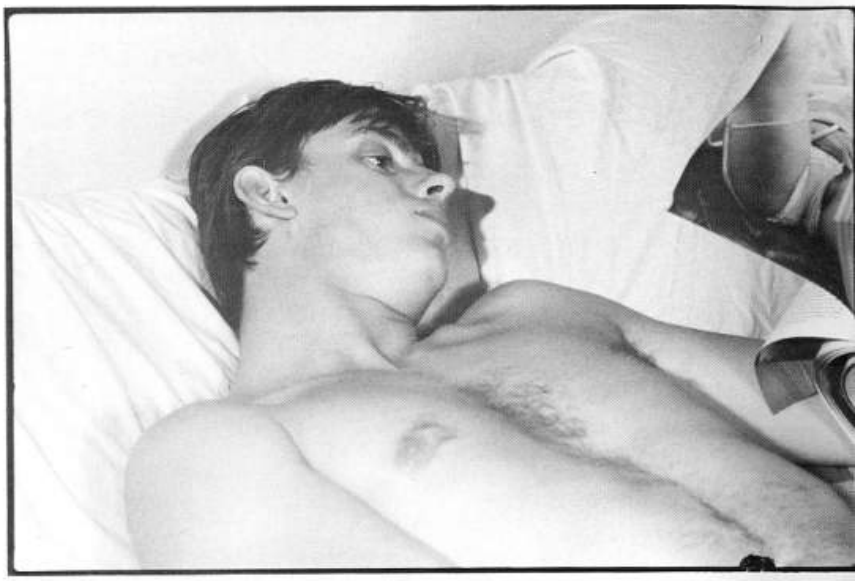
I felt every muscle tense up on his ballplayer's body, and I went for home with my finger against his prostate as I pounded his convulsing cockshaft. Suddenly he grunted and shot a wad high into the air over our seats. Like bolts of white lightning, he came and came and came, as if it had been days since he had come last. He covered us, our seats, and the neighboring seats with his load, and I was thankful that no one else on the bus had turned around to look.

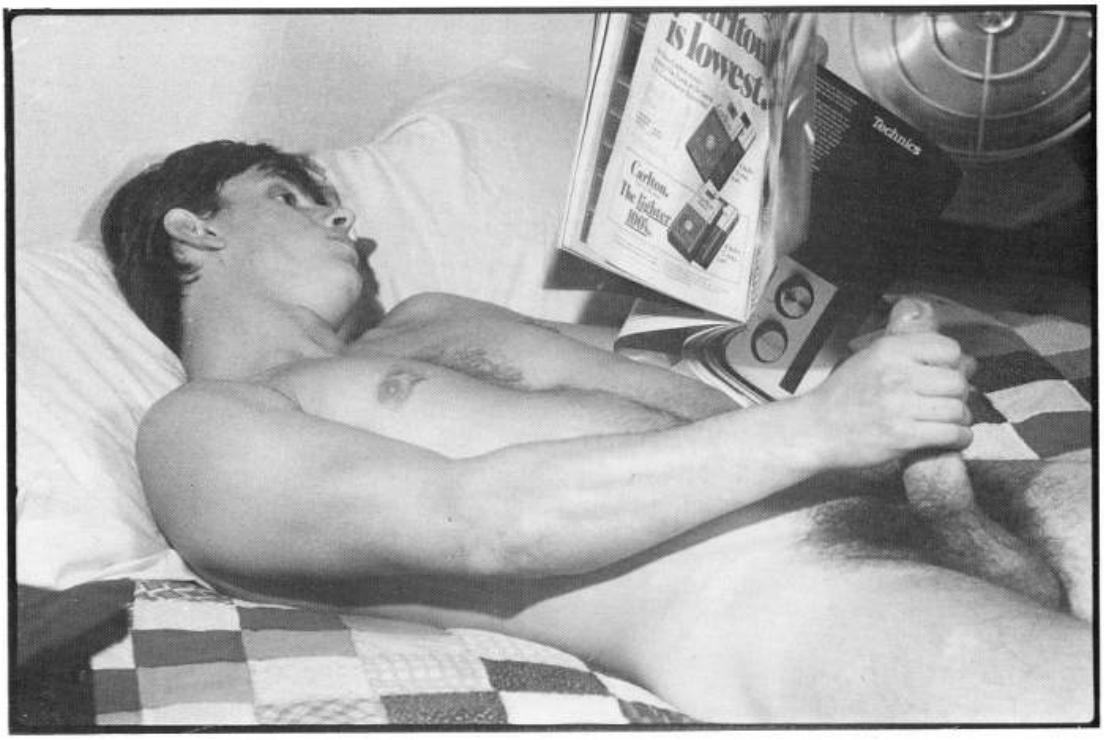
Scott seemed a bit embarrassed when it was all over, but he continued to be open and friendly. He talked about some of his locker-room experiences. "I don't think my folks would approve of it, but it always felt pretty incredible when Greg would fuck around with me in the showers. He was the fullback, and, man, was he built! We'd get so fuckin' horny during the game that we *had* to get ourselves off when it was over."

He hesitated for a moment, judging my reaction. "Hell, one night we got so drunk, I let him fuck my butt. It really felt great after a while, but I wasn't sure how cool it would seem the next day, so I rolled him over and filled *his* ass with *my* load." He grinned. "He was awful mad, but he sure had one hell of a tight, round ass."

He was getting hard again, just thinking about it, but we were too close to the end of our journey to do anything about it.

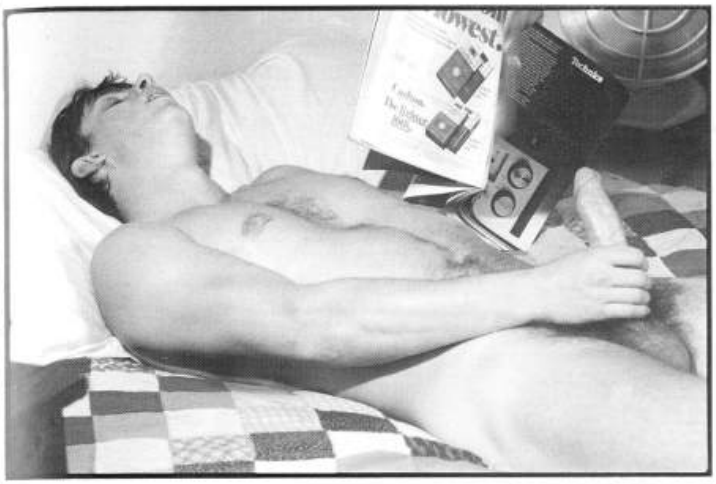
So I told him what I did and asked him to model for me. He was silent for quite a while, as he considered all the possible ramifications, then he smiled that golden-boy smile and said, "Sure!"





You should have seen the look on his face as we stepped out of the Port Authority Bus Terminal and into Times Square. If you've ever thought that a small-town boy's look of wonderment at the big city was passe in these cynical times, you were wrong.

As he gaped at the vastness of the city, a lot of tired, seen-it-all New Yorkers were gaping at Scott. With his cowboy hat on, and his cock in plain view throught those white pants, he was a real crowd-pleaser.



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Big Boys
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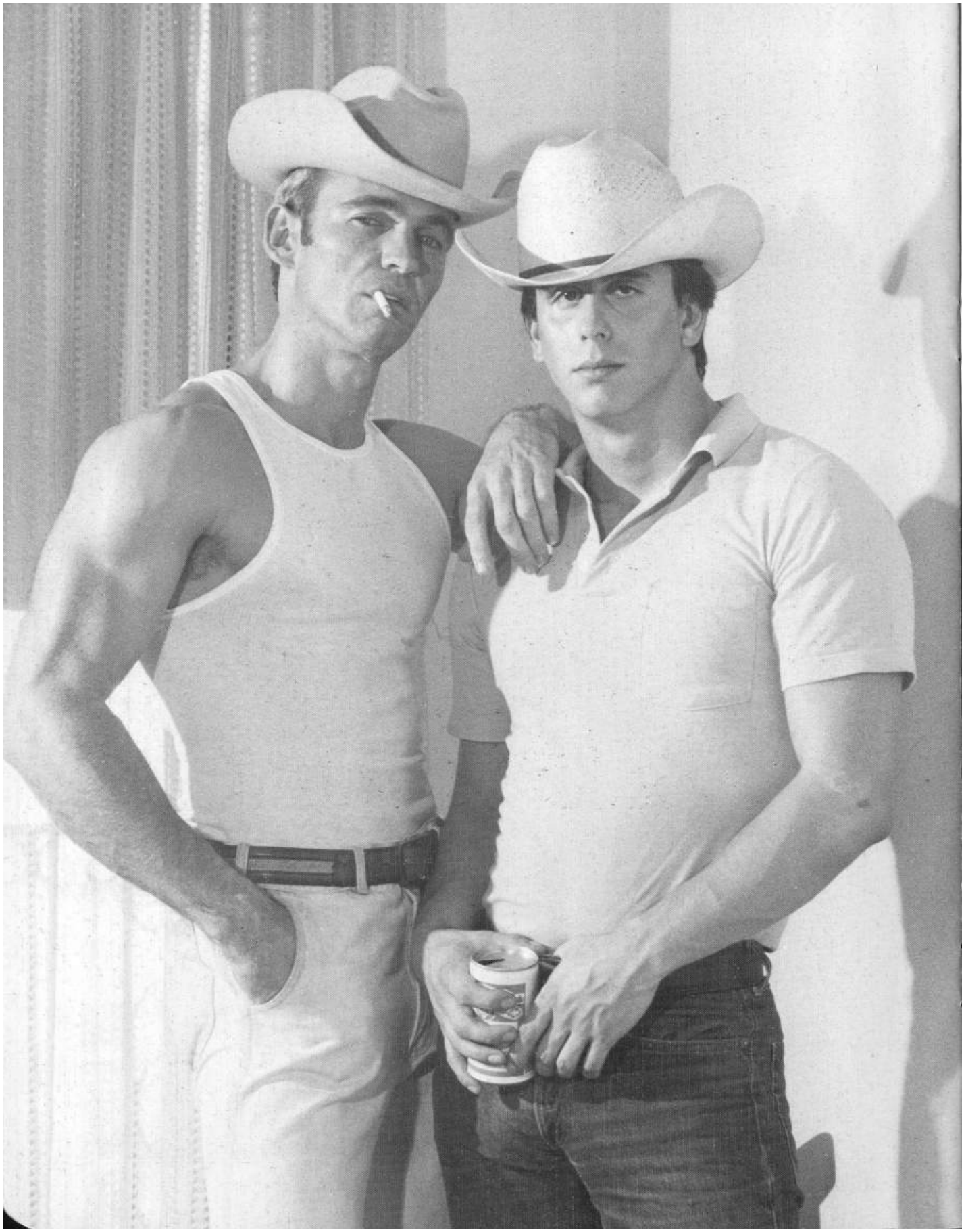
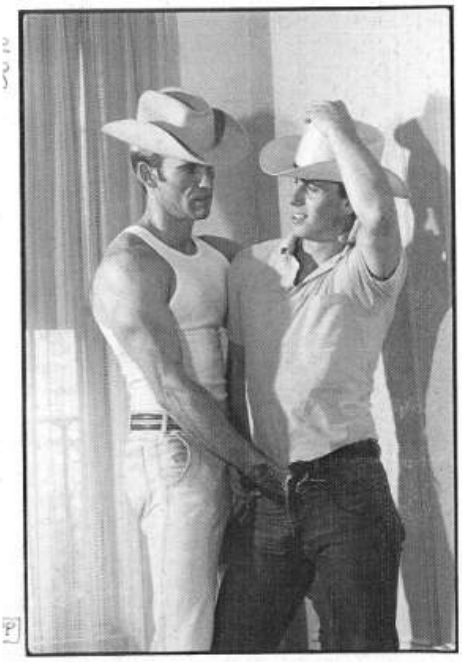
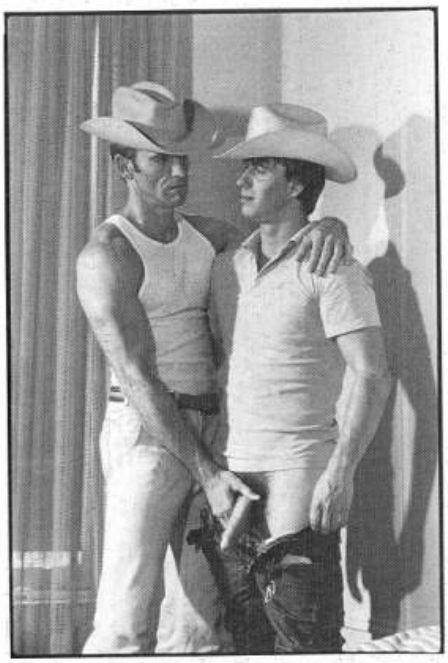
Boy Heat
Boy Meat
Come on Boys
Scrapbook of Boy Studs
Lusty Boys
Private Boys
Scout Manuel
Teen Bucks

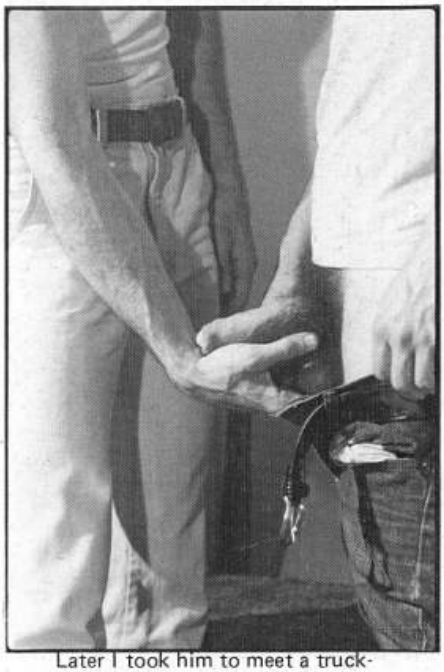
I took him uptown to Riverside Park, where I snapped some fairly discreet pictures. But then he hauled out his heavy equipment to take a piss, and I clicked away. And as they say, it was so nice out that we left it out. After some more picture-taking, I sent him on his way and asked him to call me the next day.

Instead, I met him while he was sunbathing on the rooftop of the building in which he was staying. Nobody else was around, so I took out my camera and he took out his cock and we went to work on it. I still couldn't believe how big that monster was as he jacked it off, covering himself with an ample load.

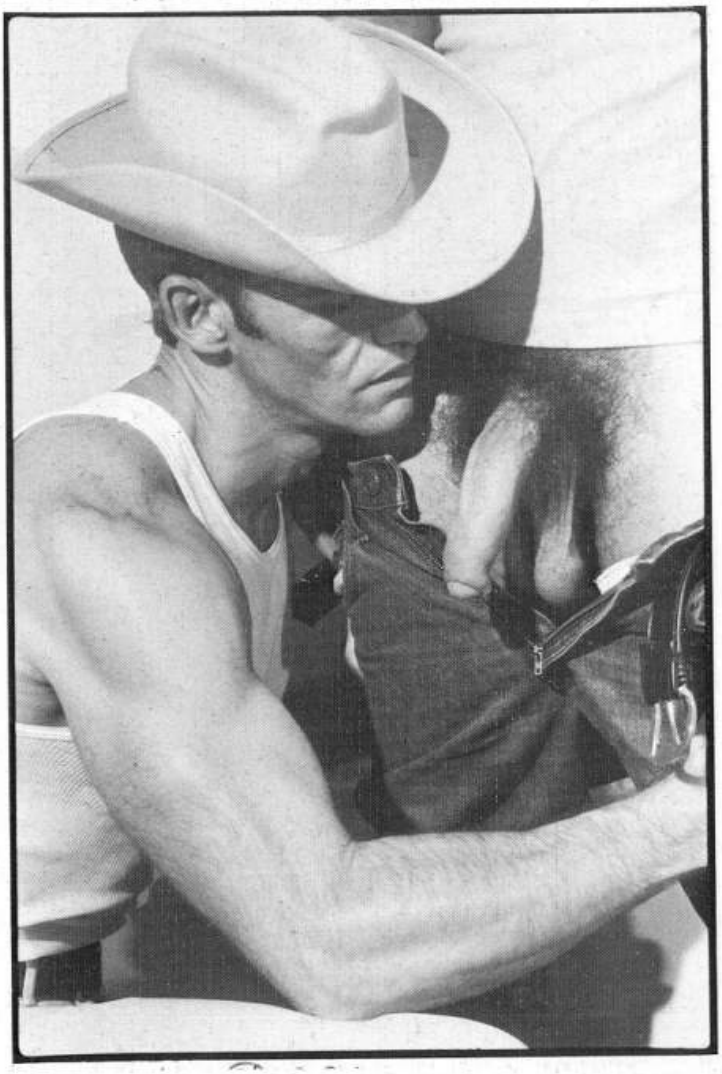


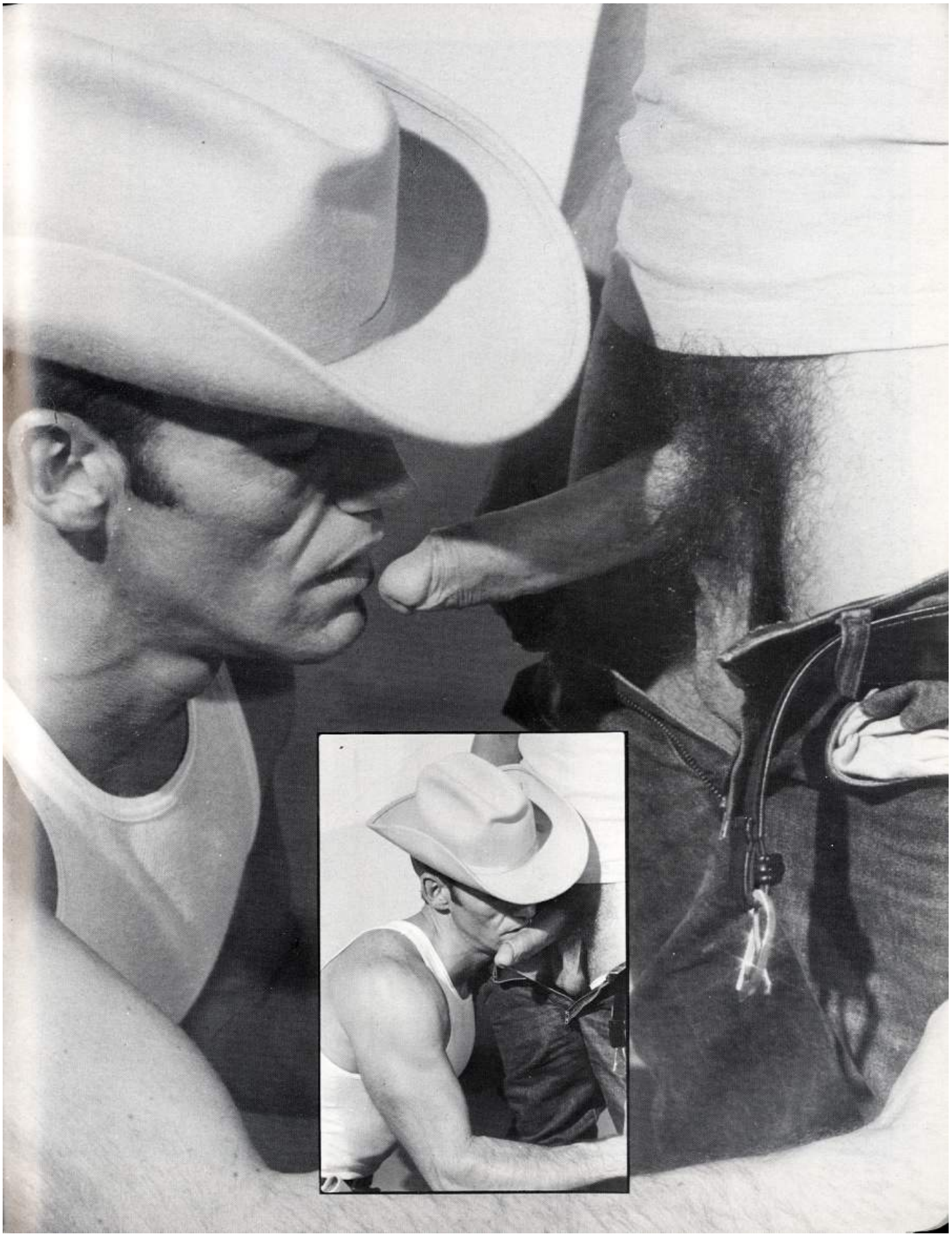


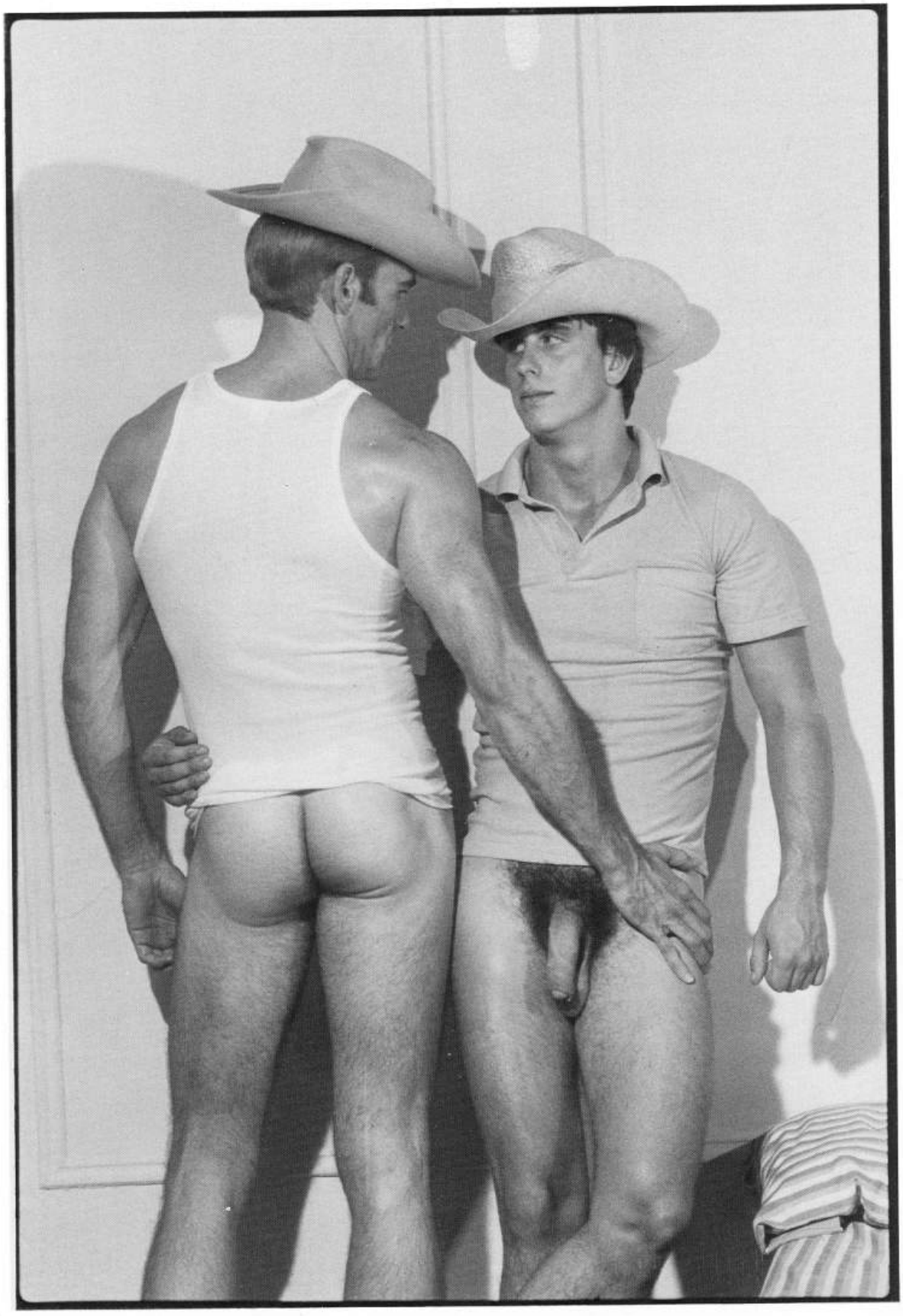


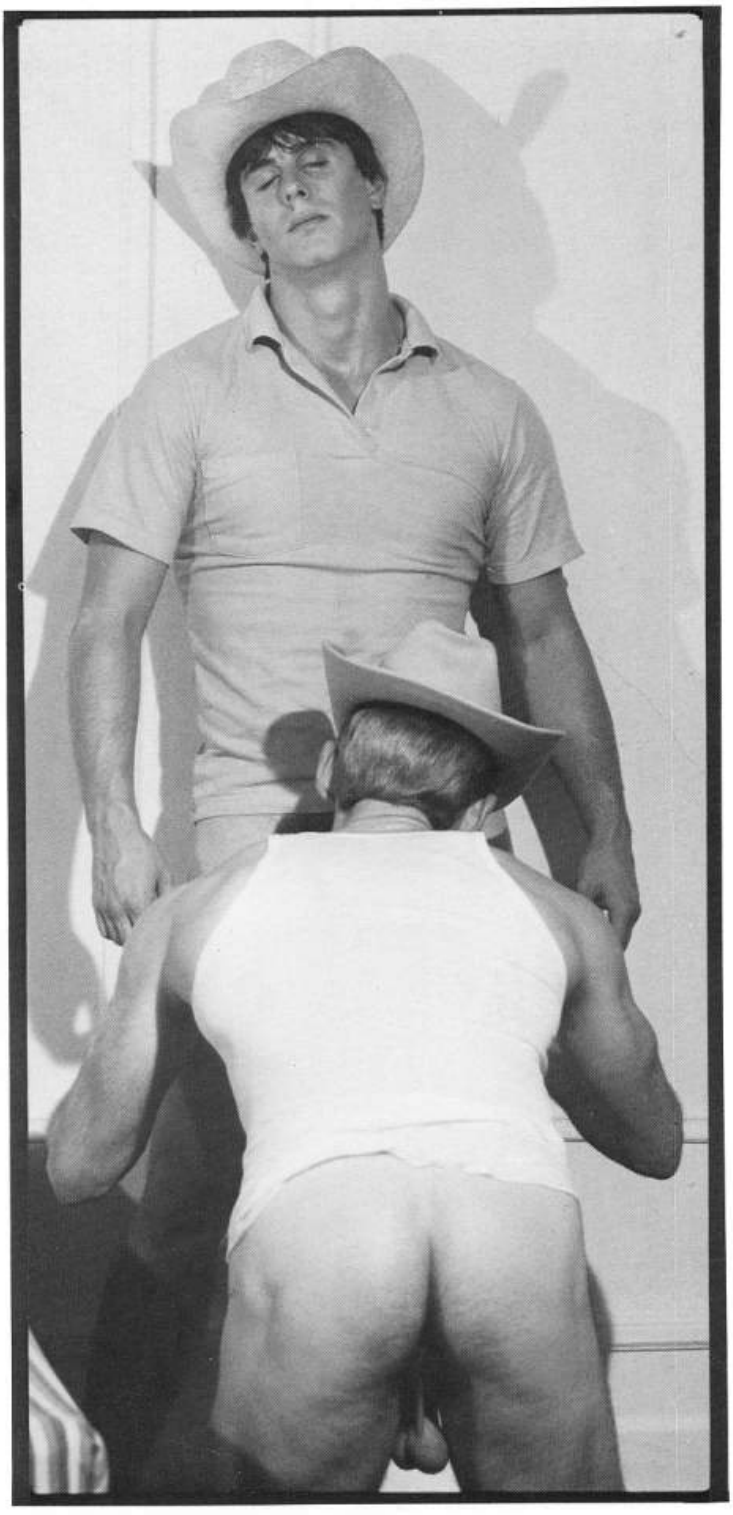


Later I took him to meet a truck-drivin' cowboy friend of mine, figuring that one cowboy might take to another in this decidedly uncowboy city. That, I discovered, was putting it mildly. Big Zeke (that's *it*, folks — just Big Zeke) and Scott took to each other as naturally as a cock takes to a mouth. There was some sizing up and man-to-man bullshit first that a lot of guys seem to have to go through, but soon politics gave way to natural biochemistry.







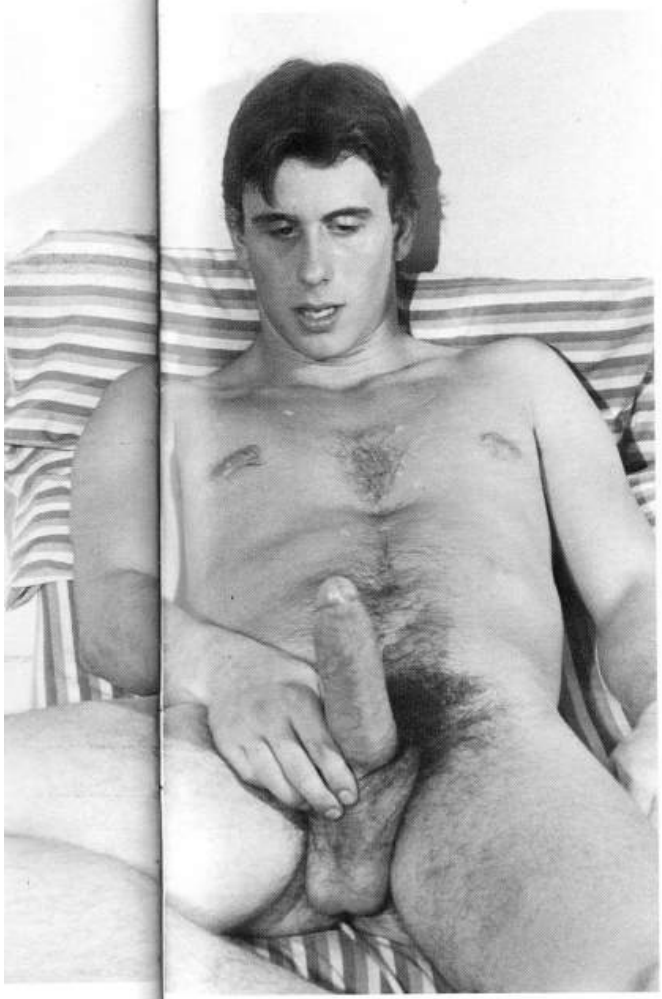


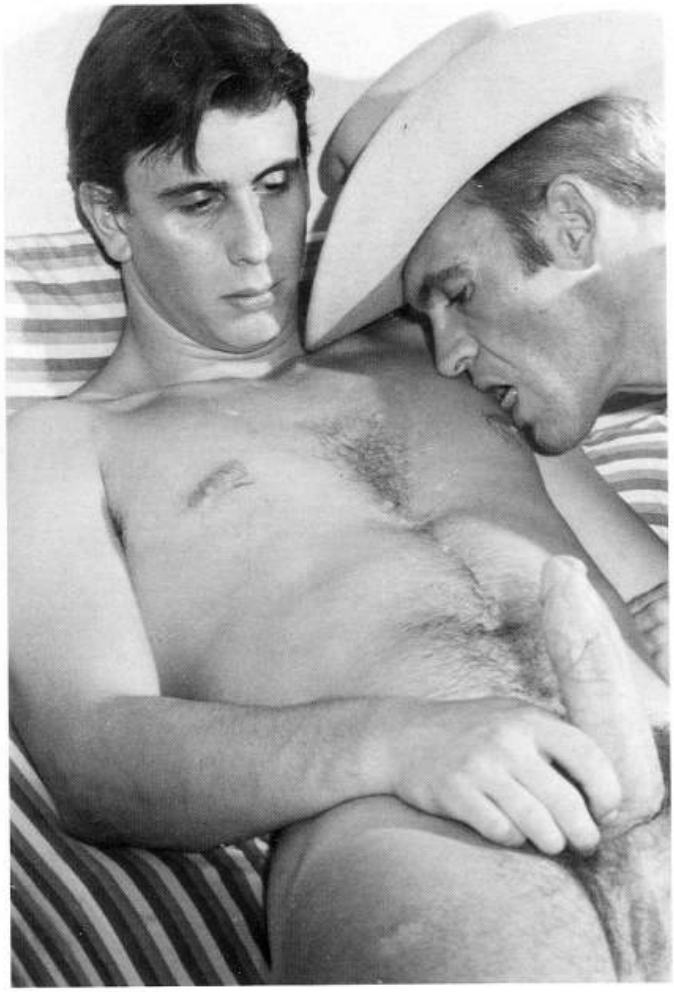
Zeke's hard musculature pressed up against the young football-playing cowboy from the Midwest. "Scotty," he said, "you're one hell of a big guy, but I'm bigger, and I say you turn that sweet ass over to *me*." Zeke was turned on as hell, and so was Scott. But Scott wouldn't let me take pictures of Zeke pounding his rump, so he said to Zeke, "Babe, looks like this time it's gonna have to be *you*."

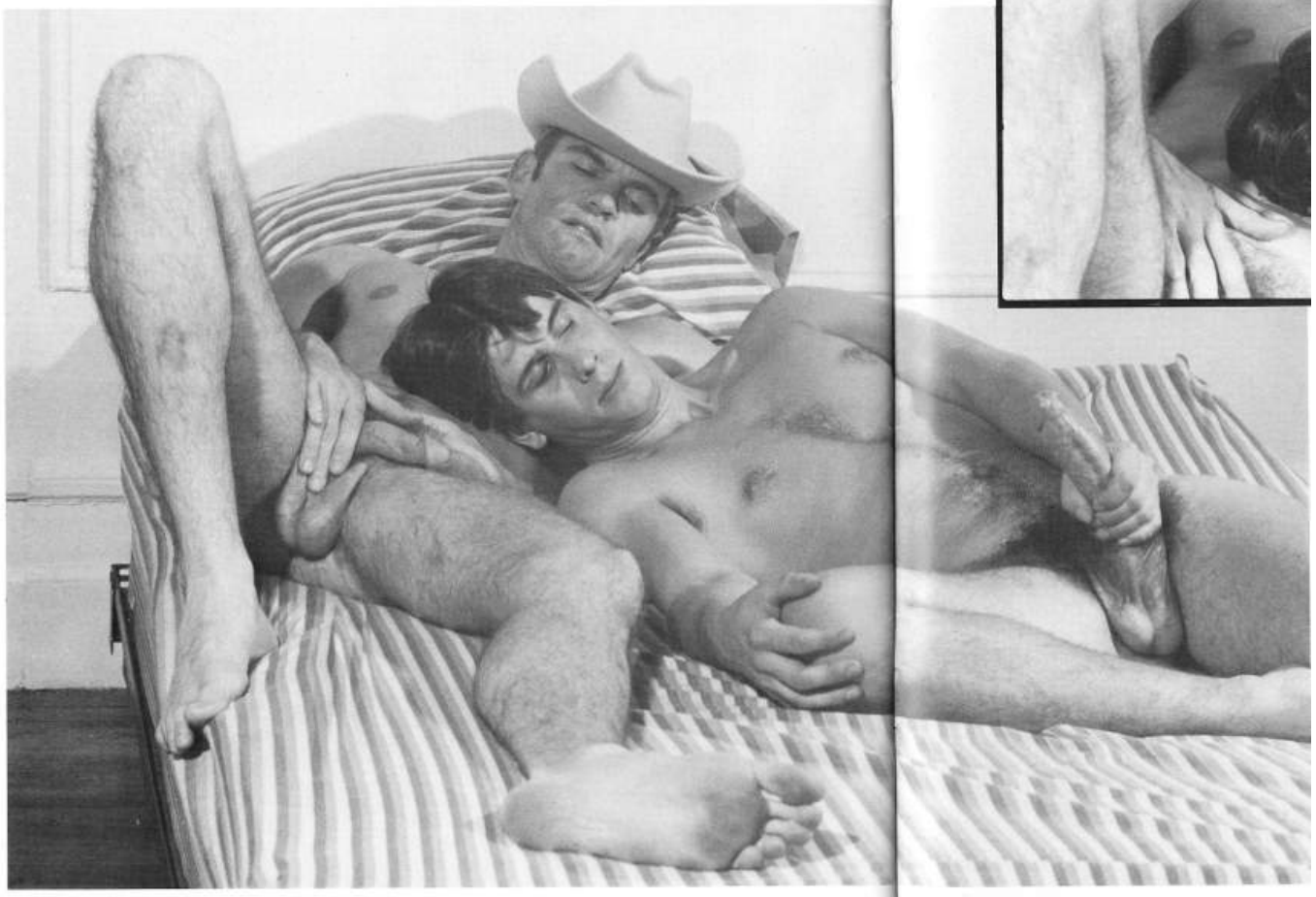
Now Zeke has a butt on him that would stop traffic, but I'd never known him to turn it over to *any* man. But when he let Scott on for a ride, I knew that Zeke must have been turned on enough to let Scott do what he wanted. That young stud buried his horse-dick into Zeke to the hilt and pumped him until Zeke half-whispered half-moaned, "Give it to me, babe. Yeah! Ride me, babe!"

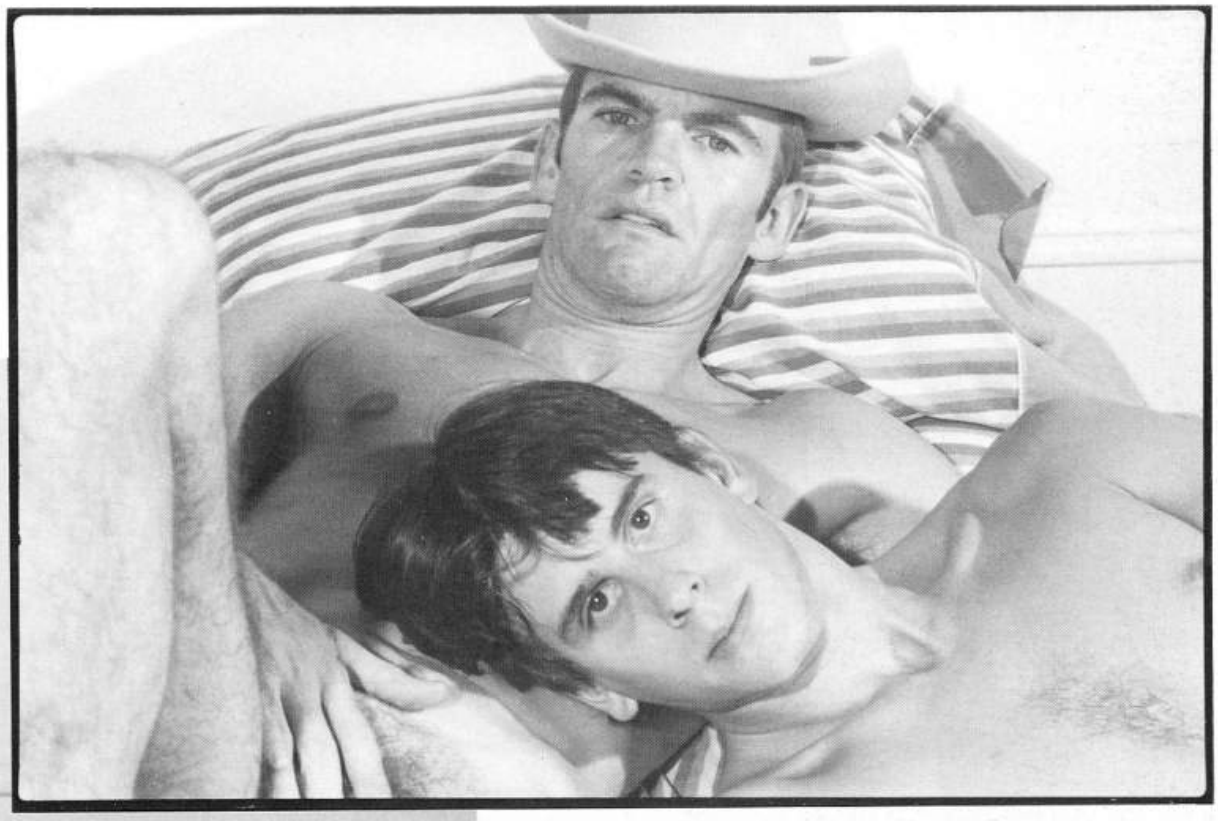
"Oh, fuck," cried Scott, as he delivered his load in the rear. "Here I come," Zeke muttered as he shot, covering me with some of his load.

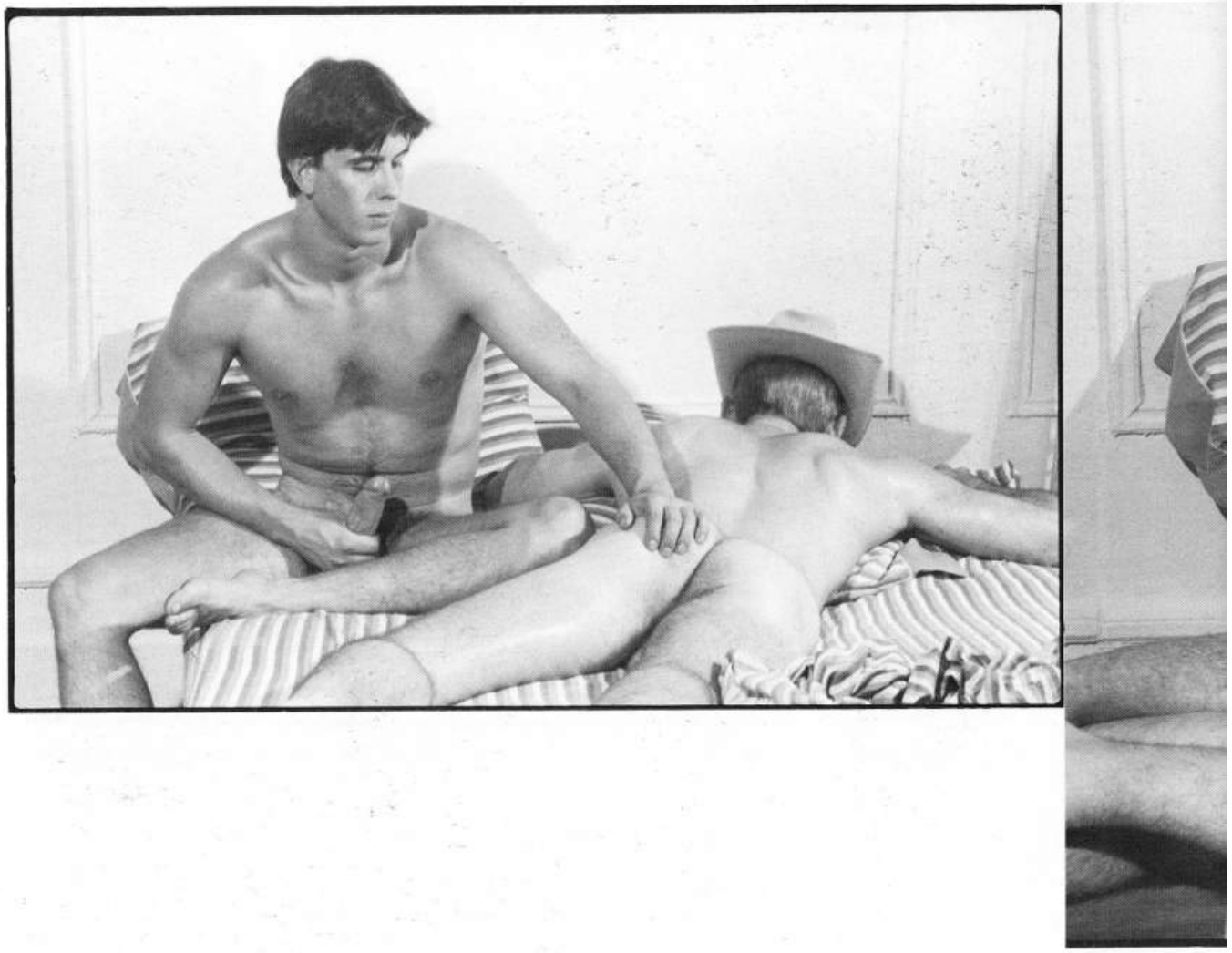
I decided that this was the discreet time to leave, and agreed to meet Scott again. As I was leaving, Zeke had his finger up Scott's butthole, and they both were roaring hard; and while I never got the full story, I have a feeling that Zeke returned the favor to Scott, just as Scott had done that night with Greg in a small town somewhere far to the west.











NEW KID IN TOWN

Thanks for your response to issue one of *One to One*. I read all your letters, although I couldn't answer them all personally. I hope you enjoyed this magazine as well.

If you wish to write to comment, or if you are or know a suitable model, here is my address:

John Gamble
Box 1, Cooper Station
New York, N.Y. 10003

Potential models should include their name, age, address, telephone number, and, if possible, a picture they can spare, preferably nude.

Do not order catalogs or merchandise from the above address, as I am the photographer only. Ordering information is in the MV Publications ad on the last two inside pages of this magazine.

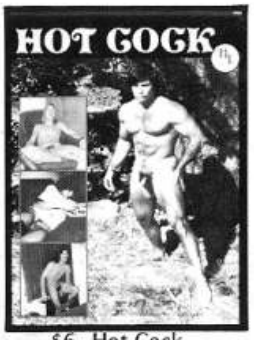
Take care 'til next time.

John Gamble

$6–Hot Studs

$6–Cock Scene

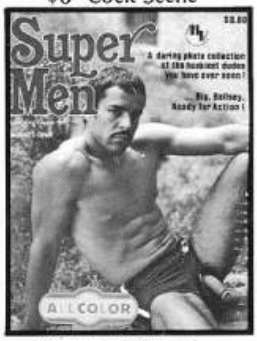
$8–Man Alive



$6–Hot Cock

$6–Slick Cocks

$8–Super Men #1



$8–Super Men #2

$8–Super Men #3

$8–Hunk

$6–Hung Cadets

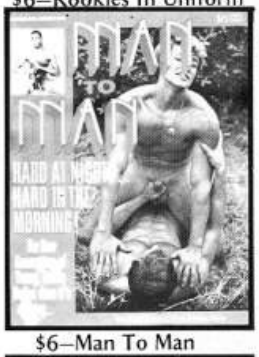
$6–Rookies In Uniform

$6–Truck Stop

$8–Savage #1

$8–Savage #2

$6–Western Scene



$6–Man To Man

$6–Butch Trade

$6–Man Mades

$8–Tub Tricks #1

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$8–Yng. Man's Image # 4

$7–Best Of Brentwood

$7–Hawk

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M.V. also offers its own exclusive *color photo sets.* These are available only from M.V. direct.

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When you do go on the M.V. mailing list you can be assured of total privacy, M.V. never sells or trades names, the way many others do. While we do occasionally buy others' lists you may be sure of *our* discreetion with your name.

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Room 603
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NUMBER 2

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GAY COMMUNICATIONS
UNCOVERED EMOTIONS

Adults Only

THIS MAGAZINE IS ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN FOR SALE TO MINORS.

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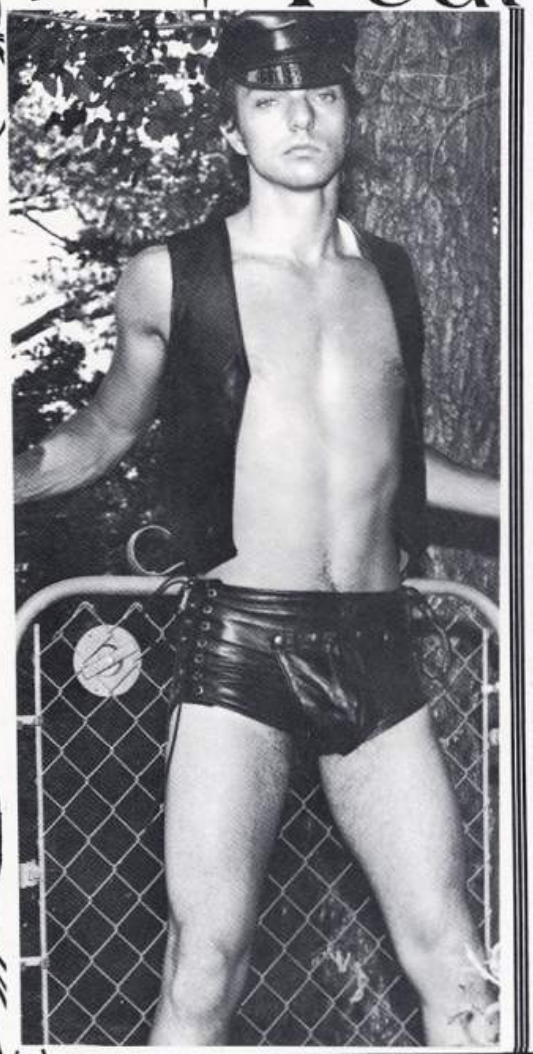
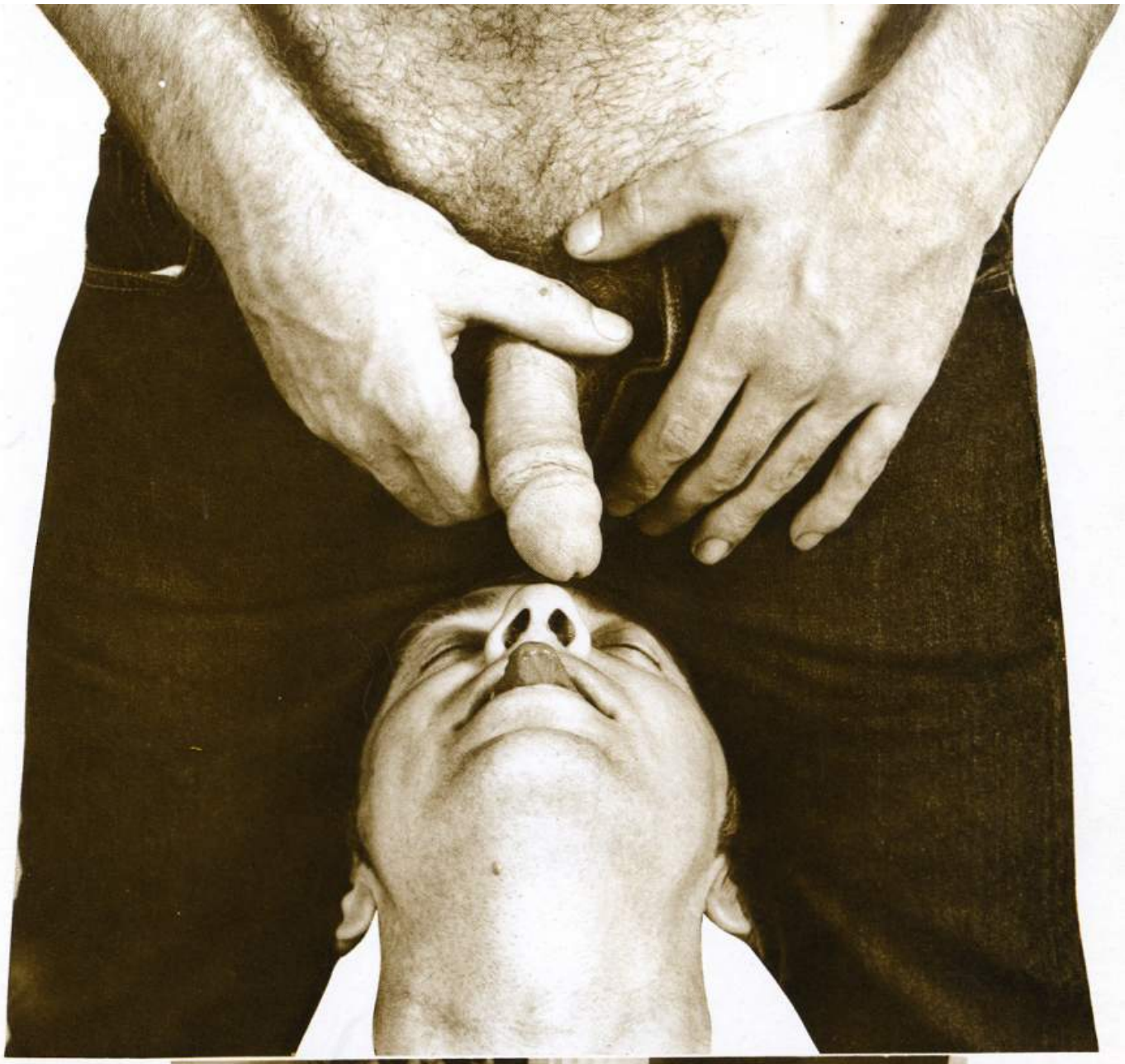


Uncovered Emotions

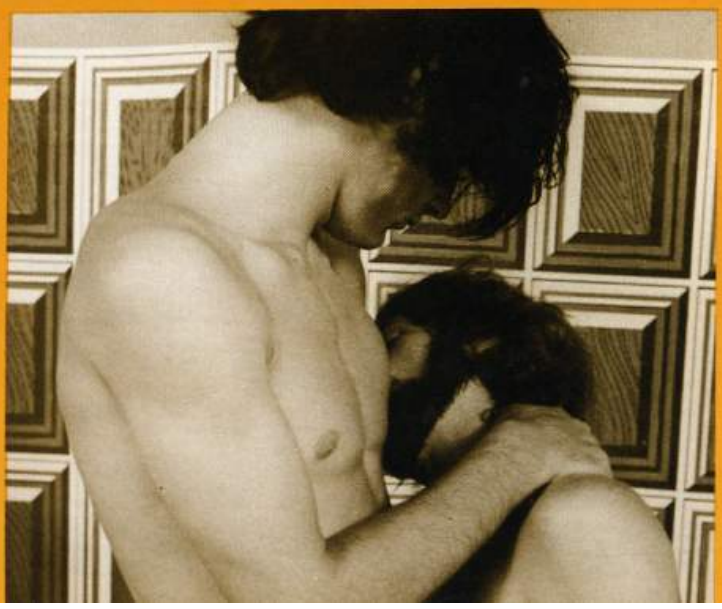
Gay Communications

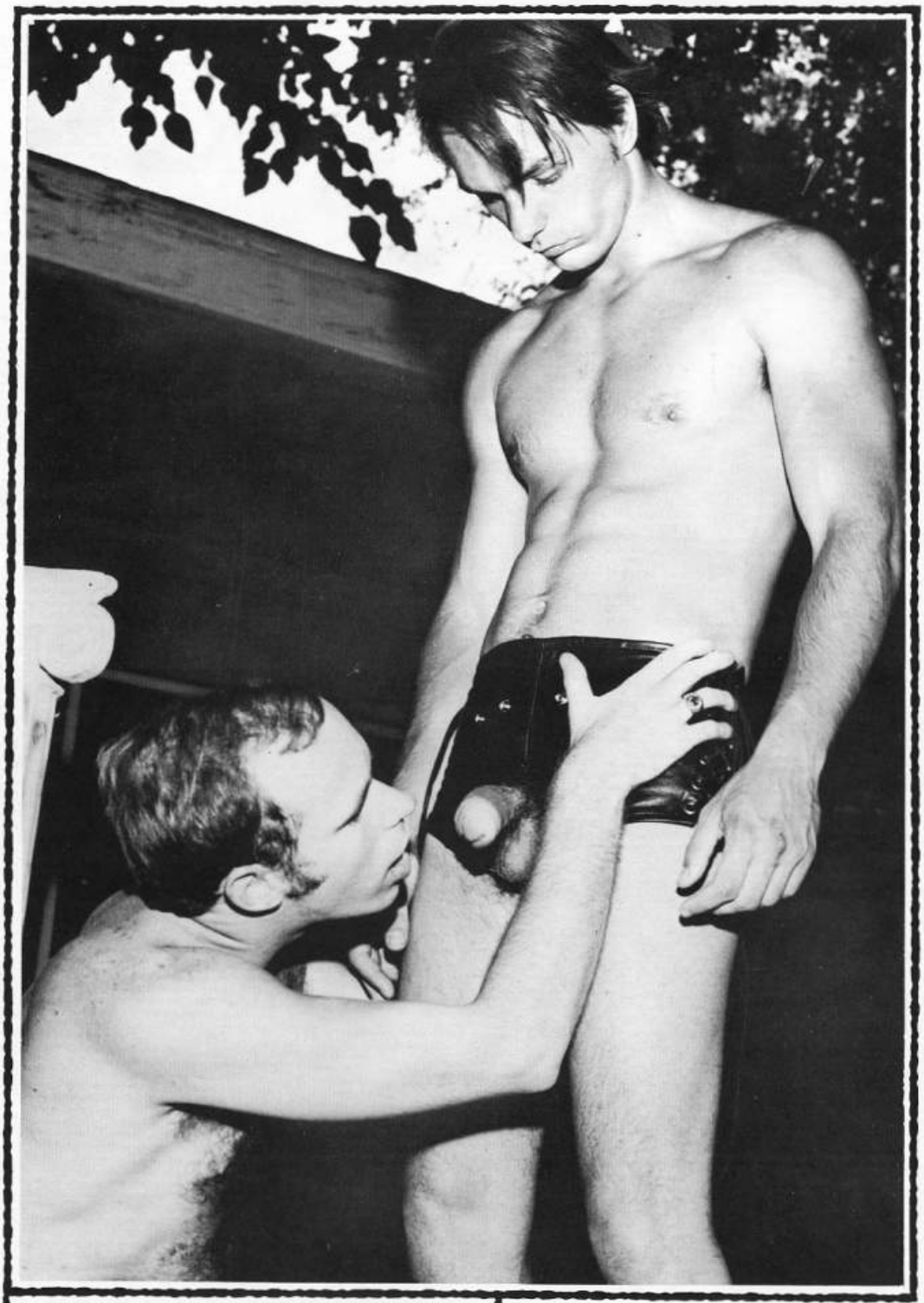


UNCOVERED EMOTIONS

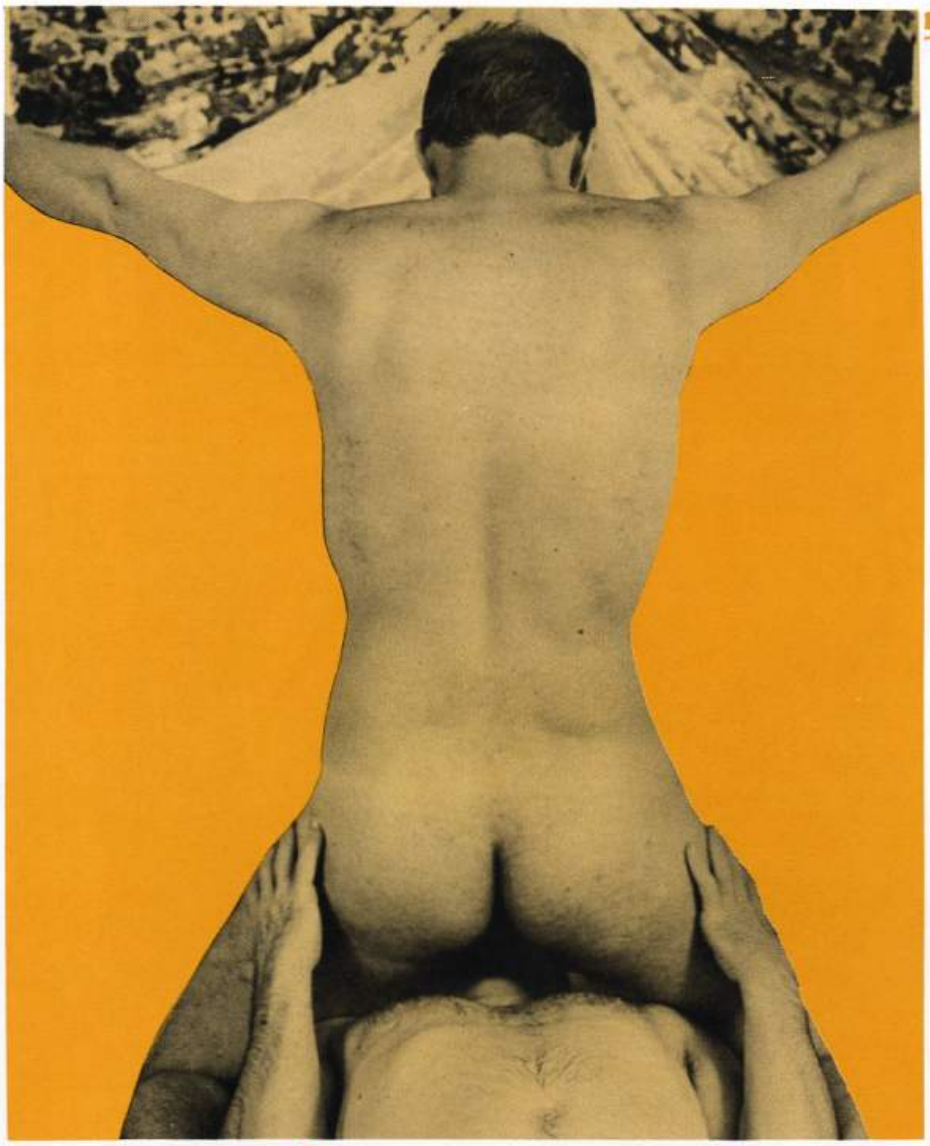
Rick and Troy had just moved into a fantastic Beverly Hills home. They were musicians and played with a group in Hollywood. They were well-dressed, good looking and very popular with the chicks, but they always kept to themselves.

Rick always wondered why Troy never made the scene with all the girls. Rick knew the reason why he didn't. He would lay around the house in his spare time just watching and dreaming about having sex with Troy, but Troy would just act like he didn't notice. Every now and then he would nervously look up as he was puttering around and say to Rick, "Well, what the hell are you





looking at, haven't you seen a bare body before?" Rick would nervously look away or continue studying his music. He didn't know why Troy would get so upset when he would find him staring at his beautiful body, after all, they were close friends. But not as close as Rick dreamed about.



One day as Troy stepped out of the shower and bumped into Rick who would always be in his way and yelled, "Why the hell are you always in the way. I get the feeling that you are always watching me. If you have something on your mind you better Goddam tell me what it is." Rick looked up at him with such a hurt look in his eyes that Troy could hardly stand it. He quickly changed his tone of voice and said to Rick,

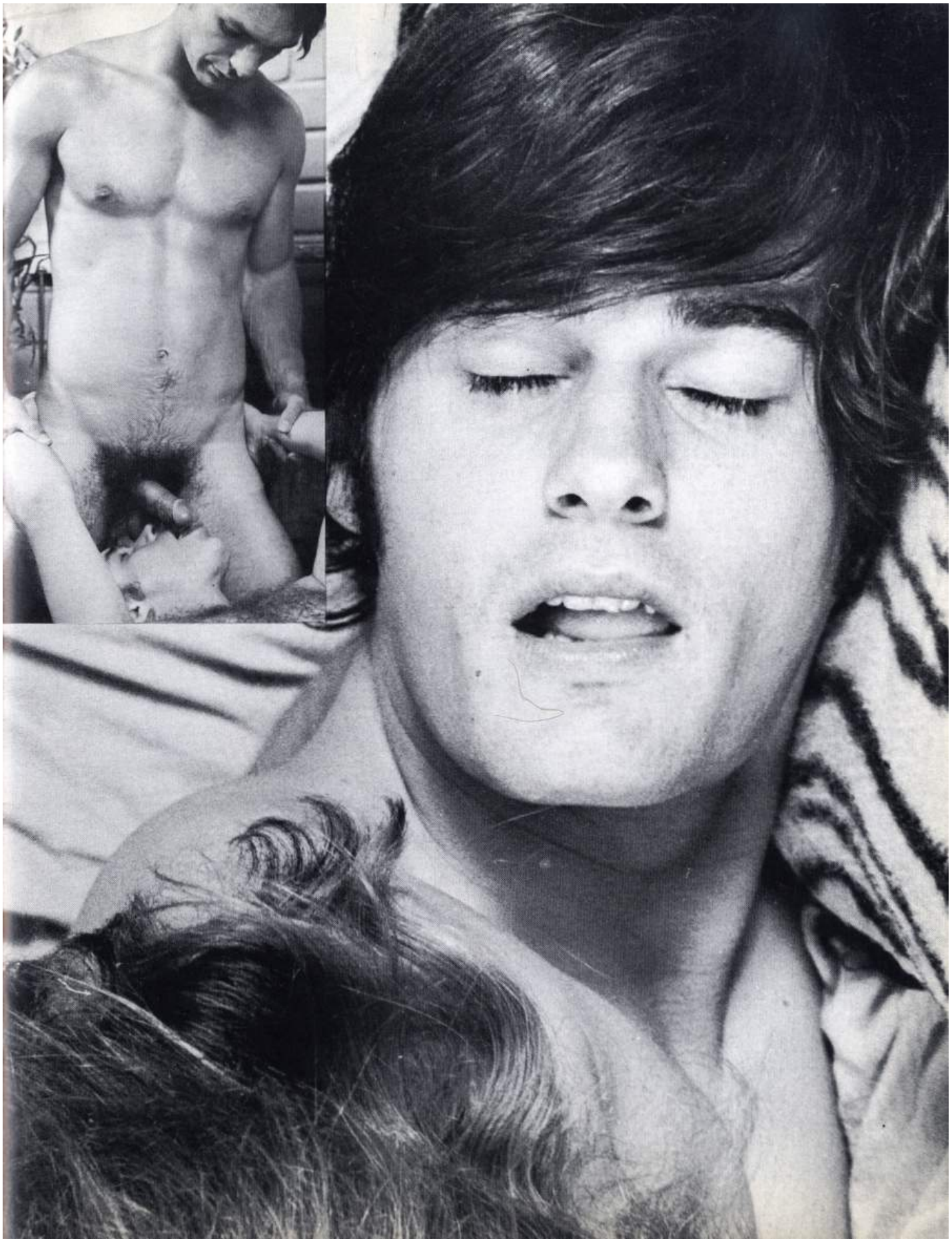
"Let's go have a smoke and talk." They sat on the sofa and Troy gently lifted Rick's chin and looked into his eyes and said, "I've just got to know because I think that the same thing that is bothering you is bothering me. I can see it in your eyes every time I walk around in the nude, the way your hungry eyes look over my body and hesitate in certain places then quickly turn away when I discover you staring at me."

Rick said with tears in his eyes, "Why haven't we had this talk before. I mean, that is———." As Rick stuttered, Troy interrupted and said,"Oh God, I feel so great because I feel the same as you do." They held each other unashamed, it felt so good to let all the bottled up emotions out. To be mentally and physically free is where it's at.

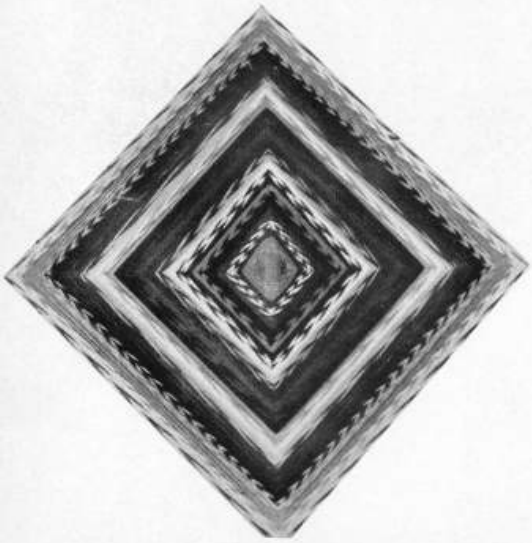
Rick and Troy didn't pick on each other very much after that day. They would take showers together and love for hours with the most passionate kind of love.

The hippies have an old saying that the only answer to 90% of the world's hangups and that is to "Do your own thing."

"It's your own life———Don't live it for the sake of someone else."



GAY COMMUNICATIONS



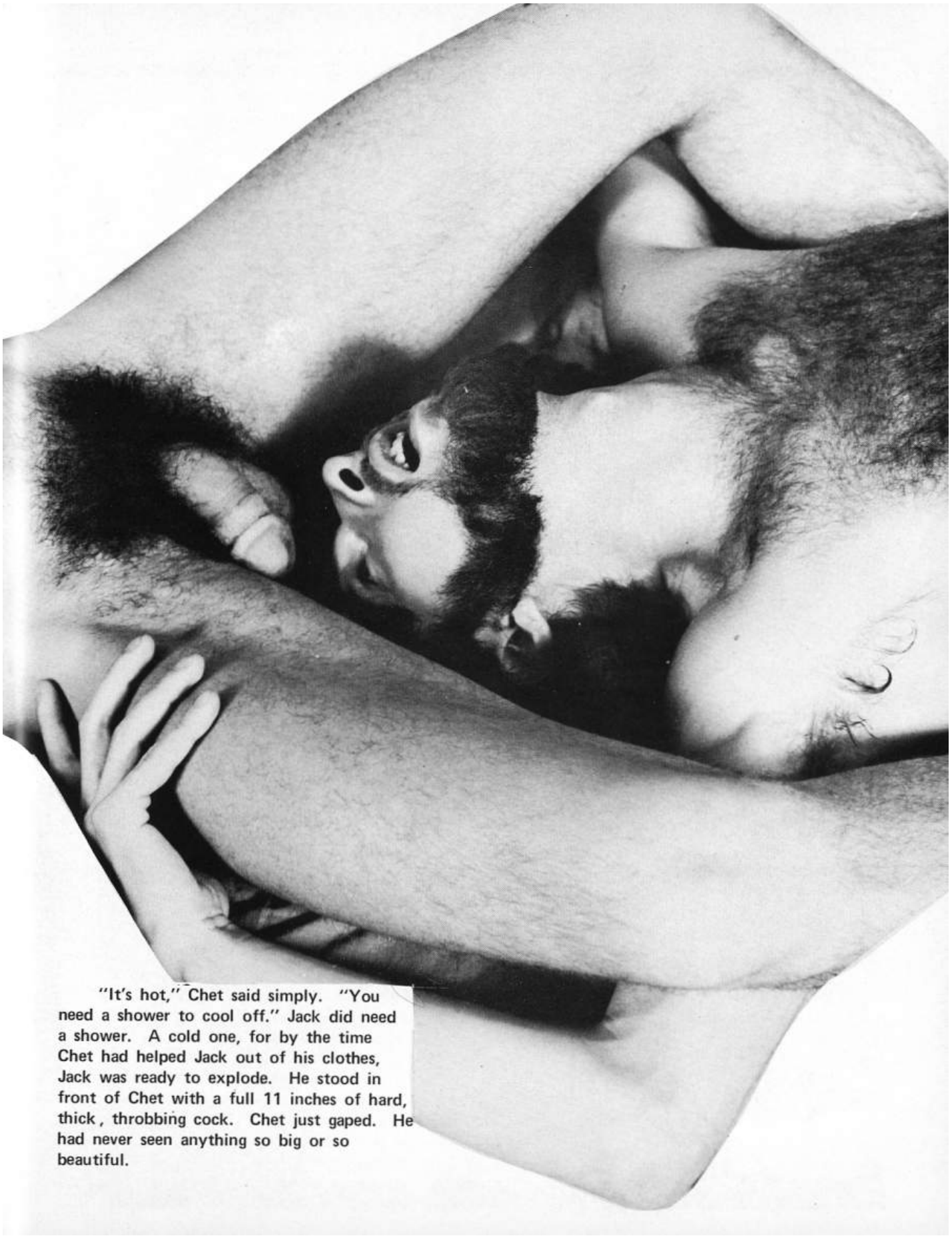
Jack and Chet had seen each other around town, but they had never had the chance to meet. That didn't mean they had never noticed each other.

Chet was 19, blond, and had a hard tanned body from long hours working summers for his uncle's construction company.

Jack had seen Chet many mornings as

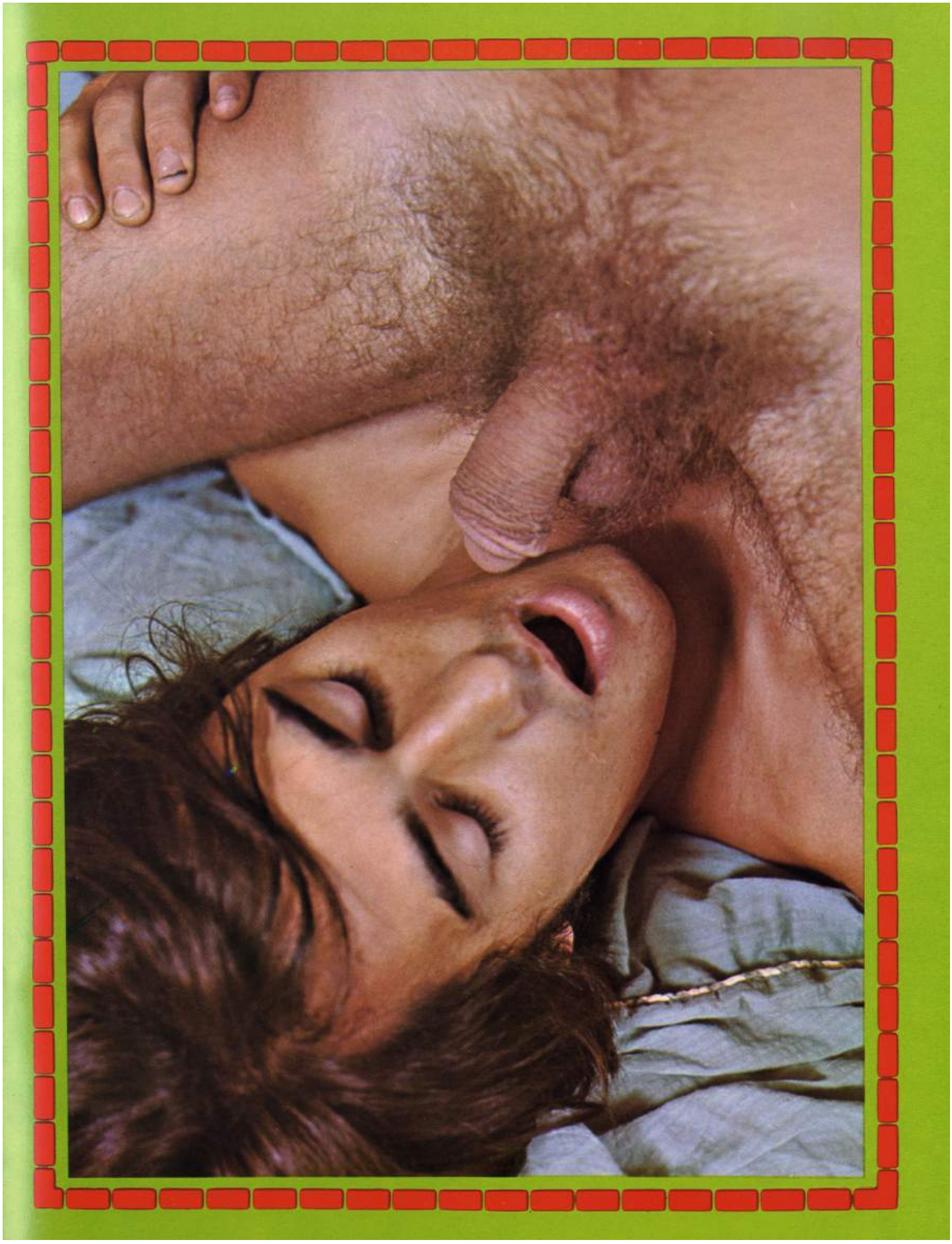
he walked his route delivering mail. Chet too, had eyed over the slim, dark haired mailman as he rode to work on his Honda. The thing that always drew his attention was the big bulge protruding from the other boy's loose fitting pants.

"Good thing they're not any tighter," Chet thought. "He wouldn't be able to get it all in." Chet had given a lot of thought to that bulge!



"It's hot," Chet said simply. "You need a shower to cool off." Jack did need a shower. A cold one, for by the time Chet had helped Jack out of his clothes, Jack was ready to explode. He stood in front of Chet with a full 11 inches of hard, thick, throbbing cock. Chet just gaped. He had never seen anything so big or so beautiful.

He slowly fell to his knees and began to caress the love object with his lips and tongue. Down, down the shaft to the perfectly matched set of balls that hung below. Around and around his tongue did little tricks on the tightly stretched skin of Jack's shaft as Jack gave off little moans of pleasure.



"I've got to have more room to work," Chet gasped and led the panting stud into the bedroom.

Chet eased Jack back onto the king sized bed and began caressing Jack's whole body with his lips. Starting in the middle and working up, around Jack's hard nipples, just barely nipping each in turn with his

teeth. Then, up, licking the curve in Jack's neck, making him writhe with pleasure. Back again to the nipples, sucking, kneading them in turn with his tongue. Slowly, Chet moved down the washboard of Jack's stomach; licking, sucking, nipping, until he reached the object of his desires.

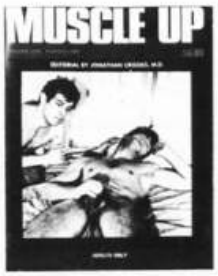
Slowly, he licked the whole length of Jack's monstrous cock. Slowly still, he reached the tip, licked a bead of moisture

from the end, and sucked just the head into his warm, moist mouth. Jack moaned, louder this time. Around and around swirled his tongue over the mushroom shaped cock head, causing Jack to rear and buck with new found pleasure. Never in Jack's young life had he ever felt anything so good.

Little by little, Chet started ascending the monstrous shaft. As Jack felt the new sensation of liquid fire engulf his manhood further and further, he began to feel a hot pressure building up. He knew he would soon explode and drown them both. Chet was more than half way down, when Jack reared back his hips and thrust deep, spurting forth gallons of hot liquid fire.

Chet is always getting registered mail now. Neighbors can't understand why Chet always gets his mail hours before anyone else in town.

HUNG & HANDSOME
first of the big ones!
X468 $6



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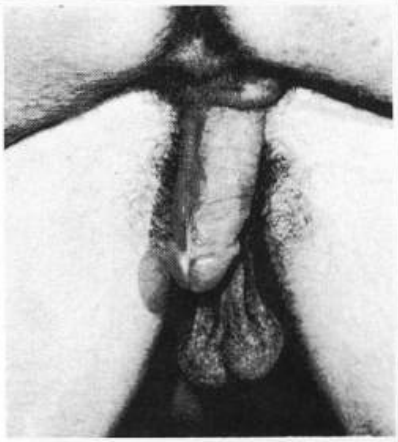

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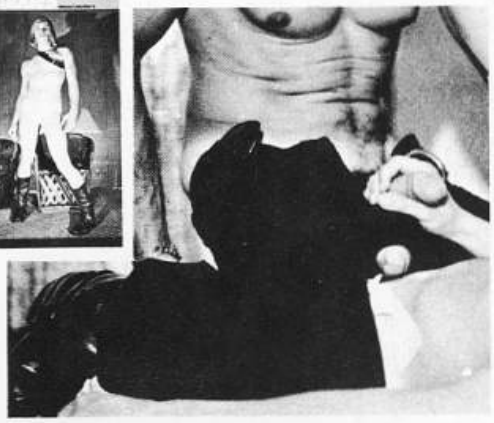

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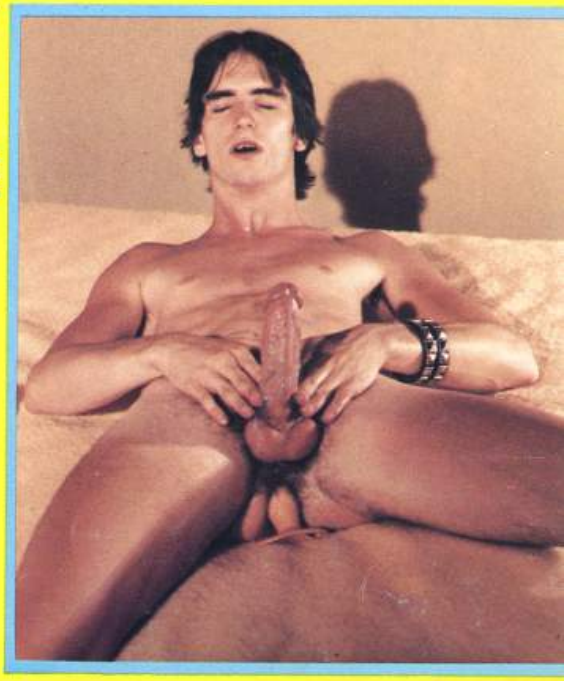

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THIS IS THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THE STILLS FROM HIS FIRST TWO PRODUCTIONS: "THE NEW CUMMERS" & "THE HUNG & THE RESTLESS".(WHICH BY THE BY CAN BE ORDERED IF YOU MOSEY OVER TO PAGE 5) & NEEDLESS TO SAY (so why are you saying it?) ARE VERY, VERY HOT (despite everyone getting tired of the word hot). RAISE YOUR HANDS, HOW MANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO EAT JIMMY DOORS UNDERSHORTS? WONDERFUL! HE HATES DOING LAUNDRY & WE PROMISED TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP HIM.

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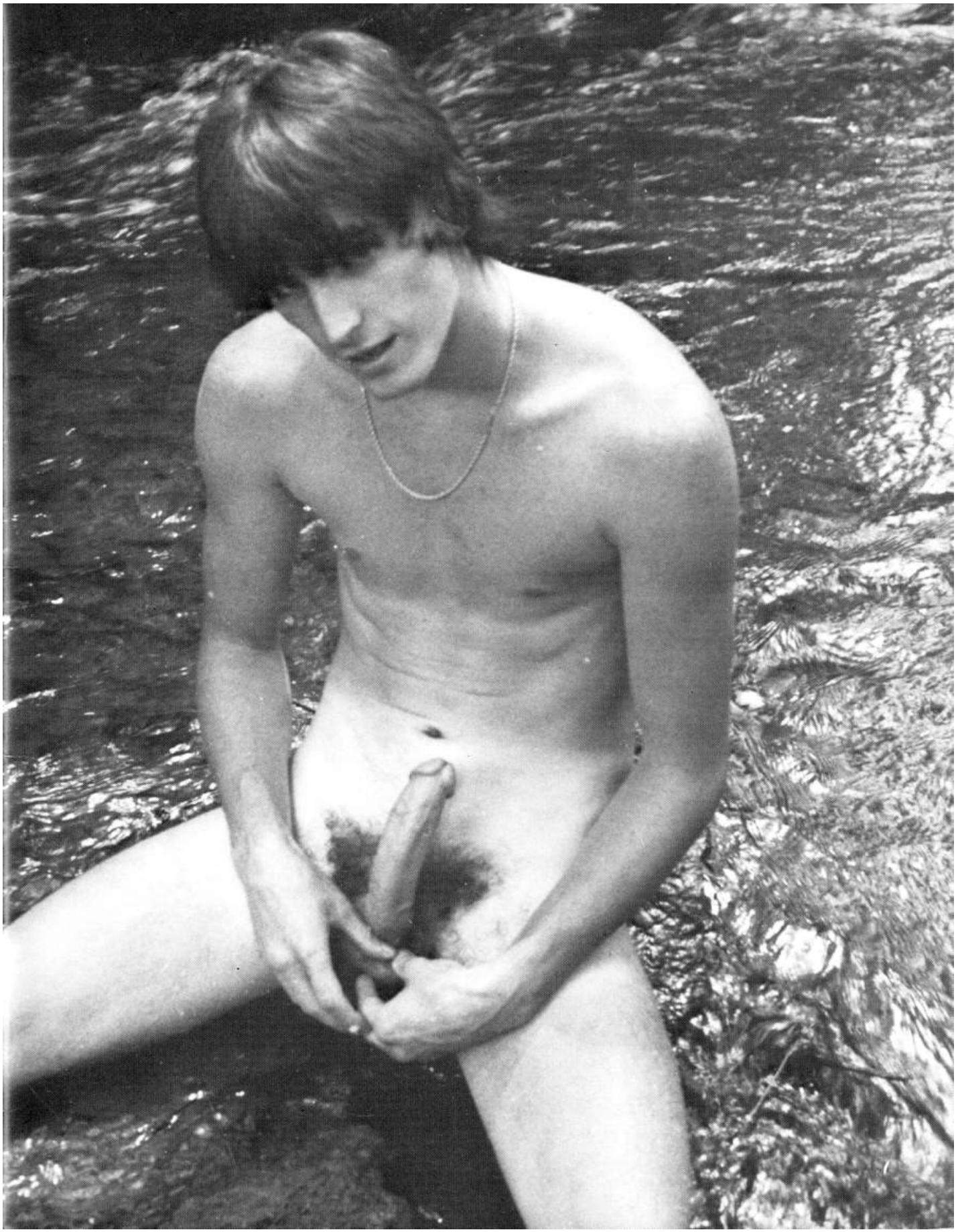

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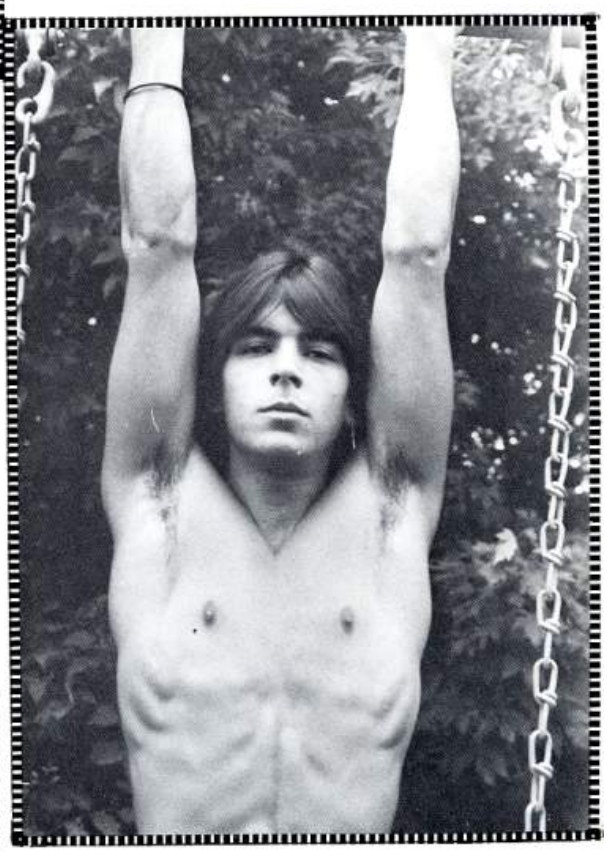

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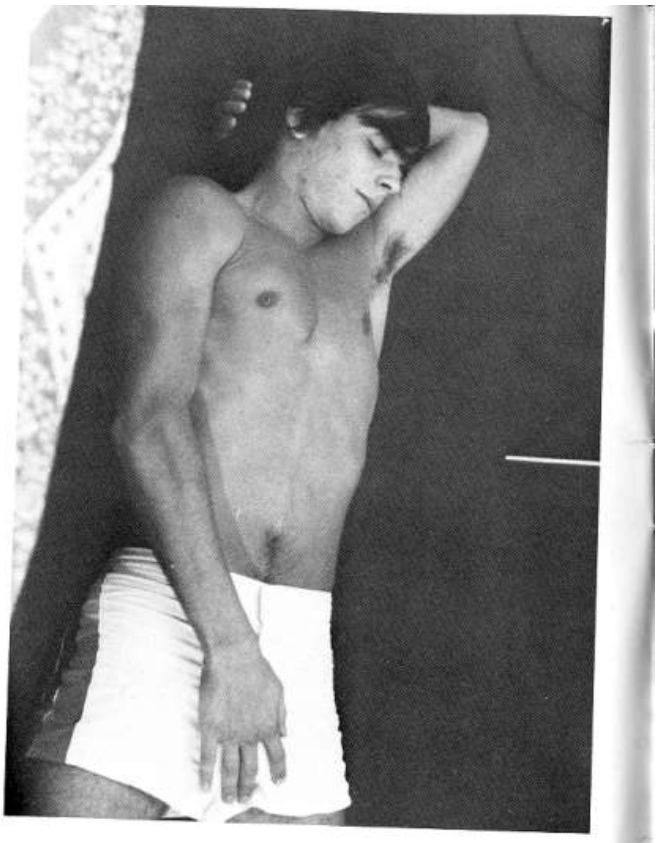

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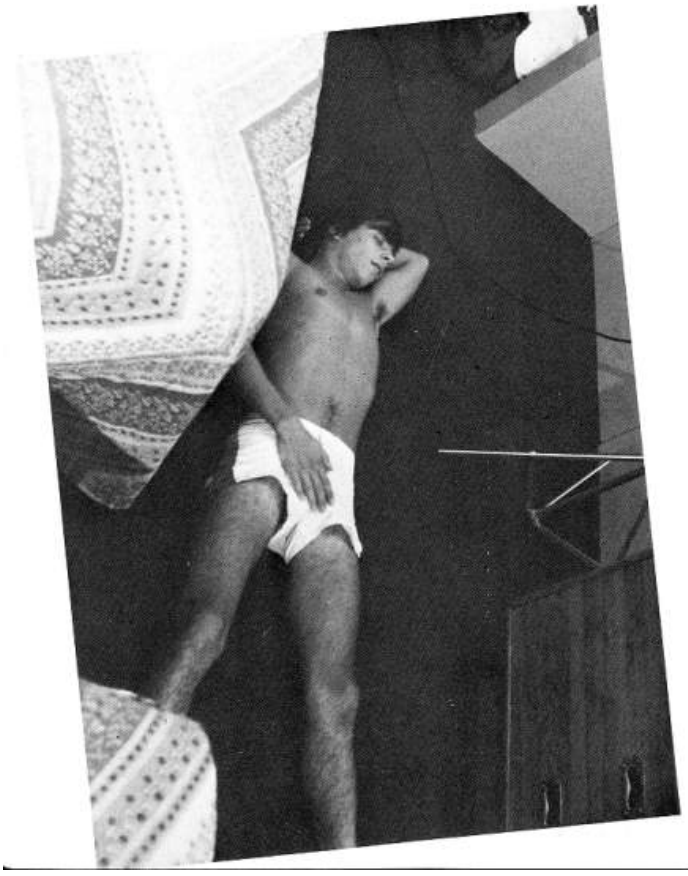
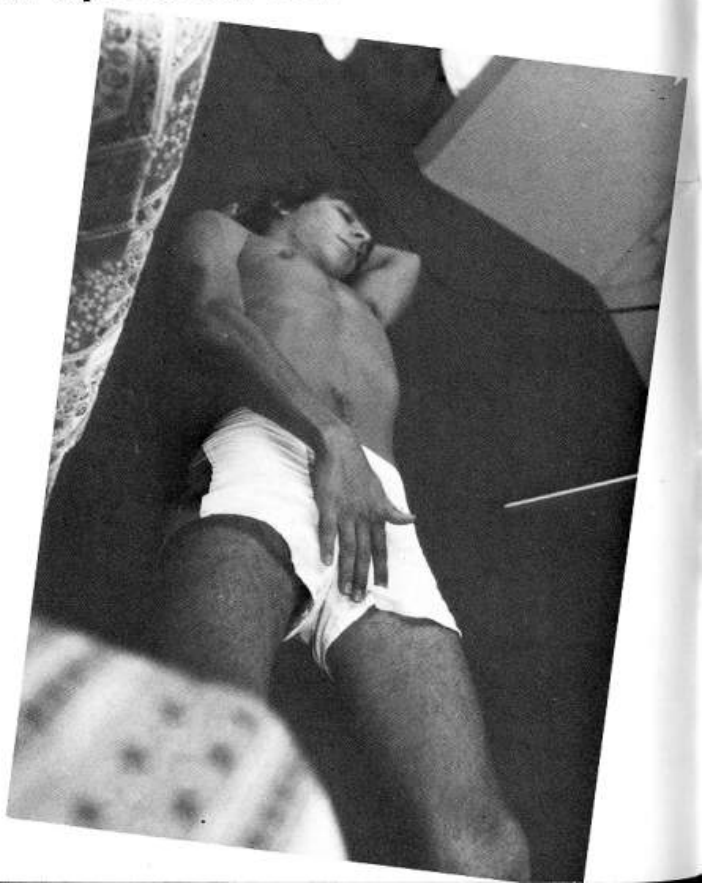
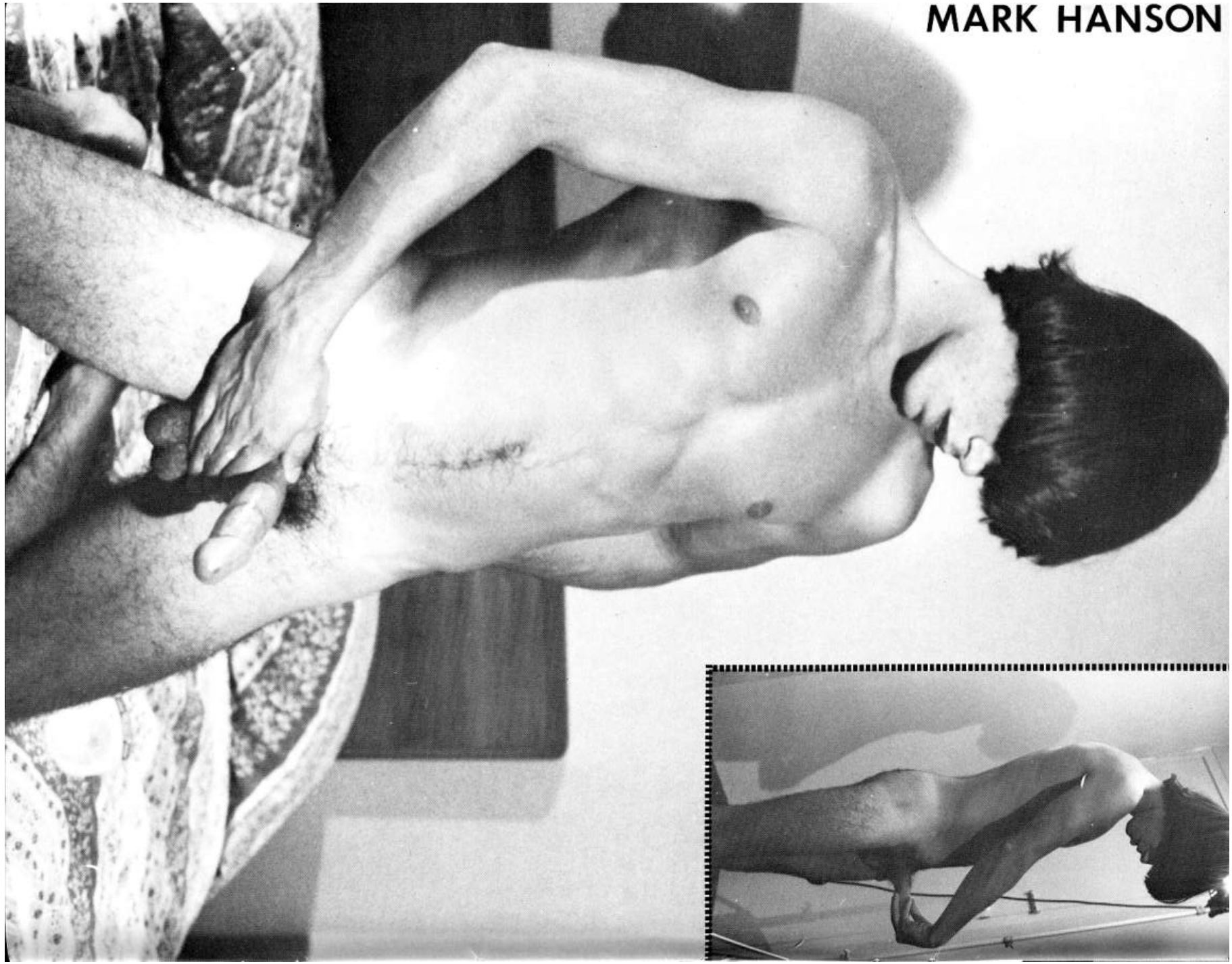
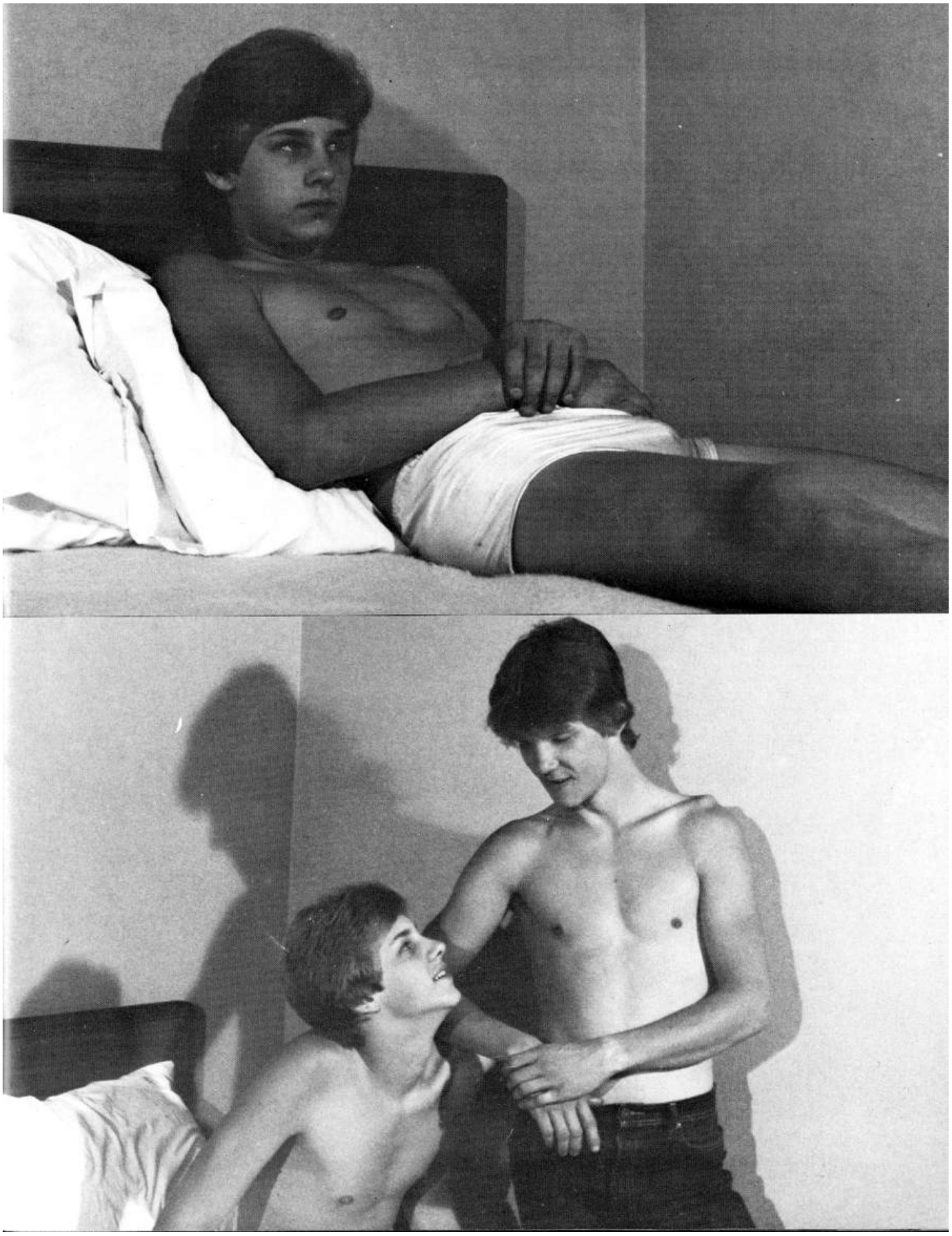


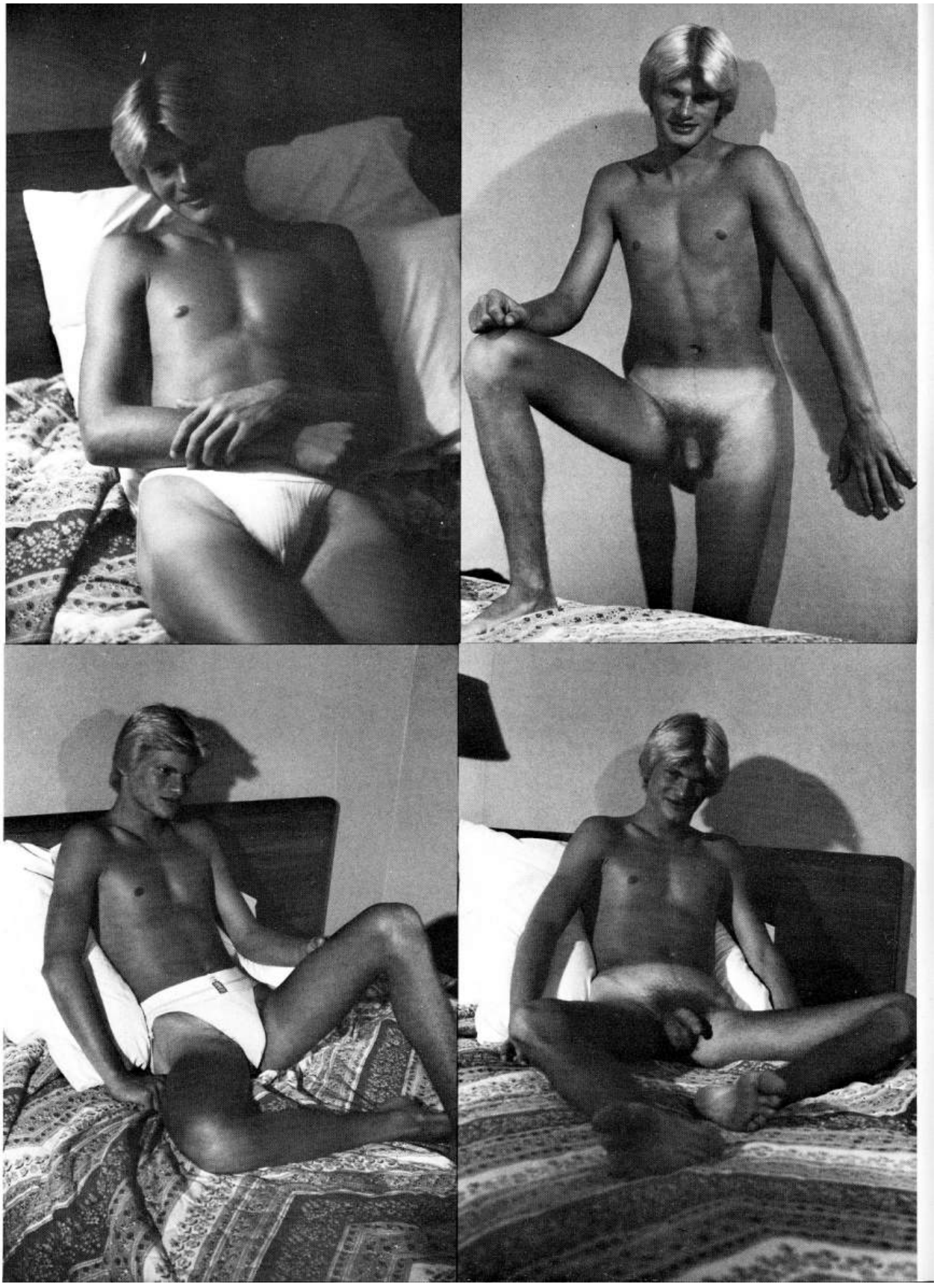


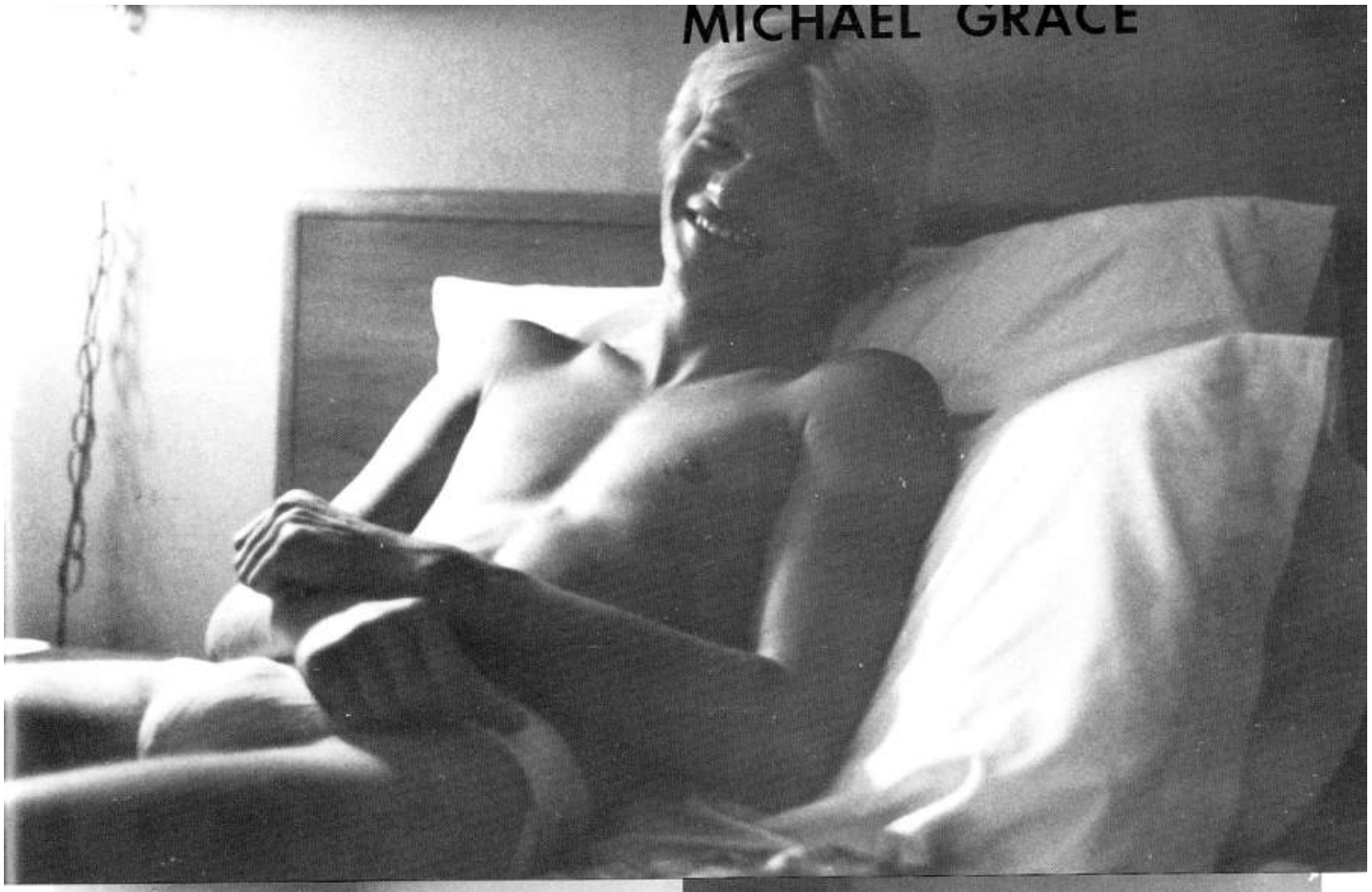
MARK HANSON

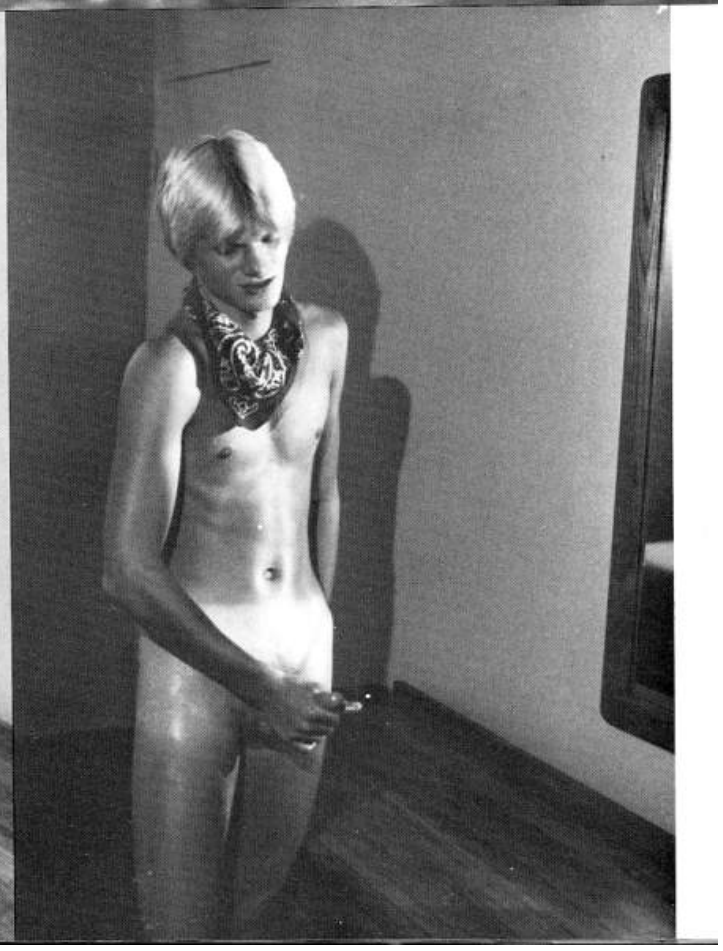


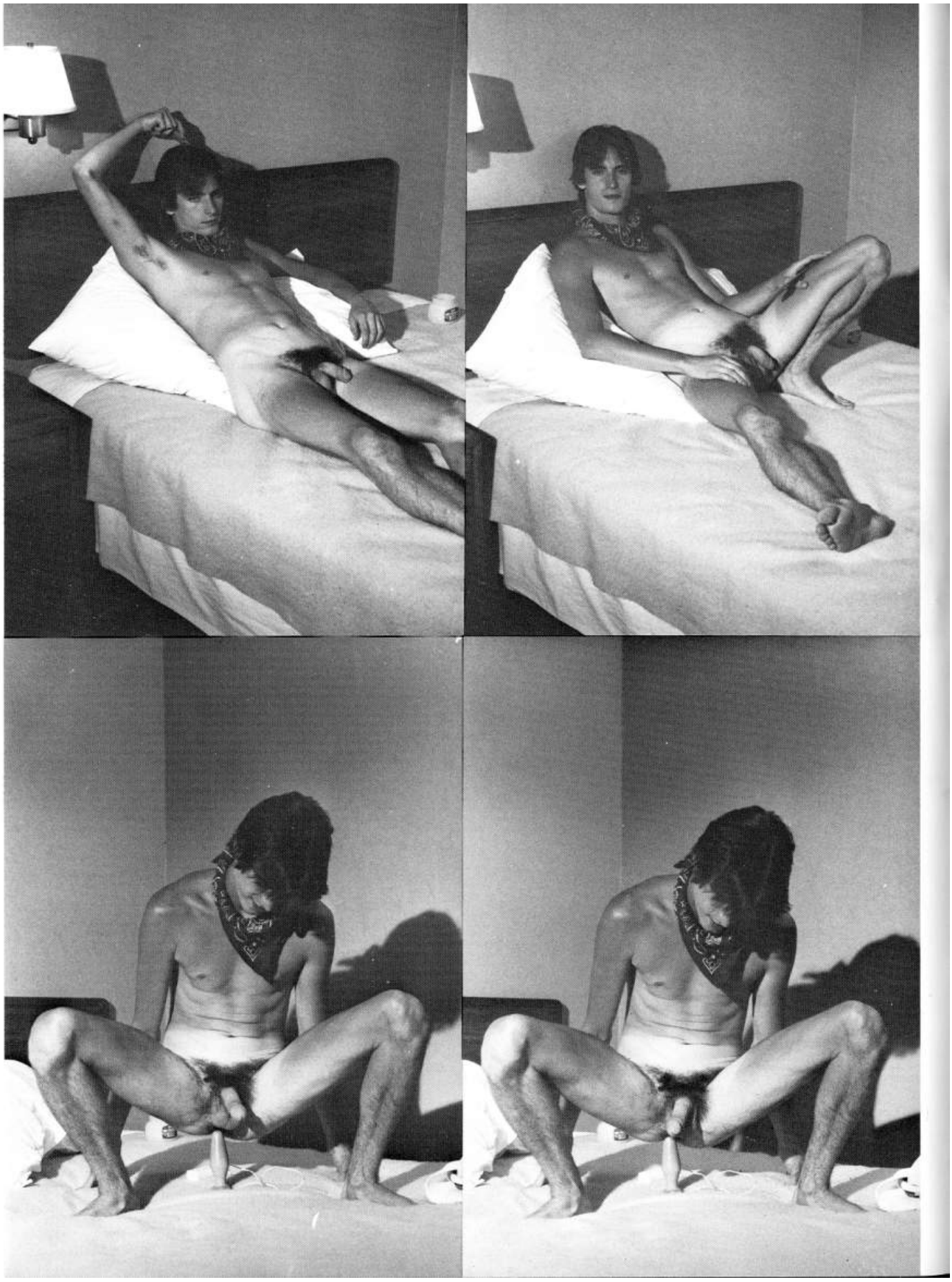


JIMMY DOORS JEFF SEXTON

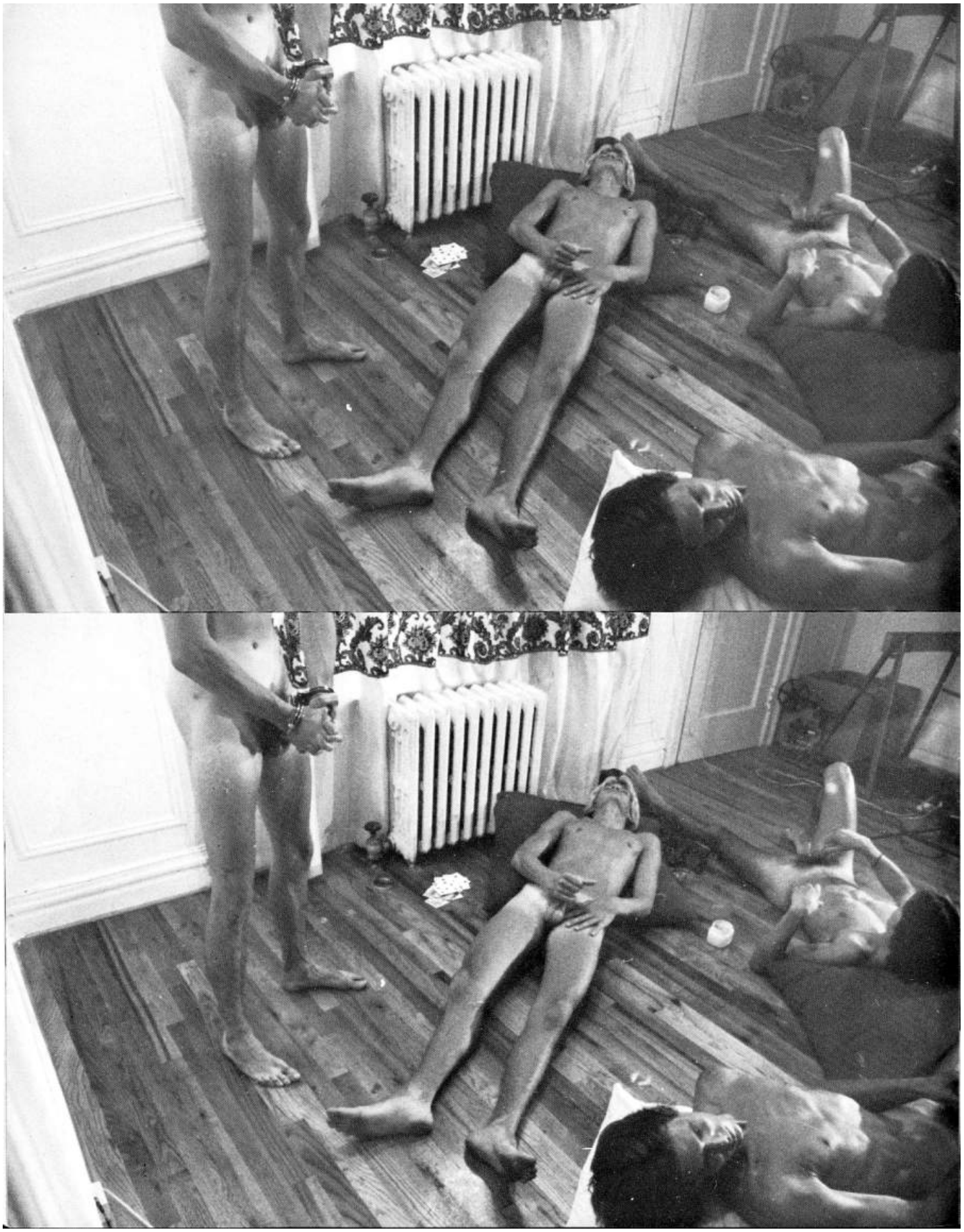


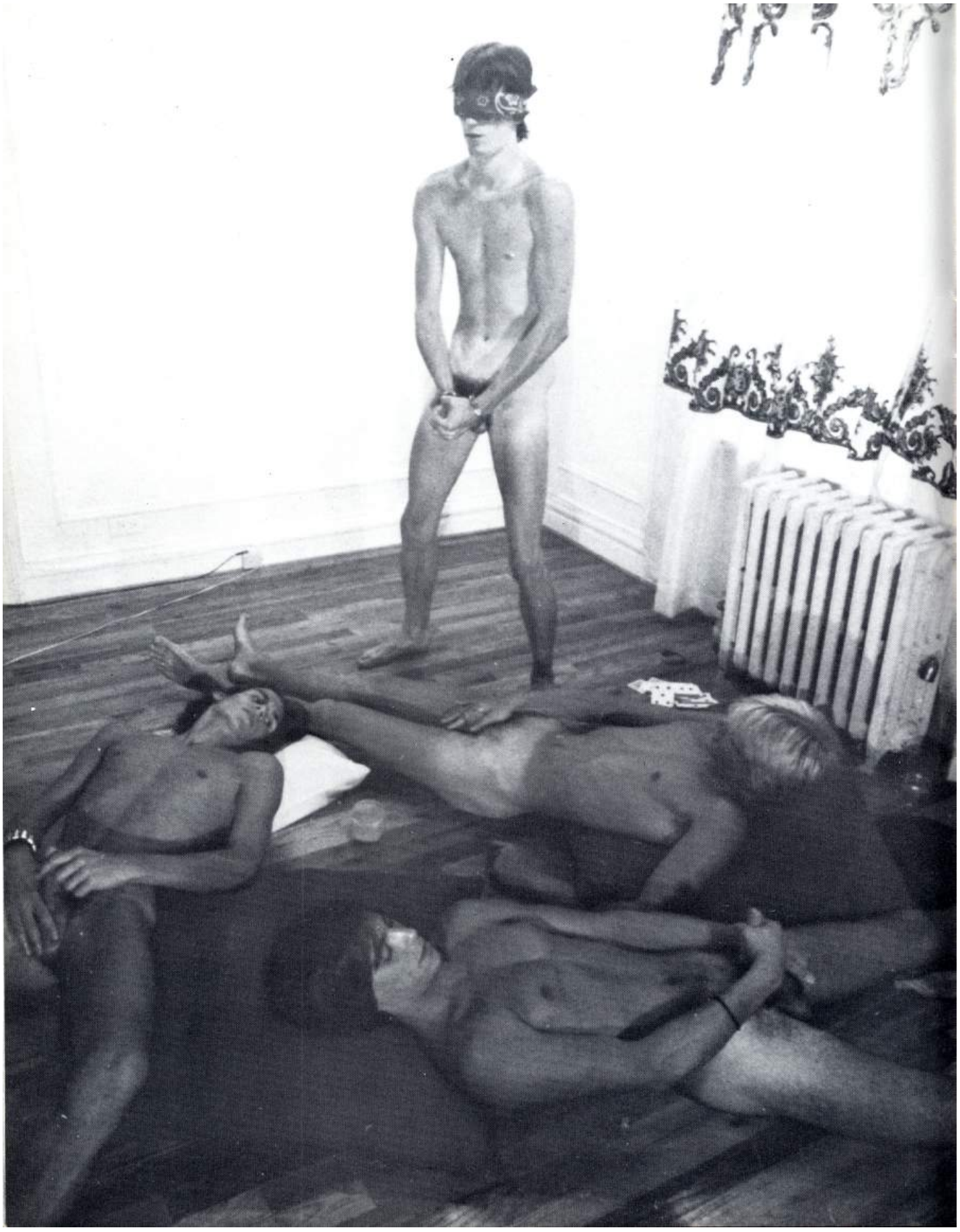

MICHAEL GRACE

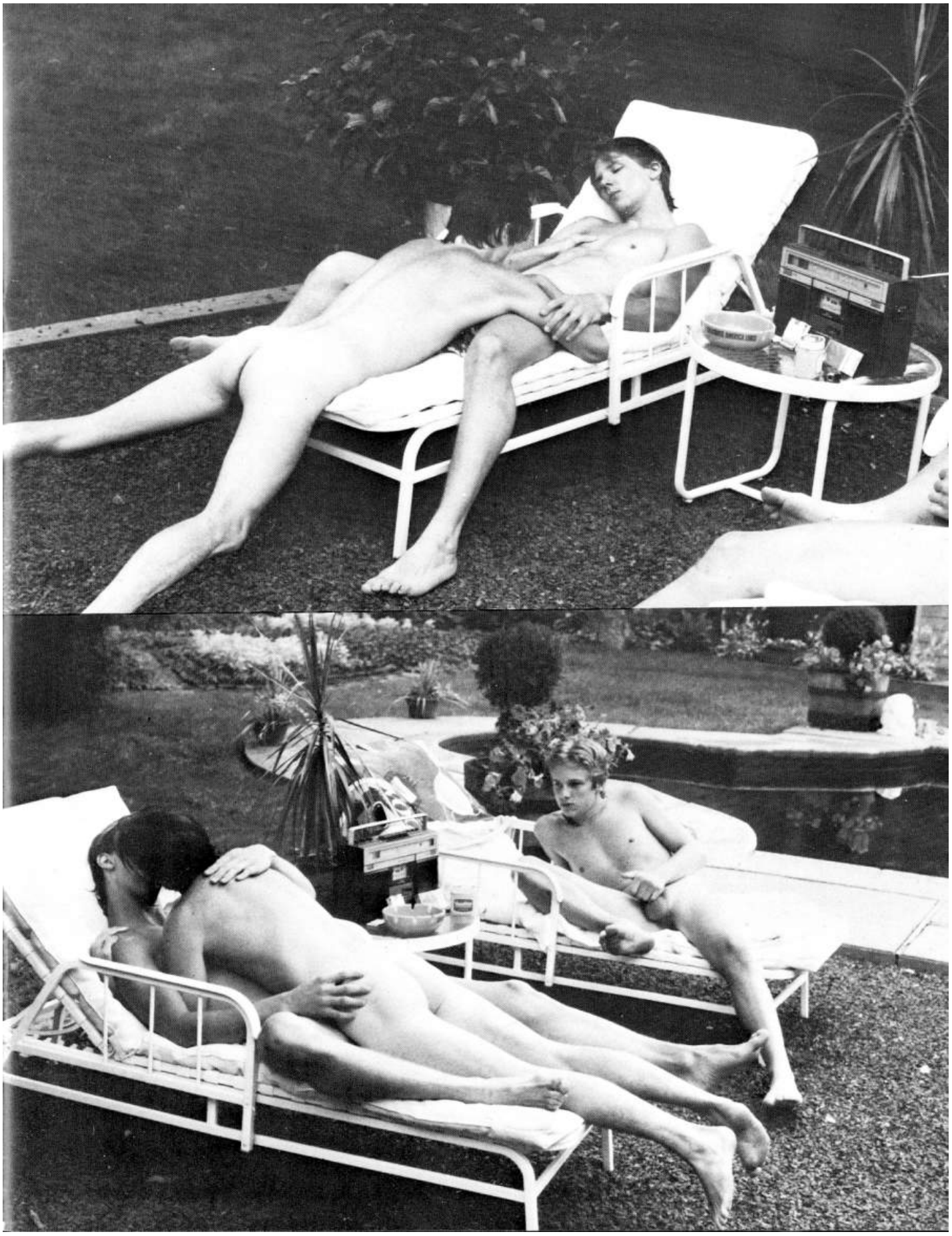


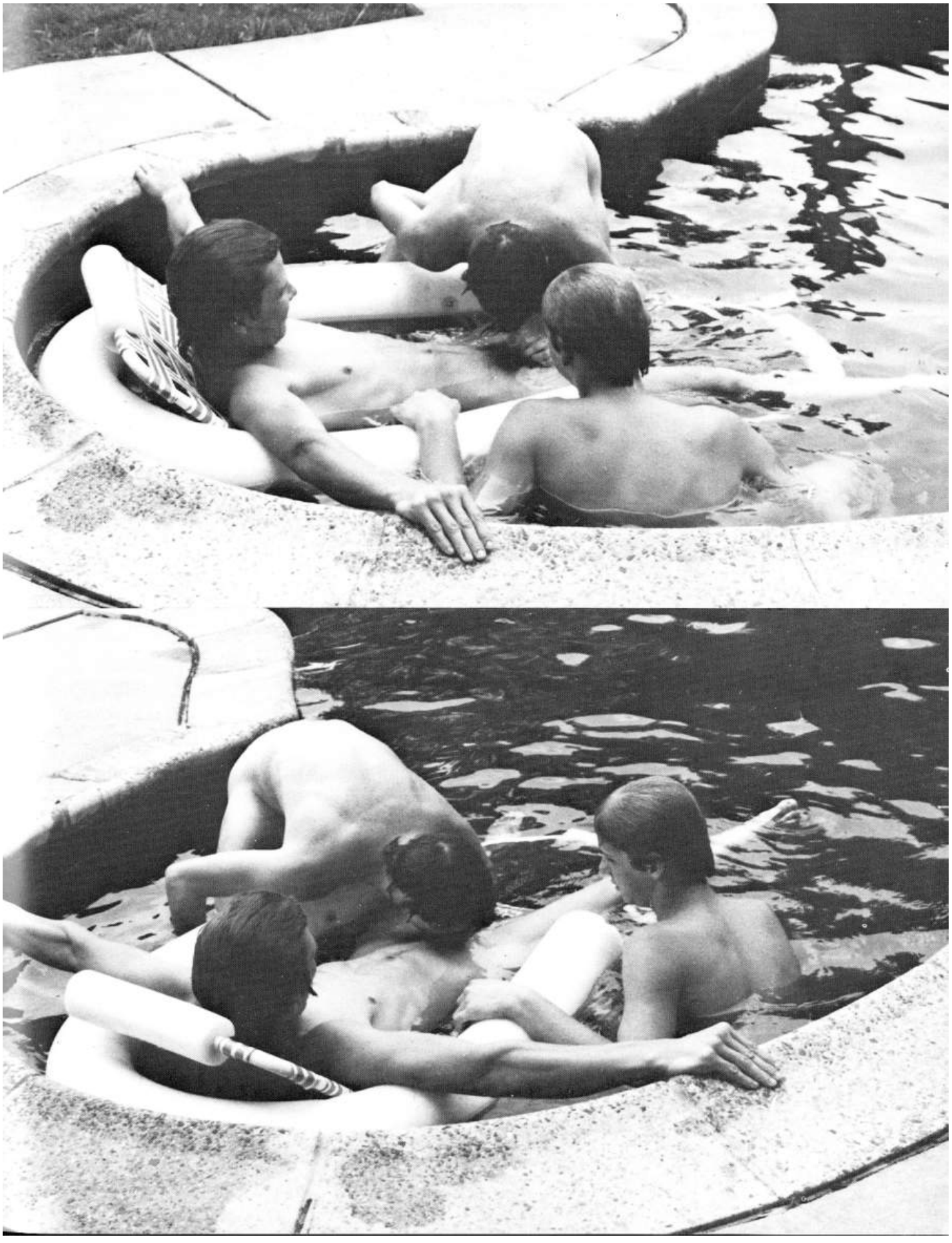


TWO HAND TOMMY





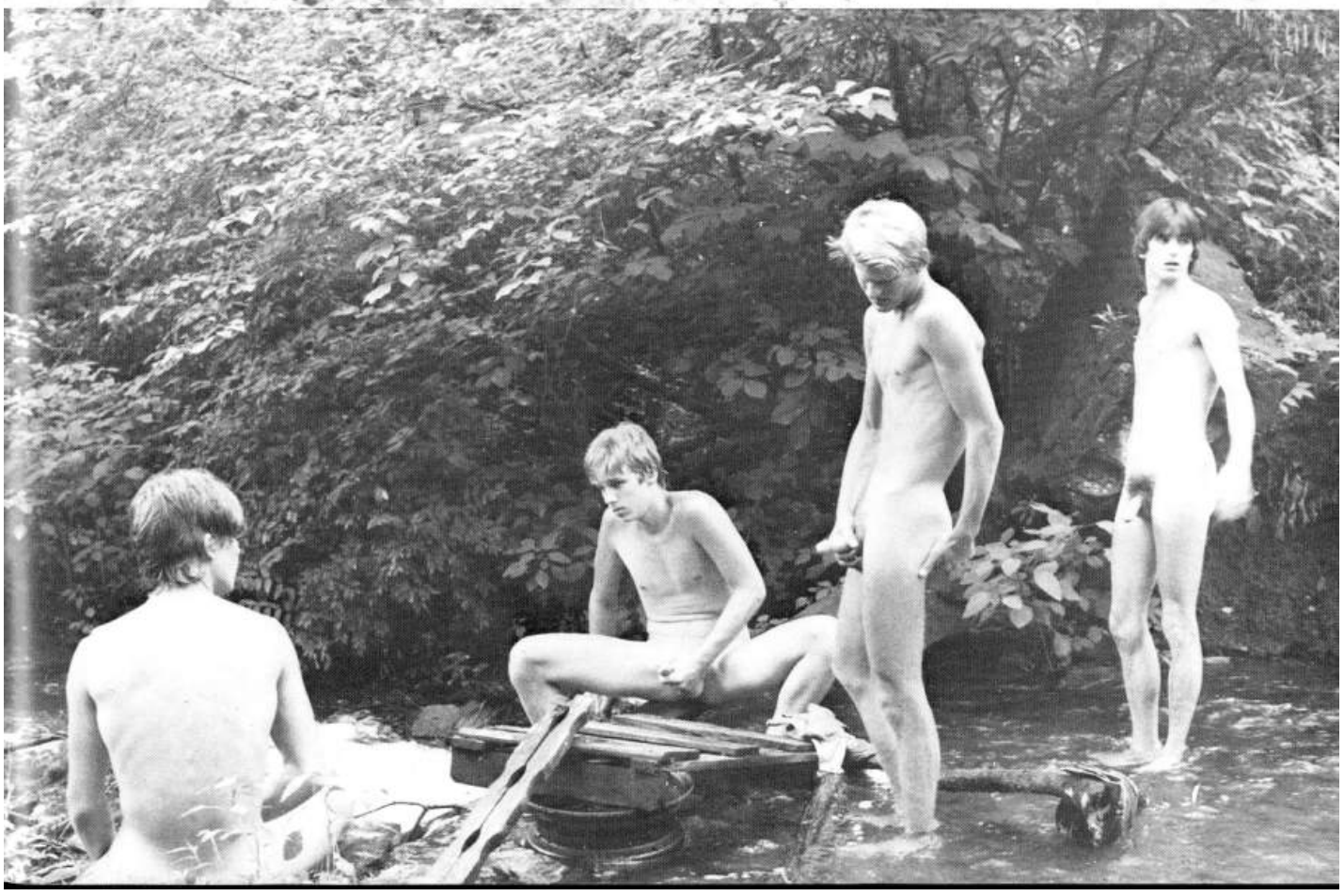


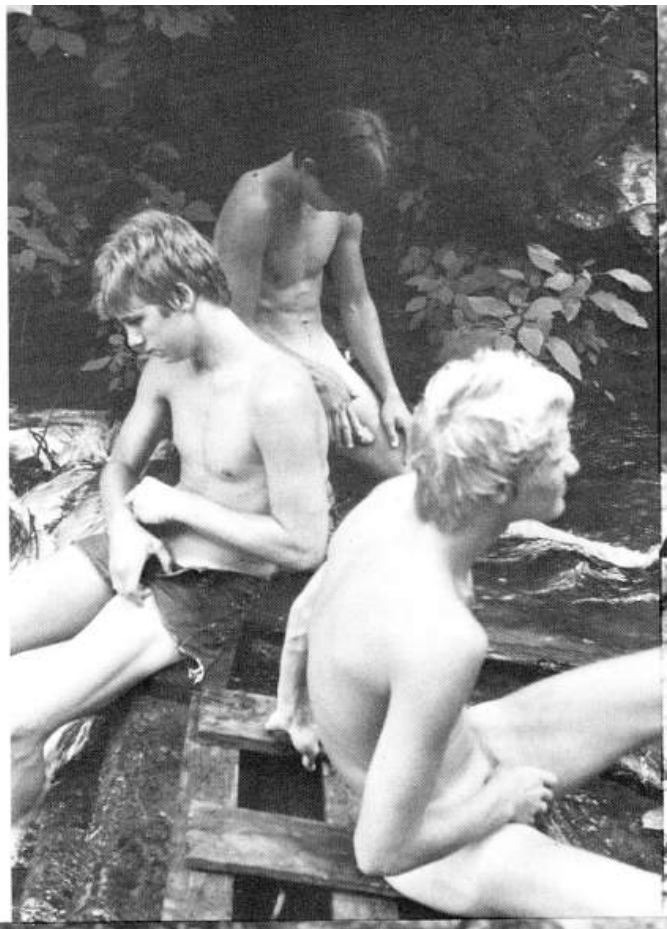


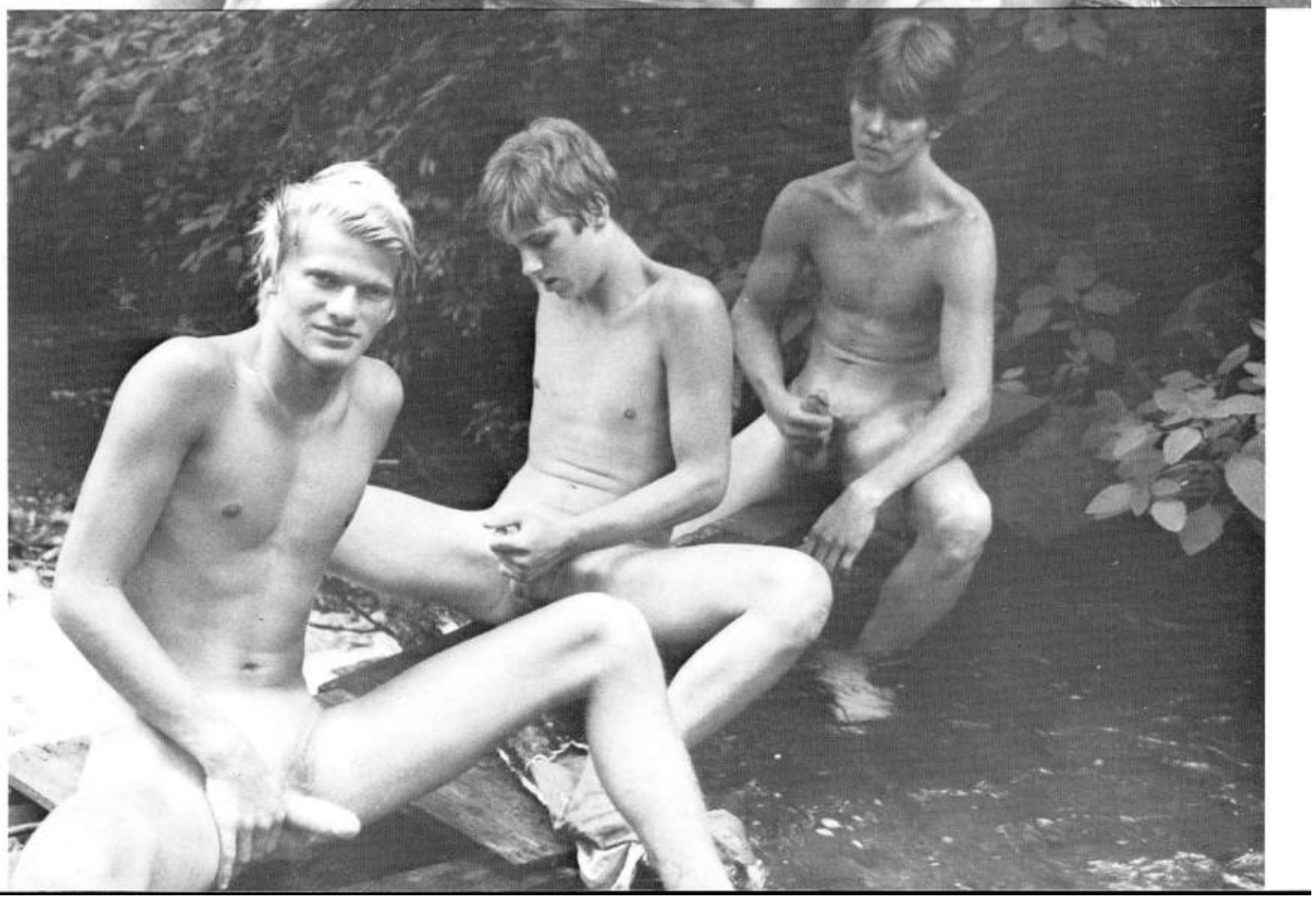
SCENES FROM THE HUNG AND THE RESTLESS

An experience you won't forget as you see six hot, horny mountain kids from the poor but beautiful backwoods of Pennsylvania. Watch as they experiment in the out of doors with each other's virile young bodies.

Meanwhile, back at the farm a game of strip poker leads to some kinky indoor frolics. The fun starts when the loser is put through the gang's initiation exercises. The crisp mountain air sure makes these backwoods kids horny. How about you?



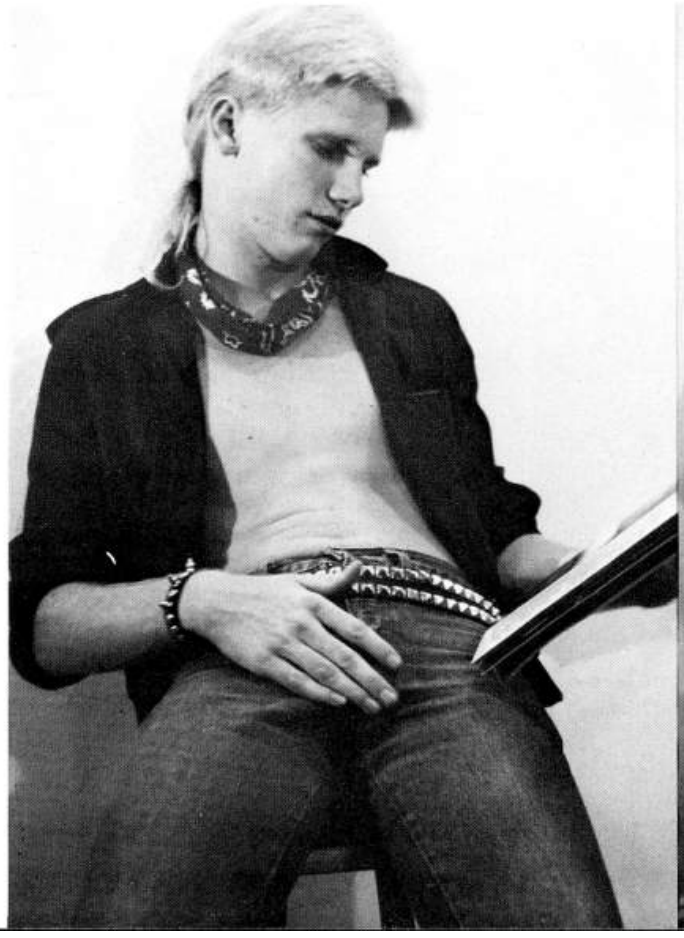


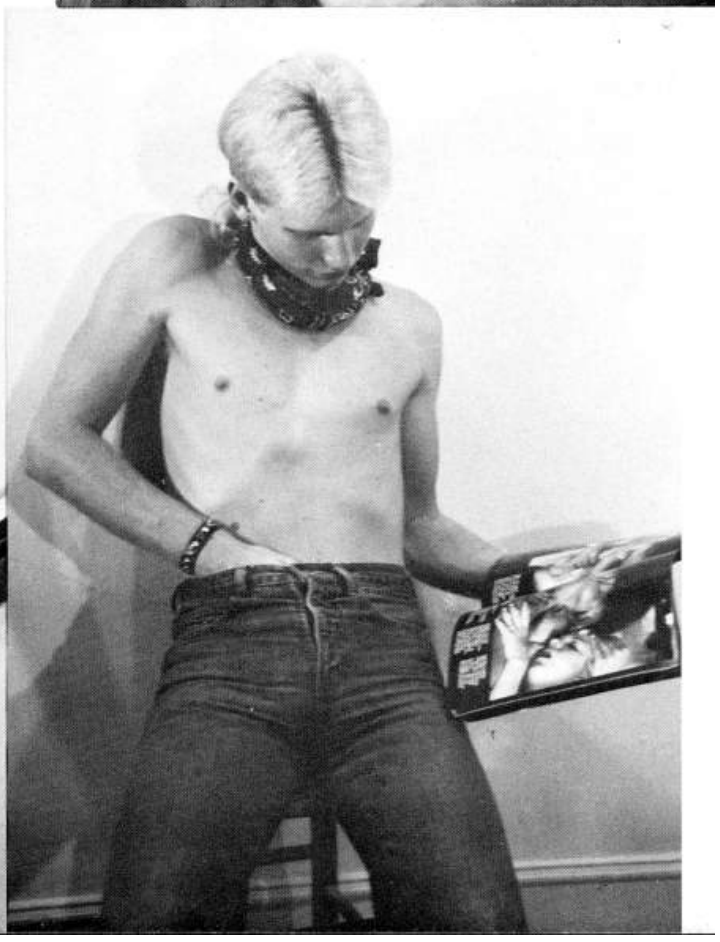


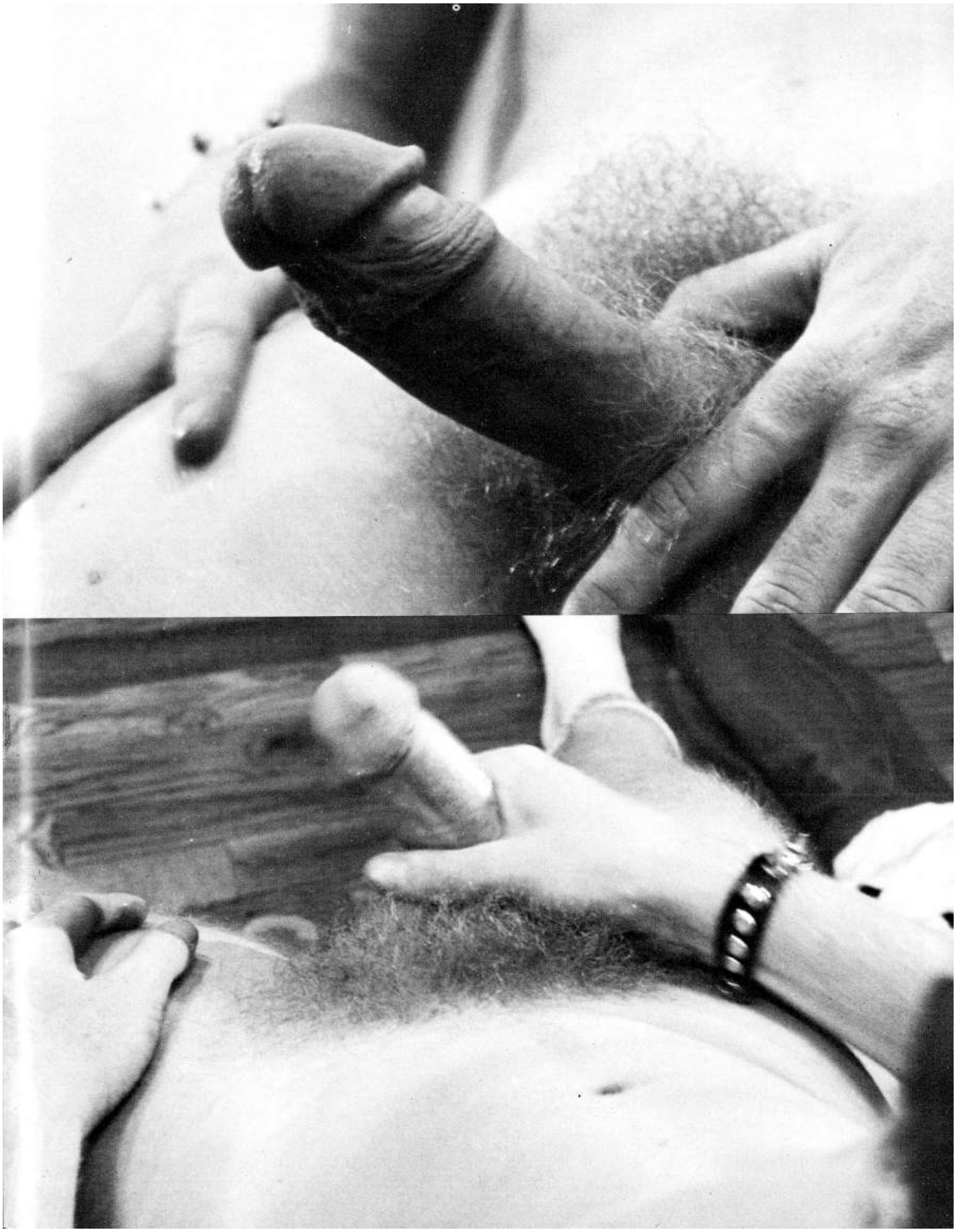
TERRY SCOTT

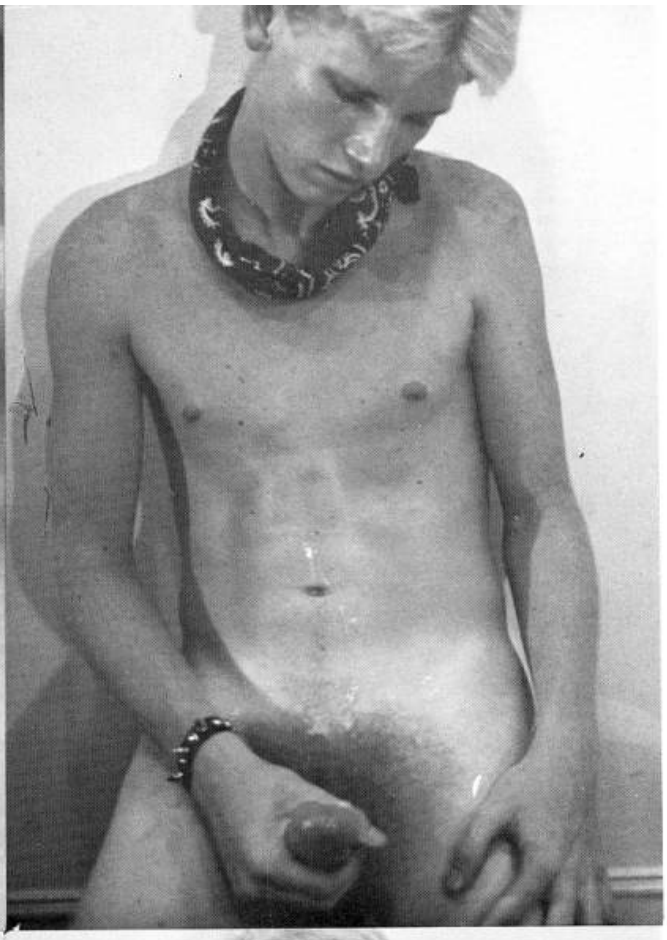
IN THE UP CUMING

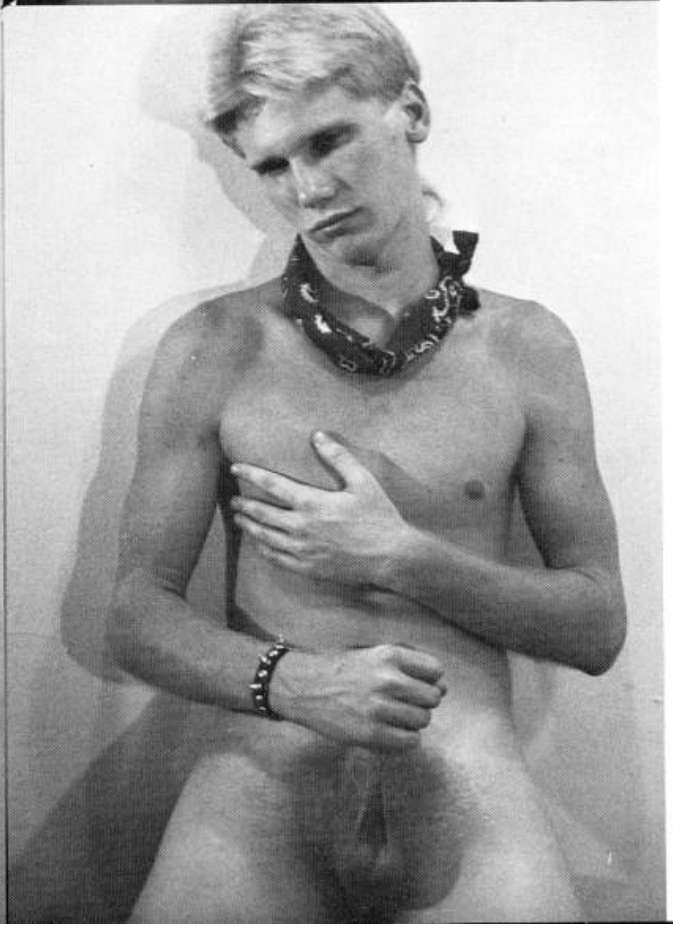
BAD BOYS OF P.S. 69

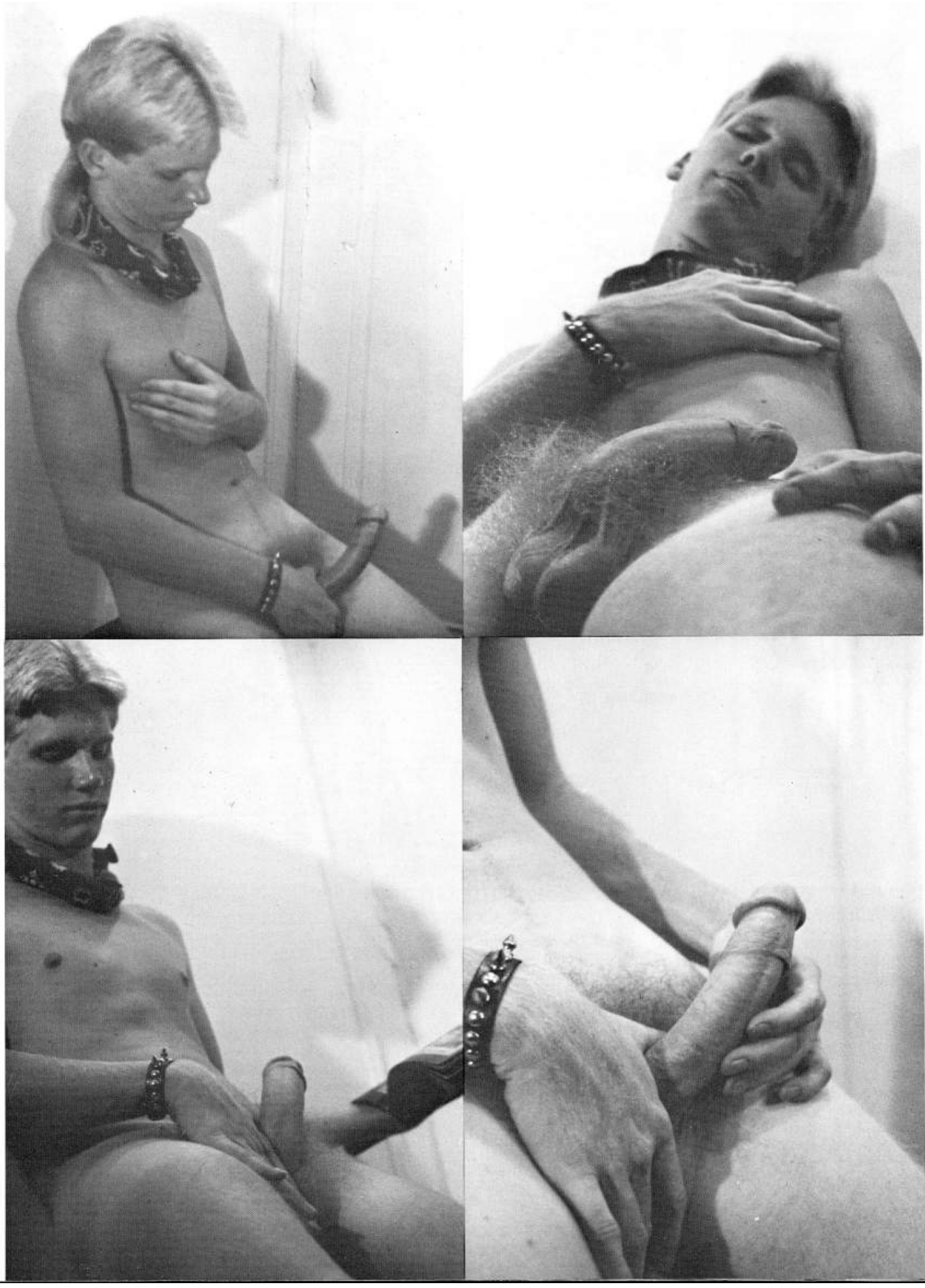




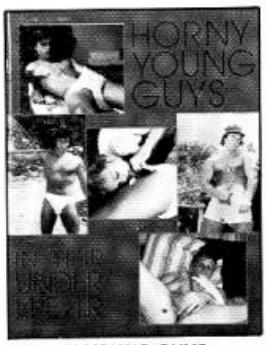








HARD & HOT ACTION MAGAZINES



HORNY YOUNG GUYS VOL 1/1

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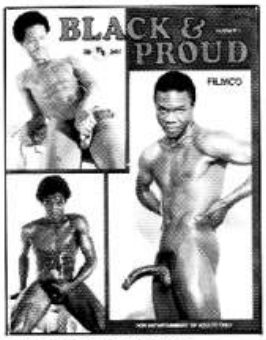
GAY CONTACTS #7



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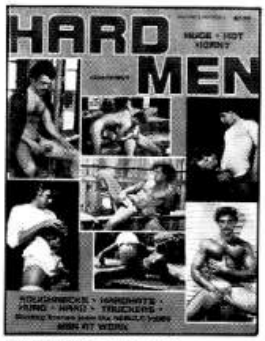

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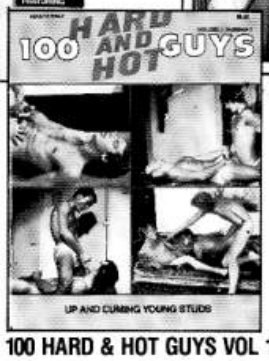

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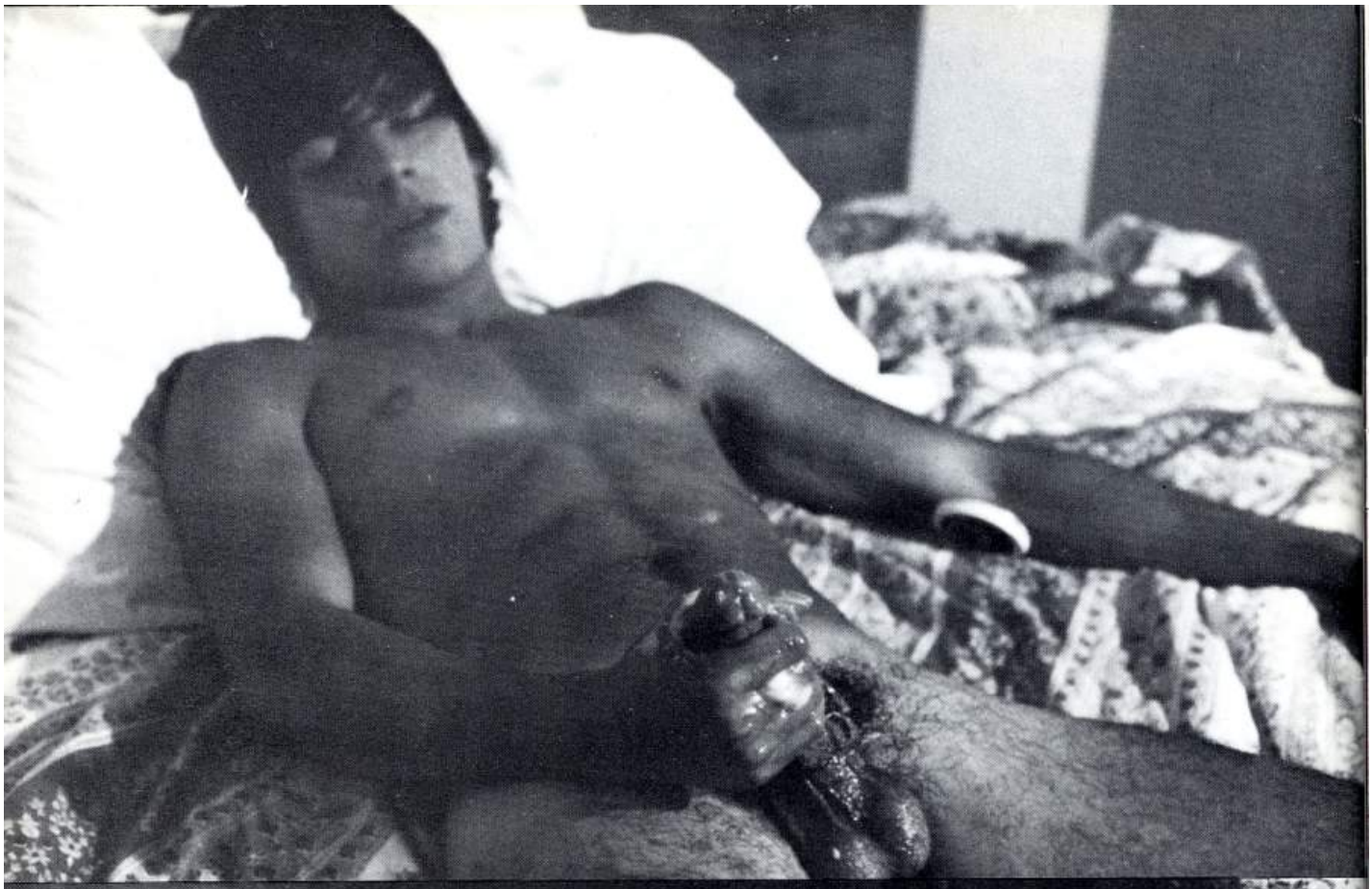

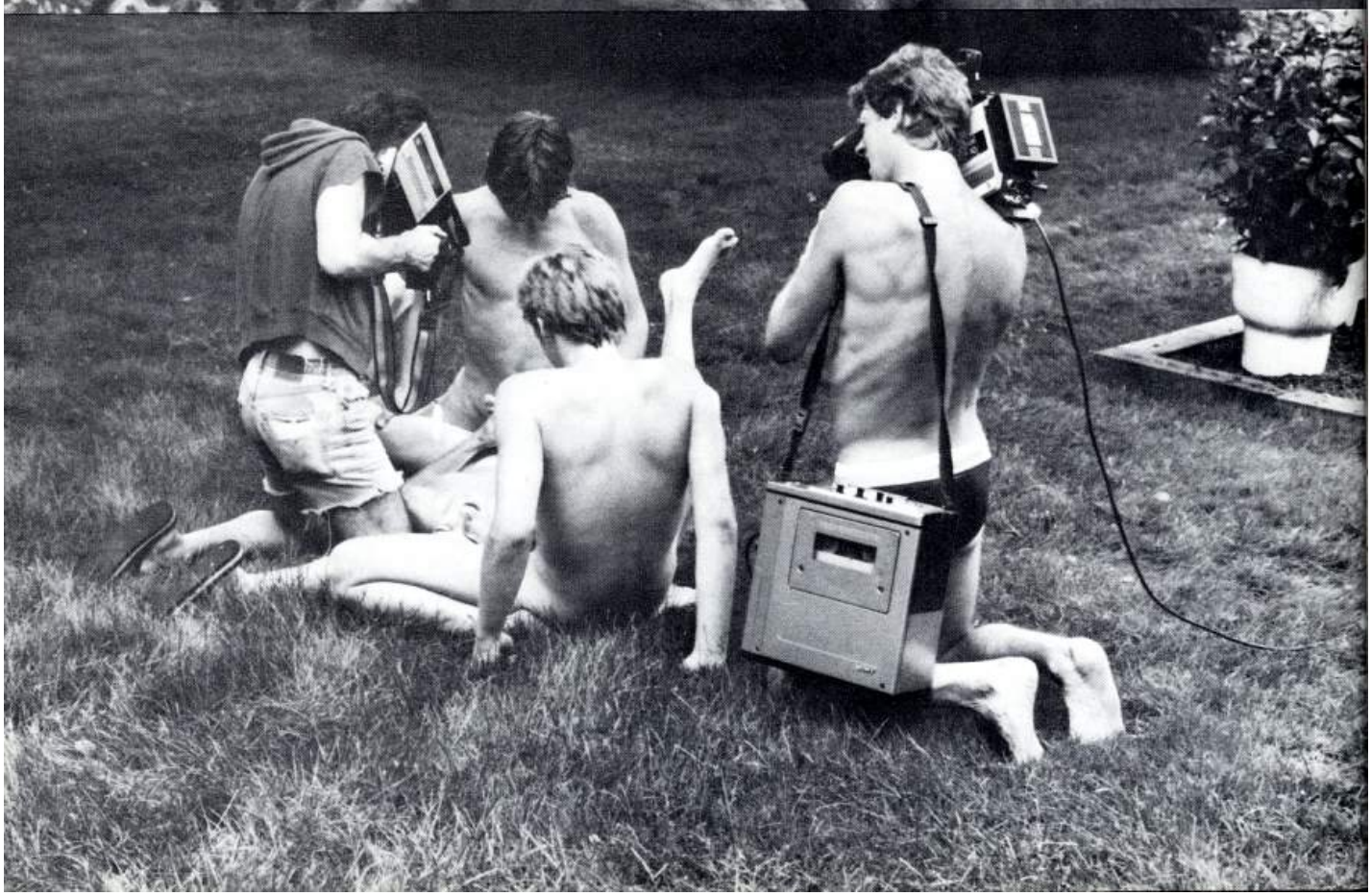

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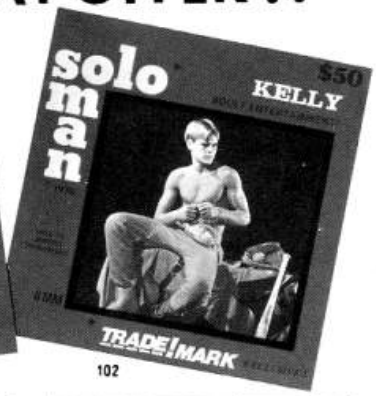

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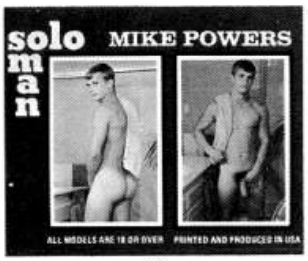

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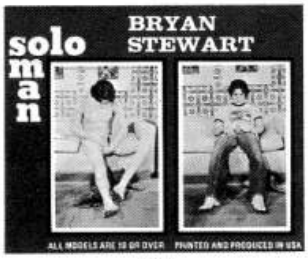

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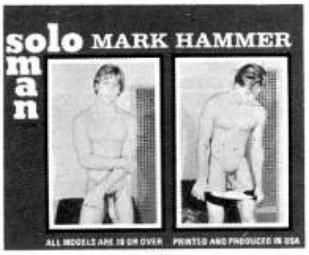

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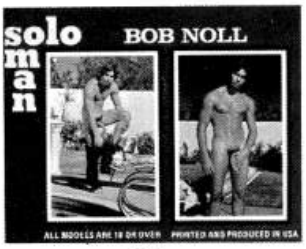

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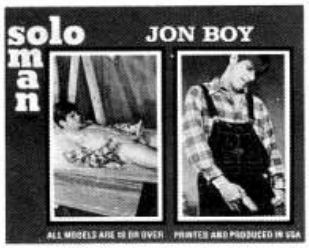

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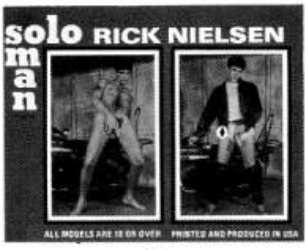

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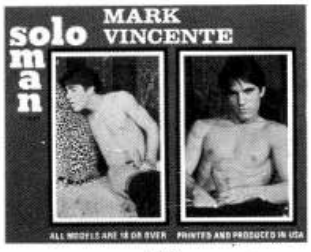

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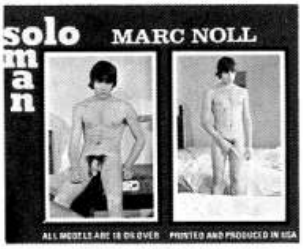

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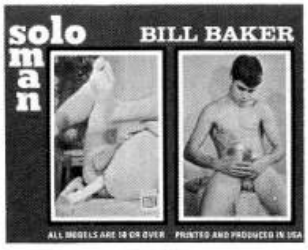

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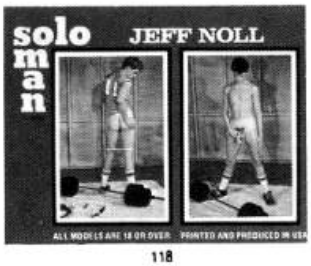

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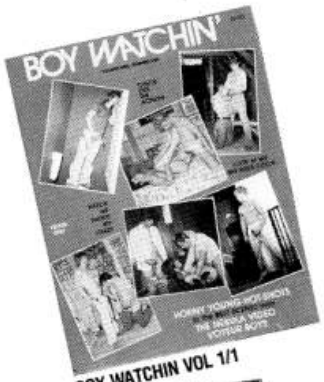
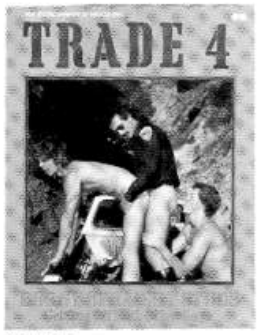
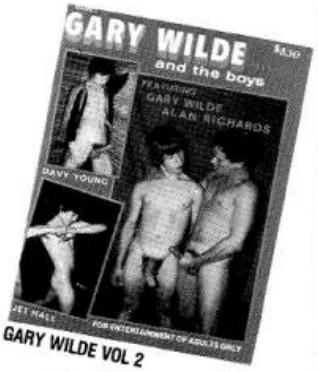


BOY WATCHIN VOL 1/1

MORE J/O BUDDIES VOL 1/2



TRADE 4



GARY WILDE VOL 2

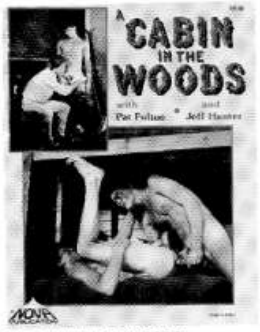
LATIN LANCES VOL 1/1

GAY MAGAZINES

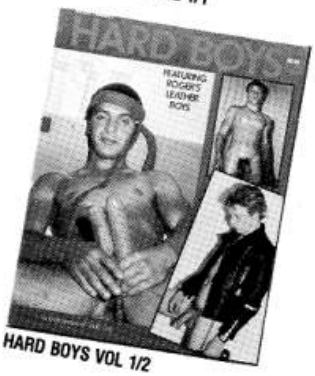
THE MEN OF NOVA VOL 1/1

GYM #2

BLACK BEAUTIES VOL 1/1



A CABIN IN THE WOODS



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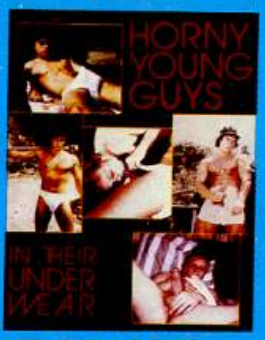
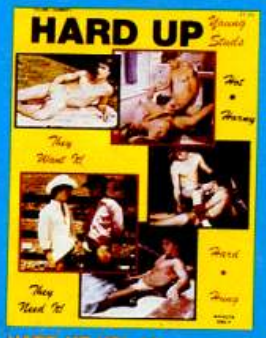


HORNY YOUNG GUYS VOL 1/1



HARD UP VOL 1/1

HOT SHOT VOL 1/1

SWEET MEAT VOL 1/2

THE MEN OF NOVA VOL 1/2

MACHO VOL 1/1

SEX STUDS VOL 1/2

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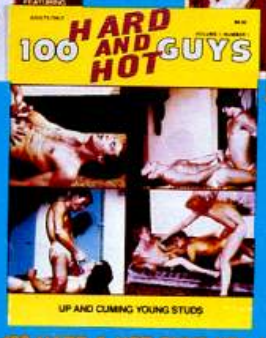
BLACK & PROUD #3

HARD MEN VOL 2/1



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